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DISRAELI AND HIS DAY.

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BY

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DISRAELI.

ONE OF THE FIRST questions that I put to Disraeli was "Which Passion gives Pleasure the latest? The conventional idea is, of course, Avarice." He replied, "No! Revenge. A man will enjoy that when even Avarice has ceased to please." Yet no one preached more persistently the Prudence of Forgiveness; nor practised it more systematically.

DISRAELI WAS A strong illustration of the absurdity of the Theory that Imagination and Judgment are not found in the same individual. Brilliant as was the former quality; thoroughly sound in him was the latter. On three occasions he conducted very complicated affairs to a wise termination. In the first, the son of an old and most valued friend had committed a most serious offence in relation to money. Among others he had forged

his mother's name. I know that Disraeli undertook to save the wretched man, so far as it was possible. A criminal prosecution was avoided: and although he died a banished man, in a foreign and dismal country, no absolutely public scandal occurred. Travelling some years ago I stopped a day or two at St Sebastian, in the north-east corner of Spain. Noticing on the door-posts of my bedroom some black seals bearing the British coat-of-arms I asked the reason. The landlord told me that an English gentleman had died there a week before: and that the British Vice-Consul had sealed up the door of the room which contained the dead man's little property. He did not remember the name; but showed it to me in the book; and said that the gentleman had come over for a few days' diversion from Bilbao. I found that it was the name of the miserable exile, whom I recollect among the handsomest and smartest men in London Society.

In the second case Disraeli undertook to arrange so far as was possible the complicated and disastrous condition of affairs in relation to the property of Lord S., who had from imprudence, and having been the dupe of several impostors, become very

much reduced in circumstances. Nothing could be more generous than the pains which he took; and nothing more prudent than the arrangements. At one of the many interviews relating to the business, a Solicitor of eminence, employed in the case, took Disraeli apart, and, intending to astonish him by his own exceptional astuteness, whispered to him in relation to a gentleman in the room, "I cannot help thinking, Sir, that Mr —— has at some time or other raised money for Lord S." Disraeli calmly looked at him: and perfectly unimpressed, said, "So I assumed from the first!"

The third case was, if possible, more serious than the first; it was of a character that cannot here be described: but the leading fact was that a lady absolutely refused to continue to cohabit with her husband. Both were persons by birth of high rank; and it was in every way desirable to avoid publicity. Disraeli most kindly undertook to arrange matters privately: so far from yielding to any sentimental feeling, he gave his decision in strict and peremptory terms; one being that the couple should never live together again. From some motive, notwithstanding this wise decision, the matter was brought

into Court; but was tried in camerâ. The decision of the Judge was exactly and precisely the decision which Disraeli had come to. I should say that a more practical-minded man never existed. So far as regards his Imagination, his writings of Fiction are copious testimonials.

ON ONE OCCASION Disraeli was carrying the House of Commons with him. Mr K. H., now Lord B., at that time a Whig, was seated behind Lord John Russell: of course on the opposite side of the House to the orator. Roused to involuntary enthusiasm by Disraeli's eloquence, he cheered. Lord John leaned back, and said to his supporter in his very dry voice, "Don't do that!" After Disraeli had finished his speech Mr K. H. said to Lord John, "I could not help cheering: I admire his power so much." Lord John replied, "No reason that you should let him know it!"

SPEAKING TO ONE whom I know well, Disraeli said, "Do not let your mind dwell upon what you want, and what you have not got: always fix your mind upon what you have got."

NOT LONG AFTER the fight which occurred at Six-Mile-Bridge, in Ireland, in which the British and Irish soldiers did their duty thoroughly; and which resembled in its incidents an affair which had occurred some years before at Dolly's Brae, a Member of the House of Commons whose career and life ended most sadly, determined to bring the case before the House; and took great pains in mastering the facts. It was considered by the leaders of the Tory Party that it would be desirable for a general attack by the whole line to be made: and that the leader of the attack should be their most accomplished General as regards Ireland, Mr Whiteside; afterwards Chief Justice. Consequently Lord Adolphus Vane had to yield: very reluctantly, and, at the personal request of Lord Derby, he gave way to the eloquent lawyer who began the debate. Whiteside's speech was a fine one. I remember his quoting with great effect from Hamlet. At the inquest the soldiers had been declared murderers: he gave the words of the grave-digger, "I am asked is this Law? I reply aye! marry is't; Crowners-quest Law!" After this well-graced actor had left the stage the eyes of all were of course idly bent on those

that followed. A Member returning to the House at ten o'clock found Lord Adolphus Vane, who naturally wished to speak on his own subject, addressing the House: he said to Disraeli, "What, still at Six-Mile-Bridge?" He replied, "Oh no! we have got over that: this is Dolly's bray!"

MY FIRST SIGHT of Disraeli was in the "Crush-room" of the Opera. I recognised him at once from the caricatures. His face was then a mass of wrinkles; absolutely wizened. In later years it was much smoother. At this period he wore several gold chains on his waistcoat. I believe that in earlier days he was absolutely hung in them. The lady whom he paints as "Mrs. Felix Loraine" in "Vivian Grey," who was not Lady Caroline Lamb, asked him, while taking her down to dinner, "What is the meaning, Ben! of all these chains? Are you practising for Lord Mayor? or what?" The same lady said, "You have described me, Ben! in your novel. I admit that I have committed all the crimes you mention, except one: I assure you that I never committed murder." I had this from one who was present, and who outlived Disraeli.

I ASKED HIM, whether the present generation could produce the Jesters of the middle-ages, who, as we know, attended at great men's feasts. He said, "Yes! where there is a demand there is always a supply." His recollection of details was exceptional. When Lord Palmerston was Member for Tiverton, an insubordinate butcher gave him occasional trouble: the scene usually ended in his driving the Knight of the Blue Apron round the town in his carriage. Representing a neighbouring Borough, I naturally observed and remembered the name of the butcher. Many years afterwards speaking to Disraeli about Lord Palmerston, who was then Prime Minister, he said, "We must put him out: and have a 'Rowcliffe' Administration."

Soon after Lord Palmerston became Premier I met Disraeli: in the course of conversation I said, "What is the history of Palmerston's success? we know that he is not a first-rate man." Disraeli replied, "Impudence! Irish impudence!"

LORD PALMERSTON presided at an annual dinner of the "Royal Literary Fund." I asked Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, how Palmerston got on at the dinner: he answered, "For

a man who never read a book in his life, I think he did very well." Lord Palmerston might have led the House of Commons at thirty-five; but declined: giving as his reason that "his life would be a perpetual canvass," and that he could not endure it. Whether this were the real cause or not I do not know; the reason of his ultimately achieving his position in Parliament was that he was twenty years older than any other leading man: that he knew the Country well: and that on one subject he knew a great deal, and no one else knew anything: Foreign Affairs.

Lord Palmerston never was a good speaker: he had a hesitation which came in at the most inappropriate times: a good voice; but no art: in speaking he would constantly use an anti-climax: he would say, for instance, "The language of the honourable gentleman is unusual, unparliamentary, violent, discreditable, and ahem!"—a pause—"to be deprecated." I never knew him rise to real eloquence: and on one occasion only did I hear him speak with great ability: this was on the Danish question. Everybody who attended to such matters, had been completely puzzled by the complicated affairs of Schleswig-

Holstein. The clearest heads could make nothing of it: and the vast majority of the House of Commons did not attempt it. Lord Palmerston made a speech admirable in its clearness. I could not have believed it possible that he could make such a speech. Solving the difficulties, and presenting the essential points of the question, to the appreciation and comprehension of the House. Disraeli, seeing the effect that had been produced, in his reply characterised the speech as "perspicuous; but not satisfactory." It was splendidly perspicuous.

I was not in Parliament at the time of the celebrated "Pacifico Speech:" nor up to this time have I been able to understand by reading it, the effect which it produced: but I may say that except on these two occasions Lord Palmerston never made a great speech.

On horseback he appeared of middle height; being long in the body, with short legs: he had a smart, spruce, look; and was well represented in his numerous portraits in "Punch": one of these was suggested to Leech, then the leading artist, by myself. Lord Palmerston had lately paid a visit to the Emperor of the French at Compiègne: and

Leech represented him at my suggestion in the Louis XV. hunting-dress worn there, three-cornered hat, high boots, etc., and tilting at a "quintain" bearing the word "Liberty." He substituted a "Cap of Liberty," which is hardly visible, for the word.

Even the Garter Ribbon did not give him an aristocratic look. One of Lord Palmerston's aphorisms was that "the best thing for the inside of a man is the outside of a horse": he rode every day, unless prevented by press of business: and invariably took a long ride on Sunday.

It was remarked of him that when in good health and spirits his whiskers were dyed of a bluish tint: when out of sorts he neglected this ornamentation. It is supposed that a laugh is indicative of character and feeling: I never heard a heartier laugh than Lord Palmerston's: very deep down, and musical. He gave you the impression of perfect good humour. I was presented to him by my mother at the first Ball to which I was invited in London; a Ball given to the Queen by the Duchess of Sutherland at Stafford House. Passing into the great central Hall, we met Lord Palmerston, in his Civil Service dress, blue and gold; with the broad red ribbon

of the Bath. He shook hands with me, and said something good-natured. I wore for the first time the uniform of the First Regiment of Life Guards, which I had just joined. A few minutes afterwards I heard a lady say to Lord Palmerston, "Who is that very splendid young gentleman?" In a deep and singularly pleasing voice he answered, "I have not the remotest idea!" The next occasion on which I saw him was at his own house in Carlton Gardens: I assume that he thought I was an attaché to some Foreign Embassy. In those days no one but Cavalry Officers and foreigners wore moustaches. He addressed me in French; and very bad French indeed. Many years have rolled by: but I have never forgotten his remark, "Il *est* beau temps!" On the last occasion on which I saw him I was passing through Westminster Hall from the House of Commons; he had just dismounted from his horse. Thinking it would save the old boy trouble, I said, "The House is up, my Lord." He replied, "Thank you! I am very much obleeged to you: how about Ayrton, and the Balance of Power?" I told him gently that nothing had been said on the subject.

Lord Palmerston had a peculiarly flattering manner

of leaning forward when you were addressing the House, standing opposite to him of course. As he did this to me on several occasions, I assume that he did the same to others. Once, however, he did his best to snub me: without ultimate effect. When the Ionian Islands were given up, the Order of St Michael and St George fell into desuetude; it had been instituted at Lord Guildford's instigation on finding that the Members of the Ionian Parliament actually walked to St Petersburg, with a view to obtaining a decoration. It was necessary to counteract this: and St George for England, and St Michael as the leader of the celestial hierarchy, neither of whom were in any way connected with the Ionian Islands, were made the patrons of the new Order. The motto, "Auspicium melioris ævi," was and is singularly inappropriate: it should be changed to "Imperi Porrecta Majestas!" Of course when the Islands were given up there was no longer a purpose in the Order. It occurred to me that it might be made most useful as a reward for Colonial Services: I brought forward the question in the House of Commons. I had studied Lord Palmerston carefully: and I felt quite certain that he

would reply by telling the story, already an ancient one, that William IV. at Brighton complaining of the persecution by the Mayor of some large town, who pursued him even to his marine retreat, the King's son Lord Adolphus FitzClarence said, "I should 'Guelph' him, Sire, at once," another version being that the King said, "I shall have to Guelph him:" and Lord A. replied, "And serve him right! Sire"; that is, give him the Guelphic Order. So accurately had I taken Lord Palmerston's measure that, notwithstanding I had narrated this story, he said in his reply, "To repeat the story already told by the Honourable Baronet"; and went through it again. I remember Sir James Douglas, at that time one of the few remaining K.C.M.G.'s, giving tongue loudly, during my harangue: he did not want to be diluted. However the next year the Order was re-established on the lines suggested by myself: and I feel sure that the broad blue and red ribbon has made many an honest heart happy: and, to use the words of Falconbridge, many a "Joan a Lady."

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK, on several occasions, prompted probably by Disraeli, produced a

sensation by appearing in the House of Commons in his top-boots and hunting garb: reminding the House, or at any rate those who knew something about Irish History, of "Tottenham in his boots."

Another son of the Duke of Portland, Lord Henry Bentinck, was conspicuous as being almost, if not quite, the best whist-player in England: he was visiting Lord Jersey at Middleton Park in Oxfordshire. Lady Jersey told me that she hunted for and discovered the three best whist-players in the County; and invited them specially to Middleton for the occasion. On the evening of Lord Henry's arrival, after dinner, the whist-party was made up. After half an hour or so Lady Jersey, approaching the table, said, "Lord Henry, how do you get on? How do they treat you?" He turned to her and said, "Lady Jersey! what do you call this game? It is very amusing!"

ONE OF THE most conspicuous Members of the Parliament of 1852 was Henry Drummond, Member for Surrey, his dry humour charmed the House. He wrote a pungent pamphlet on Bright.

OF WILLIAM THE IVTH'S sons, I did not know

the eldest, Lord Munster. I knew Lord Frederick, the General, and Lord Adolphus, the Admiral. Paying a visit to Admiral Capel, the Naval Commandant, at Portsmouth, and being introduced to Lord Frederick, who was then the Military Commandant, I being a sub-lieutenant in the First Life Guards, he took me by the arm and in a stage-whisper said, "I should like to take the opportunity of your being here to ask you what you think of my troops. If it will suit your convenience I will have the Garrison out to-morrow on Southsea Common." It is unnecessary to say that this was the weekly or fortnightly Parade; and had no more to do with my visit to Portsmouth than would have been the case if I had visited the Moon.

Lord Frederick was a good-natured man, who posed for George IV. He put up a monument to the Duke of Wellington on Southsea Common. It is a good deal to say that it was the very worst of the numberless images of that distinguished warrior: but I honestly say that I never saw one which approached it as a caricature. On the plinth of the statue was naturally inscribed the name of Lieutenant-General Lord Frederick FitzClarence, G.C.H. It has since happily been removed. As to its present locality I

have no idea. Lord Adolphus, the sailor, was a man of peculiar appearance. Having one eyelid drooping, he held his head at a particular angle. I should say that he must have been not very unlike his father: also a jovial tar. On one occasion at a great Masked Ball at the Opera-House in Paris, I arrived there before the dancing had begun. I found a crowd of two hundred persons at the least collected, looking at two heads in the upper proscenium box. I enquired what they were staring at: and was told by a French lady in a very pretty costume that the cheering which occasionally broke out was to show their appreciation of two English masks of exceptional grotesqueness. I discovered that the supposed masks were Lord Adolphus FitzClarence, and his life-long friend the late Sir George Wombwell. They were not in the least disguised: and appeared much diverted at the excitement they created. Thackeray's vignette, "Roguy and Poguy," in "Punch" is not unlike them.

Lord Adolphus FitzClarence commanded the Royal Yacht; and conveyed Her Majesty on the visit which she paid to King Louis Philippe at the Chateau d'Eu. The King's sons were there; Lord Adolphus was placed next the Prince de

Joinville, a good sailor, an Admiral in the French Service. The Prince had become conspicuous from bringing the remains of Napoleon from St Helena: an ill-judged action of his father: on the voyage home he affected to believe that England and France were about to come to blows. The Prince was said to have "beat to quarters," and prepared for action against a possible English man-of-war. He said to Lord Adolphus in a friendly manner, "You, my Lord, and I are seamen; I have had one dream in life; to command a smart French frigate, and to lay my own alongside of an English ship of the same strength for twenty minutes. Lord Adolphus replied in a perfect spirit of courtesy; and with the quickness of his family; "I think, Sir, that ten would be enough."

SOON AFTER I KNEW him, Disraeli said to me, "You have chosen the only career in which a man is never old: a Statesman can feel and inspire interest longer than any other man. I have seen Metternich in love; some thought it sublime; I thought it absurd: but, as a Statesman, I felt the greatest reverence for him to the last."

I may say as an illustration of the truth of this that I waited on one occasion over seven hours at the bar of the House of Lords, with no seat, and nothing but a spike to lean on, in order to hear Lord Lyndhurst address the House for an hour, when he was past ninety; I was well repaid. I may say more of him elsewhere: if ever the term "old man eloquent" was applicable to an orator, it was to him.

I MAY BE pardoned for inserting a story told as to Metternich. Talleyrand was asked if he did not see a resemblance between Metternich and Mazarin? The Bishop of Autun replied, "Yes! Mazarin never told lies, but always deceived you: now Metternich always tells lies, and never deceives you."

SPEAKING TO Disraeli on the subject of the House of Commons, he said, "Never trouble your head as to criticism. You know when you sit down after a speech precisely its value. A man does not deceive himself: he knows to the value of a shilling what his speech has been worth." In former years there was an impression among the

uninitiated that "Hansard" had a special reporter; and took down the words uttered in Parliament precisely. This was by no means the case. Hansard's Debates are the result of honestly collating the various versions in the daily papers: and of course do not represent anything beyond the general sense of what was expressed.

AT AN AFTERNOON party given by the Duke d'Aumale, when resident at Orleans House, Twickenham, the Duke, who it is unnecessary to say gave the whole entertainment "en Prince," had sent to Paris for the Company of Actors of the Palais-Royal. They acted some vaudevilles on a theatre erected on the lawn. Disraeli said to me, "This is too much: all you want is Music, as an accompaniment to the Conversation."

DISRAELI'S FACE to the last had those peculiar semi-circular wrinkles on either side of his mouth which I have often noticed in humorous actors. Dickens had them very conspicuously.

AMONG THE GREAT men of Society in my early days the late Duke of Beaufort was conspicuous.

He was supposed to be the best-mannered man in London, of the "vieille cour": nothing could be more dignified nor more suave than his manner. It may have been a little artificial; but, like all real politeness, thoroughly good-natured. He is credited with a saying worthy of record. He was asked whether he preferred an open or close carriage. He said, "A close carriage, for these reasons; when the weather is cold, I am warm; when it is hot, I am cool; when it is wet, I am dry; when it is dry, I am clean."

DISRAELI IN HIS youth was an admirer of Lady X., a person of exceptional beauty, who introduced him to Lord Lyndhurst. The popular idea was, on the publication of "Henrietta Temple," that the heroine of the story was a portrait of the Lady in question: she may have been so as regards appearance, but certainly in no other respect. I never saw her: but those who have unite in saying that she was a most beautiful woman: I knew her sister well: she also I believe was handsome in her youth. Being at a public ball in a remote county, I heard the name of Lady X. mentioned. I had read not long before, for the first time, "Henrietta Temple:"

and having an opportunity of seeing the supposed heroine, of whose history I knew nothing at the time, my curiosity was naturally very great. Finding a relation, in whose house I was staying, he told me that he knew the lady; I begged him to point her out: and after much searching, he indicated a lady of mature years, of commanding person, and a look of unflinching determination. I could discern no trace of Beauty: I do not remember ever to have met with so great a disenchantment. I gazed at her with absolute wonder: that this was what remained of the lovely creation; a creation not to be surpassed in fiction; that this had been the object of Disraeli's impassioned love; that this thoroughly respectable old lady had roused the wild enthusiasm of the young Poet and Statesman! Never shall I forget that evening. I may tell of the lady whom I saw, that, her husband being painted in hunting costume, the painter asked her ladyship to procure a pair of his old boots; so that the realism of the portrait should be complete. She endeavoured to obtain them from her spouse: He replied, "No, my lady; you've worn the breeches long enough! I'll be damned if you shall have the boots!" I had this from the painter.

It was not until many years had rolled by that I discovered that the disenchantment was itself an illusion: the innamorata of Disraeli's early days was a totally different person; bearing the same name; who had long been dead.

ONE OF THE finest effects which Disraeli produced was at the time when conspiracies against the life of Napoleon III. were the topic of conversation: and when considerable political excitement on the subject existed. Disraeli made a speech of some length, and not of a very lively kind, in relation to this subject. Letters addressed to London, not unconnected with these conspirators, had come to light: and considerable scandal had been created on the subject. When, after speaking for half an hour, Disraeli used the words "mysterious correspondents," Mr S., M.P. for Halifax, who had not long been a Member of the House, and had never seen Disraeli put forth his powers, imprudently, leaning across the table, said in a whisper which few could hear, "What correspondents?" Disraeli instantly turned upon him: and shouted at the very top of his voice, "What correspondents? says the Member for

Halifax: You know better than me, I suspect! What correspondents? says the Member for Halifax: The assassins of Europe! What correspondents? says the Member for Halifax: those who have pointed their daggers at the breast of our dearest ally!"

Cicero's denunciation of Catiline cannot have been finer.

MANY OF THE SARCASMS and invectives, which Disraeli poured out upon Sir Robert Peel, have become part of the British language: I do not repeat them; I am unwilling to vex any member of a family from whom I have received life-long kindness: but there is one so good, and so completely within the rules of Parliamentary satire, that I must quote it. It was on the evening on which Sir Robert Peel announced his change of views on the Corn Laws: he prudently made a very long speech: exhausted the House: and by the time he made his announcement the atmosphere had become loaded: and the House fatigued. Disraeli, however, roused them by a few words; amidst loud, vociferous cheering. The words were these. "What has occurred to-night reminds me,

Sir, of what occurred in the late war between Turkey and Russia: if I err in my facts the gallant Admiral opposite (Sir Charles Napier) will correct me. An expedition against Russia was projected: the grandest fleet ever manned by the Turks floated on the waters of the Bosphorus: the Sultan reviewed the fleet: he gave the command of it to his favourite Vizier: a man to whose hands the destiny of Turkey had been entrusted for years. The fleet set sail, amidst the enthusiasm of the Turks: the Muftis of Constantinople prayed for its success; as the Muftis of England did at the last General Election. What was the dismay of the Turks! What was the horror of the Sultan! When his favourite Vizier led the fleet straight into the enemies' port! (loud laughter). He too was maligned: he too was called a traitor: but he said, No! his political opinions had changed: and his conscience would no longer permit him to remain in the service of the Sultan!"

I HAVE RELATED, in the beginning of this volume, that Disraeli said to me that the Passion which gave pleasure longest was Revenge. No man, in his career, deprived himself of this enjoyment more than he did: with boundless opportunities, he

rarely used them: as his Forgiveness was the result of Policy, so was his Vindictiveness. A striking incident occurred on the night on which Sir Robert Peel sat for the last time as Prime Minister: the subject was the Irish Arms Bill, on which he was defeated. The last words which he heard before yielding power, came from the lips of the man, of whom, a few years before, he might easily have made an energetic, if not an enthusiastic supporter. I do not believe that Disraeli ever committed himself to the extent of asking Sir Robert Peel for Office: that was not in his nature: but he gave Sir Robert Peel every opportunity of knowing how clever, how energetic, how tenacious he was. Had Sir Robert Peel read character, he would have employed Disraeli; he need not have trusted him. If, by his own temperament of mind, he intuitively mistrusted the ringletted youth, who wished to win his favour, Prudence should have told him that to silence this ambitious aspirant would be wise. By placing him in a subordinate position in his Government he could have tried him: he might gradually have promoted him; or he might have given him employment abroad: he might, also, after a time, had he found that he were untrustworthy, have left

him to his own resources. My belief is that, had Disraeli been employed by Sir Robert Peel, he would never have betrayed him. I believe that he would have done his utmost to deserve the position, in which he had been placed: not from any enthusiastic admiration of Sir Robert Peel, although he did him more justice than is supposed in his "Life of Lord George Bentinck"; but because he would have felt that, once in the groove of Office, his fortune was made. With the marvellous capacity, which he knew himself to possess, he also knew that, should he retain his seat in the House, his career was certain: and he would not have jeopardised that career by mutiny against so powerful a master.

Nothing can have exceeded the depression of feeling of Disraeli, as a young man, when the prospect of doing justice to his own great talents appeared hopeless. To be conscious of the power in his brain, and in his heart; of the Sagacity and Determination which were part of his nature; to know his great superiority to his fellow men; and yet to feel, day after day, and year after year, that those great gifts were, so far as their fruition was concerned, utterly thrown away. The young

man, whom Sir Robert Peel had treated with hardly disguised contempt, in fifteen years hurled him from Power: It must have been with no ordinary delight that he pronounced the epitaph on the great Minister's political life. Looking at Sir Robert Peel, Disraeli ended his speech in these words: "'Tis Nemesis inspires this Debate! and stamps with the stigma of Parliamentary reprobation the catastrophe of a sinister career!"

I BELIEVE THAT THE exact circumstances of Sir Robert Peel's death were not known at the time. Two young ladies who were walking with their governess in the Green Park, at a very short distance from Constitution Hill, observed a gentleman, as they said, tipsy on horseback. Sir Robert was noticed to reel in his saddle several times. His horse, a steady, and surefooted animal, was walking: I have no doubt that he fell from the horse in a fit: and not by a false step in the animal. Being a man of very tall and bulky person, falling in that manner, he injured himself: but the fatal wound was received by the well-meaning, but imprudent, act of placing him in a closed carriage, which was brought from Gros-

venor Place. This caused the points of the fractured ribs to penetrate the lungs: and this was the immediate cause of his death: had he been carried home on a shutter, he might have lived. It is singular that Sir Robert fell precisely on the spot where he is depicted by Lord Lytton in "The New Timon."

A GOOD JUDGE, and in this case an impartial one; for he was the person attacked; said that the finest effect he had ever seen in the House of Commons was Disraeli's speech on the following subject: he added that it was the only occasion on which he had seen Disraeli really in a passion. It was in the Session during which the title of "Empress of India" was added to that of "Queen," not "of Great Britain and Ireland," as it is carelessly written, and generally by foreigners, but "Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." I was much struck by the marvellous caution, and care, with which Disraeli conducted this measure through the House of Commons. There had been much talking, and wonder, and curiosity: some approved: some disapproved: at last, the evening

arrived when the Question was to be introduced. Disraeli spoke with consummate tact: He gave no one the slightest idea as to what would be the title. The Measure proposed that Her Majesty should be allowed to choose such title as she might think fit as Sovereign of India. After an opening of some ten minutes, or more, Disraeli said, "A number of Titles have been suggested by various persons; not one of whom had any means of knowing: and not one of which has the slightest Authenticity." He then, speaking very slowly, and watching the effect of each word, added, "I have heard a title mentioned; the title of 'Empress of India'." He then paused for about four seconds, and said, "I have no reason to suppose that this may have the preference over any other. I have heard others suggested." Now, after the words "Empress of India," had the House shown any disposition to disapprove, he might easily, for the time, have gone to another topic: but he put the words in such a manner that he was enabled to ascertain the feeling of the House, without committing himself in the slightest degree as to what the Queen's future title should be. I never saw

more discernment, and more delicacy displayed than was shown by him.

That the title of "Empress of India" was wisely assumed; and with excellent effect upon the native Princes, whether subordinate to us, or independent, I had no doubt whatever at the time: and I have none now. We know that the term "Emperor," as assumed by Julius Cæsar in the word "Imperator," meant, as he told the Romans, merely the command of the armies of the Roman Republic: but he knew very well, and they very soon found out, that it meant a great deal more: and, in modern times, although I believe technically there is no difference in the rank of Emperor, and King, it has, from several circumstances, including the vast extent of dominion ruled over by existing Emperors, become, in some respects, a higher title: and is so esteemed by the Princes of Hindostan. Not long after this, The Right Hon. Robert Lowe found himself among his constituents at East Retford: and he was there imprudent enough, and as a Privy Councillor wrong enough, to say that, whereas the Queen had for long wished to assume this title, and her successive advisers had refused

a measure on the subject, Her Majesty had at last found "a pliant Minister," who had yielded to her wishes. An allusion to the personal opinions of the Sovereign is strictly forbidden in Parliament. I had remained in the House from four until a quarter past ten; having an intuitive anticipation, that Disraeli would be splendid. My highest hopes were more than realised. Grand as I had always thought his style, and wondrous as his power, I never, on any occasion, knew him approach the effect produced on that evening. He spoke briefly. Occasionally it seemed as if he could not articulate; his passion was so great. He leant with his left hand heavily upon the table: and the words, which I most clearly recollect, were, "A pliant Minister! A pliant Minister! If it were true, to utter such things here were infamous! False! False! False! as those words are, nothing, Sir, that I dare utter in your presence can characterize what I think of them!" The words "pliant Minister" seemed literally to choke him. The effect of his words upon the House was electrical.

I SAW LORD ABERDEEN, the Prime Minister, for the first time in the Church at Stanmore, in

Middlesex. He was staying for the Sunday at the house of Lord Wicklow, his near relation. I dined with Lord Wicklow that evening. Lord Aberdeen seemed to me a very heavy old gentleman; of a very unconciliatory manner: and I was filled with astonishment at the position which he then occupied, Secretary for Foreign Affairs. I should say that two Ministers with less pleasing manners than Lord Aberdeen and Lord John Russell seldom existed. On one occasion, two Members of Parliament, one in Office at the time under Lord John Russell, paid a visit to his brother, the Duke of Bedford's, place, Woburn Abbey, at Whitsuntide. After seeing the house, they crossed the Park, and met Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, in a narrow pathway: So far from taking the slightest notice of them, he simply returned their salute: and said not one word to either. Lord Lytton alludes to this affectation in his "New Timon." He says of Lord John in a clumsy line,

"He wants your Votes, but your Affection not;"

and adds,

"So cold a climate plays the deuce with votes!"

I HAVE OFTEN THOUGHT that Disraeli's character resembled in many ways that of the first Napoleon: while speaking to him, I could completely realise the fascination which the Emperor exercised over his followers. It seems extraordinary that a man who never gave a thought to any human being but himself; who sacrificed thousands, and tens of thousands, without remorse, to his own ambition, should still have retained the hold which he did over the French people! What may be the mysterious gift by which men controul others there is not space here to consider: but the feelings which I have heard others express, and which I certainly had very strongly when speaking to Disraeli, must have been of the same peculiar character, that Napoleon I. inspired. One, who was originally on the Whig side, to whom Disraeli gave Office, told me that he had never met with any human being with such power to charm; and this was the effect which he produced upon all who possessed either brains or heart.

One characteristic of Napoleon I. Disraeli was without. The Sovereigns, the Viceroys, the Marshals, and Princes, of Napoleon's Empire, were

the soldiers who had helped him to the Throne. Nothing of the kind took place with Disraeli: no rewards awaited those who had sacrificed everything in their support of him: no thought was given to them: they had served their purpose: and, except personal courtesy, they received no recompense of any sort or kind. One single exception, and it is a very minute one, I am glad to give: He offered to recommend Lord Exmouth to Her Majesty as a Lord-in-Waiting. Lord Exmouth was poor, and had no influence: he had, in his youth, been a personal friend of Disraeli.

Sitting on Disraeli's side of the House, an M.P. stepped forward; and, turning towards the Government Bench, and shaking his closed right hand at Disraeli, said, "For faithless men are ever faithless still!" I never saw such a scene: nor do I suppose had any other Member. Very shortly after this scene Disraeli gave this individual office.

THE FOLLOWING FACTS of Disraeli's family are authentic. They are taken from the Register of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, Bevis Marks.

Benjamin d'Israeli, the Grandfather of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, was born in the year 1730.

He was twice married. In the year 1756, to Rebecca, daughter of Gaspar and Abigail Mendes Furtado; who died in the year 1765.

His second wife was Sarah Siprout de Gabay.

Benjamin d'Israeli died on the 28th of November 1816.

Isaac D'Israeli, his son, father of the Earl, was born on the 18th of May 1766.

The Register of Births gives the following:—

Benjamin, son of Isaac and Maria D'Israeli, Born 21st December 1804.

Naphtali, son of Isaac and Maria D'Israeli, Born 5th November 1807.

Raphael (Ralph), son of Isaac and Maria D'Israeli, Born 9th May 1809.

Jacob (James), son of Isaac and Maria D'Israeli, Born 24th June 1813.

Isaac D'Israeli, Lord Beaconsfield's father, withdrew from Membership of this Synagogue in the Year 1817.

The cause assumed of Isaac D'Israeli, the Prime Minister's father, ceasing to be a Member of the Synagogue was that, having been a subscriber, he was asked to become a Warden; a position not, I believe, unlike that of an Elder of the Scotch

Established Church. This Office, as in the case of our High Sheriffs, was occasionally avoided by payment of a fine of forty pounds. Isaac D'Israeli, who cared for none of these things, he seems to have been a Gallio, withdrew at this time from the Membership: and did not visit the Synagogue subsequently. His son, who was then thirteen, does not appear after this period, to have taken part in, nor attended the ceremonies of the Jewish Church. Disraeli was formally admitted, with the usual ceremonies, to the Jewish Church on the 29th of December 1804. Eight days after his birth.

MANY STORIES have been told in relation to Disraeli's dress. I have lately seen one who perfectly remembers being with him in a box at the King's Theatre, Haymarket, the Opera-House of that day. He said that Disraeli wore a black velvet coat, waistcoat, and trousers. Whether this was from an independence of taste; or from a wish to appear unconventional, or to attract notoriety, my readers may determine for themselves.

SIR ROBERT PEEL produced considerable effect upon the House, by quoting the lines from

Canning's admirable poem, "The New Morality:" It was believed by many that Canning's death was owing to the persecution which he had met with from Sir Robert Peel, and other of his former friends:

"Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe!
Straight I may meet: perchance may turn his blow.
But of all plagues that Heaven in wrath may send,
Save! Save! Oh save me from a candid friend!"

Disraeli replied, "The Scene the House of Commons! the Poet Mr Canning! the Orator the Right Hon. Baronet! I congratulate him upon his retentive Memory! and his courageous Conscience!"

DISRAELI'S POLITICAL career was affected partly by his æstheticism. Pleased, as he may latterly have been, by his popularity, in his writings, his speeches, and his conduct, a preference for the high and the brilliant in Society, is always indicated. I do not suppose that, at any time, notwithstanding "Vivian Grey," he played the sycophant: the consciousness of intellectual superiority would guard him in a great measure from

this: but he liked to have Dukes, and Marquesses, in his Cabinet: and with a feeling of refinement, which usually accompanies a high intellect, he disliked the socially sordid, and the mean.

ONE OF THE earliest comic effects which I witnessed in the House was in the Spring of 1853. William Ewart was one of those men about whom the House had not quite made up its mind: his speeches had a certain amount of effect, from his apparent earnestness: he sat for Liverpool. He was a short, narrow-shouldered man, with a reddish-purple face: not by any means the result of intemperance. He spoke in a deep voice, frequently on subjects of Benevolence; and occasionally of Religion: in short he was esteemed one of the serious Members of the House. Joseph Hume, who sat below him, wore a hat with a rather broad brim; the hat had a long nap; and was a peculiar head-covering: it appeared to be too large for his very large head. His aspect was that of intense solemnity, and almost supernatural honesty. I believe that after Hume's death it was found that his economical strictures on the Government of the day, which were never ceasing, had resulted

in an endless succession of petty jobs, done for him by them. On the occasion to which I refer, Ewart had made an effective speech: he had appealed to all that was great, and noble, on the earth: he raised his eyes to Heaven: he asked posterity to do him justice, etc., etc., etc. Unfortunately, having moved the House by his harangue, while emphasizing the very last sentence he brought his right fist down with crushing violence upon Hume's hat. The effect was instantaneous, the large hat descended below Hume's chin, and his heavy, unintelligent, features were completely obscured. The House roared with laughter: and the pious orator sat down; looking, as well he might, considerably abashed. Hume's appearance at no time resembled the classic Roman bust, placed, why I know not, in the Library of the House of Commons.

A scene not altogether dissimilar occurred, many years afterwards, when a certain Edwin James, Q.C., obtained a seat for the Borough of Marylebone. He was a farceur of the most unequivocal description. At that time Lord John Russell, who had seceded from the Whig Party, invariably sat on the end seat of the lower bench,

next to and below the gangway on the Opposition side. Edwin James's face, being the most blustering and brow-beating of advocates when in Court, was ghastly in the extreme: a very florid man, his countenance usually flushed, on this occasion was deadly pale: and his nervousness painful to see even by an enemy. He had arranged a carefully prepared maiden speech: a more complete fiasco the House never beheld. He began in a highly declamatory style; threw his arms about with great vehemence; and went so near to striking Lord John Russell's hat, that that nobleman, obviously, to our extreme merriment, became much alarmed. Leaving his seat would indicate desertion of his supporter. Repeatedly Edwin James' right hand went close to Lord John's head, who was affecting to listen to him with great interest; his dodgings to avoid the fist were exquisite; but he was unprepared for the crushing blow that fell, not on his hat, but on Edwin James's Parliamentary prospects. As everyone knows, you address the Speaker, not the Members. In a very unconstitutional apostrophe Edwin James shouted to Lord John the words, "No, My Lord! I tell you——" What he was about to tell Lord John we

shall never know. The House had been laughing during this speech: it now burst into a roar; in the midst of which the bully collapsed.

A CONSPICUOUS character during Disraeli's epoch was Francis first Earl of Ellesmere. His career in the House of Commons was not remarkable. Inheriting the vast fortune of the last Duke of Bridgewater: and being himself a man above the average in intellectual culture, he played an important part in the great fiscal change inaugurated by Sir Robert Peel. At one time a Tory of Tories, he seceded from the party on the occasion of the change in the Corn Laws. I stayed occasionally at his villa on Saint George's Hill, in Surrey, and took several interesting walks with him. Lord Ellesmere had served in his youth in the First Regiment of Life Guards: and had received, together with Lord Francis Conyngham, afterwards 2d Marquess of Conyngham, from George IV. the privilege of wearing the splendid uniform of that Regiment for the rest of his life. He was a tall and singularly handsome man, of extreme gravity of demeanour. In many conversations on Shakspere, I remember his quoting that most

beautiful passage from the ghost's speech in Hamlet, ignorantly and stupidly omitted in modern representations;

"I find thee apt:
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf";

and adding, "That is an image from another world!" He told me a most interesting fact in relation to the Duke of Wellington: one of the Duke's most intimate friends, one who deserved to be so, was Lady Charlotte Greville, whose daughter Lord Ellesmere married. His brother-in-law, Mr Algernon Greville, at that time a subaltern in the Army, dined with the Duke on the evening of the day of the great battle. He did not, of course, presume to address the Duke during the meal. The latter preserved complete silence, with this exception; he twice said, "Thank God I have met him!"

Mr Algernon Greville became, some years afterwards, Private Secretary to the Duke. I knew his mother, Lady Charlotte Greville, when an old lady: and never met a more intelligent or delightful person. Lord Ellesmere wrote several books,

including a poetical description of an excursion to the Holy Land, in which he speaks of his wife as

"She the Herminia of this new Crusade."

Lord Ellesmere gave me a copy of the following lines: written by himself.

BALACLAVA.

"They thought we were coxcombs; they said we were born
In the sunshine of peace-time like insects to fly:
The Jester and Novelist made us their scorn:
And lecturing Hypocrites joined in the cry.

They said we were heroes best fitted to shine
In the Barrack, and Ball-room, the Ring, and Parade;
That the source of what courage we boasted was Wine;
And Woman the prize of what conquests we made.

That Slander has melted like mists from the sun:
It veils not the grave where its objects repose:
On the limber of many a Muscovite gun
They have scored its rebuke in the blood of their foes,

Ere their own was exhausted. Alas! for the number,
Too scanty to conquer; too many to fall;
Of those whom no trumpet can wake from their slumber;
No leader can rally: no signal recall:

Not even that Leader, in whose gallant bearing,
As he rose in the saddle the mandate to give,
None could mark, as he gave it, one symptom declaring
That none could accomplish that order, and live.

It was hopeless! all knew it: yet onward they bounded,
With the order, and speed, of some festival day:
When, with Kings to behold them, by gazers surrounded,
They mimicked the semblance of Battle's array.

Oh! well may the remnant, that shattered, and broken,
Returned from that onset, accept of the fame,
Which, whenever the word Balaclava be spoken,
Shall join its sad glories to Cardigan's name.

And in Beaudesert's Hall, when the yule-log is lighted,
And the tale of high deeds makes its round by that fire,
They shall tell how a son of that house has requited
The lessons of valour he learned from his Sire.

Oh! would he had lived one short year to have noted,
When the red tide of slaughter foamed over that plain,
Above it the plume of a Paget that floated!
It was Anglesey charged in his offspring again!"

DISRAELI in writing the Life of Lord George Bentinck followed, to some extent, the example of Lord Bolingbroke in his "Patriot King." He seems to have idealized Lord George, as the type of what the British race of the present day would admire. One incident however Disraeli has not related. Disraeli, and Lord F., were staying at Wynyard Park, Lord Londonderry's seat in Durham. Disraeli had taken a solitary walk: and returned to the house late in the afternoon. Lord

F. met him in the entrance-hall. While hanging up his hat, he asked Lord F. "Are the newspapers come? Is there any news?" Lord F. replied, "I am sorry to say, very bad news!" Disraeli looked at him; and said, "What is it?" Lord F. replied, "Lord George is dead." He told me that Disraeli's face underwent such a change that he thought he was going to expire. He watched him for a few moments to see if he was falling: then pulled forward a hall-chair, in which Disraeli sat down. He said nothing: and in a few minutes Lord F. left him. Lord George Bentinck's death must have been, for the time, an annihilation of his hopes.

THE AURAL effect of loud cheering in the House of Commons is peculiar. If you are fortunate enough to hear it during your speech the effect on the ear is completely different from that produced upon it when you are sitting among the cheerers. When sitting down, the noise is very great. When standing up it more resembles a very rapid vibration of the air than sound. I can only compare this to the appearance of the heated air, quivering over a meadow in summer. The great

triumph of all triumphs to a speaker is the absolute, and breathless, silence of his audience. If you can reduce them to a condition of fearing to laugh, or to cheer, lest they should miss a good thing, you may sit down satisfied with yourself: and remember Herod.

A VERY LITTLE man indeed was an M.P. during the Parliament of 1874–1880. His name Dr O'Leary: he was not much above five feet in height, if at all. Disraeli told me that this little man was the very image of Moore, the Poet: that he never saw such a likeness: he said, "If you wish to see Moore, come to life again, you can do it now: he is exactly what Moore was."

MY BELIEF IS that Disraeli knew nothing of Art; and cared little for it. He purchased however one picture, which, for the following reason, interests me. I had never bid for a picture, ancient, or modern, at Christie's. I happened to be at the sale-room in King Street: the crowd was considerable. A picture was on the easel for sale: I did not know the name of the painter: the subject, "The Nativity," of the pre-

Raffaelite School. I was so charmed with it: that I bid up to two thousand pounds. I then felt that I could not trust my judgment further: that I might be mistaken: and that the picture might be "run up" for trade purposes. It was bought for £2,415. A few days afterwards I met Mr C.: having noticed him in the crowd, I said, "Do you happen to know who bought that 'Francesca'"? "I did. Disraeli told me to buy it for the National Gallery." It is now to be seen there, in a place of honour. I have no doubt that Disraeli acted on wise and official advice.

HENRY CONSTANTINE, First Marquess of Normanby, was a character of the day that always delighted me. Made up latterly as an old dandy, with a curly wig, velvet-faced coat, many chains, and an elaborate costume, he had a charming manner. When I was a boy, my step-father having a house in Eastern Terrace, Brighton, I used not unfrequently to be invited to dinner at the house of Margaret, née Shaw-Stewart, Duchess of Somerset, who lived at No. 9, in the Terrace. I remember one evening Lord Normanby dined there; after dinner he was sitting on a

sofa, talking to Mrs A., afterwards Marchioness of D. Lady Normanby came later in the evening. Her ladyship, who had in her youth played Juliet to admiration, in private theatricals at Florence, had become inordinately stout: Mrs A. turning to Lord Normanby said, as Lady Normanby entered, "Good gracious! who can this fat woman be?" Lord Normanby with the most perfect manner replied quietly, "That is Lady Normanby; to whom I am most anxious to present you." When staying at Dessin's Hotel at Calais, now closed, I peeped into the window, on the ground-floor, of the next apartment. Boy as I was, it astonished me to see Lord Normanby playing at Ecarté with his own wife! He may however have been rehearsing "Mantalini:" a name by which he was known. When Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Normanby said, or it was said for him, that his wish, and intention, were to make his Court resemble that of Charles II. I saw him in Dublin taking his afternoon ride, of course in plain clothes, between his two A.D.C.'s, both in undress uniform, but wearing their cocked-hats and plumes. Meeting him one day at dinner at Fulham, the subject of Women's

appreciation of Aristocratic Simplicity came up. The ladies of course declared that there was nothing they admired so much. After listening for some time, Lord Normanby said, "I totally disagree with you: I believe that women have no appreciation of simplicity in dress, nor in anything else. I believe that the more a man bedizens himself with velvet, satin, gold chains, rings on his fingers, and varnished boots, the more they admire him." This, of course, was followed by cries of "Oh, Uncle Normanby! you don't really think so!" etc. etc. He calmly replied, "I have said what I believe to be the case. For example, for seven years I carried a cane which I felt was a degradation to me. It was a brown cane: the 'Poire' (upper part) was made entirely of turquoises; it was a most disreputable cane. It was given to me. So long as I carried that cane I was all powerful. Every woman succumbed the moment she saw that cane; they felt there was wealth, splendour, etc. I lost it. From that hour my power ceased: and I have never regained it." I perfectly recollect the cane; and used to wonder how any gentleman could carry such a thing; many of the turquoises had become, as is their

habit, discoloured. It was a cane that the poorest "Walking Gentleman" on the stage would have despised. Lord Normanby obtained, it is said, everything he wished. As a young man the Governorship of Jamaica; G.C.H. and G.C.B.; Home Secretaryship; Embassies; the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland and a Marquessate. He wore more British Stars than the Great Duke himself. The Garter, St Patrick, the Grand Cross of the Bath, and of the Guelphic Order of Hanover; and, in his old age, satisfied his conscience by becoming a Tory.

I HAVE NAMED Margaret, Duchess of Somerset, a Lady whose sudden rise, although of ancient family, must have excited the spleen of spinsters, old and young, throughout the United Kingdom. Somewhat advanced in years, and known in her own circle as "Maggie Stewart," she was married by Edward, eleventh Duke of Somerset; and became the Première Duchess of the Kingdom; there being no Duchess of Norfolk at the time. She appeared as such at the Coronation of Her present Majesty. When she was living in Eastern Terrace, Brighton, The Count de Cham-

bord, the son of the Duke de Berri, for many years the legitimate heir to the throne of France, used frequently to call in the afternoon, and I, who at the time was very ill, used to observe from my window the thoroughly Royal Honours with which the Duchess received the Prince. Within two minutes of his carriage stopping at the door, the Duchess, crossing the pavement, embraced him: and proceeded to conduct him up the staircase.

MEETING DISRAELI within a few days of his first Premiership, an old friend congratulated him upon his triumph: "Yes!" replied he, "I have climbed to the top of the greasy pole!"

I HAVE SUPPOSED, that Disraeli bore some resemblance, as a young man, to the great actor Edmund Kean; and I have a belief that his style of utterance was not unlike his; in fact may have been founded upon it. I think, also, that Disraeli must have been affected by the grand style of Gibbon. He certainly shows the influence of his father's early manner.

ONE EVENING, seated at dinner next but one to Disraeli, Lady C. V., for whom he had an

honest admiration, sitting between us, I was speaking to my neighbour on the other side, and I heard Disraeli say, "Ah! there is a subject! a stupendous one!" So soon as I could decently turn to my left, I asked what this stupendous subject was. "Woman!" replied he; then louder, "WOMAN! there's a Tremendous Topic." I regret that I did not, on some other occasion, ask what he thought on this interesting, but obscure, subject. I doubt, however, whether he, more than the wisest men who have lived, ever obtained a glimpse behind the mysterious curtain between Man and Woman; which has never been lifted.

ON THE SAME evening, when the ladies had left the dining-room, he said, "You are well up in English Poetry!" "Yes." "I can puzzle you." "A rash boast!" "I can." "Try!" "Who wrote this line,

'Small by degrees; and beautifully less'?"

I answered at once, "Nobody." He said, "Oh! I have met my master at last." I added, "There is a line something like it in Prior's Poem, "Henry and Emma;" which, by the way, you

quote in "Henrietta Temple." He said, "Oh I collapse! I give up altogether! you know everything! I assure you that is the test that I have applied all my life. I give you my word that I have never got the right answer before." I may add that a year or two after Disraeli's death I told this story to the present, John, Duke of Rutland. He said, "I remember perfectly forty years ago Disraeli put that question at my father's house, at Belvoir, and floored us all."

AT AN OFFICIAL dinner, where none but men were present, Disraeli quoted to me the lines,

> "Is this a Banquet? this a genial room?
> No! 'tis an Altar, and a Hecatomb!"

He added, "A man's dinner-party, in middle life, is horrible."

MAJOR VIVIAN made a more or less successful speech on the subject of the War Office, and was complimented by Lord John Russell in a somewhat fulsome manner. Disraeli said, "The Honourable member for Truro appears to be elated at having, for the first time, carried a Motion. Every-

one, sooner or later, carries his first Motion. I can see nothing more to be proud of than a hen feels when she has laid her first egg. She always appears to be satisfied: and cackles over it a good deal." The peculiar features of Major Vivian added point to this.

I ONCE DISCUSSED the incidents of a bull-fight with Disraeli: and remarked that there is one sublime moment; and one only; He at once replied, "Yes! when the bull first comes in."

THERE WAS NOTHING that Disraeli hated more than commonplace: and there was nothing that he made more use of. The impression that nothing went down with the House of Commons but solemn twaddle grew upon him.

Towards the end of his career no one appeared to win his favour except those possessing this gift. Brilliant himself, he felt deeply that to shine was not to succeed; the position which he achieved was in spite of his exceptional qualities; not on account of them.

THE FIRST CLUB to which I belonged in Lon-

don was in Albemarle Street: "THE ALFRED," a sort of minor "Athenæum." It was suggested to me by my grand-uncle, Mr Henry Holland, who had been at one time Lord Grey's Secretary, and Member for his father's pocket borough, Okehampton. The Club no longer exists. The name by which it was usually known was the "Half-Read Club;" and from the following anecdote it must have deserved its name. One evening, during the short period of Mr Canning's Premiership, at a house-dinner, the company was delighted by the presence of a fluent, and most amusing, and bald-headed, member, well acquainted with the politics of the day, with Art, Literature, in short all that an educated gentleman ought to know. He excused himself for leaving the company somewhat early; and they were unanimous as to the merits of the departed. They agreed that each should give an opinion as to who he might be. Various names were written down; and it was found that the majority pronounced him to be Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy. Subsequent investigation, outside the Club, enabled them to ascertain that the amusing stranger was the Prime Minister, Mr Canning.

I HEARD DISRAELI in a speech in the House of Commons tell the story of Mr Canning having been invited to a dinner at a Club: wishing to surprise him, the Committee chose some very special Champagne of a dry quality, then a novelty. The dinner passed off well: but at the end some incautious member asked the Prime Minister whether he liked the Champagne. Mr Canning replied, "A man who says that he likes that wine will say anything." "Now, Mr Speaker," added Disraeli, "I can only say that any member of this House who declares that he approves of this motion would say"—he paused—"that he liked dry Champagne."

DISRAELI had a party staying with him at Hughenden: he had not been well previous to their visit: and one day his symptoms caused great anxiety. The guests conferred; and determined to send to London for his physician, Dr K. In the meantime their host became conspicuously better: and a difficulty arose to account for the Physician's presence. At last some lady broke it to him. He absolutely refused to see Dr K.; but ordered that dinner should be prepared; and con-

veyed to the Doctor's apartment. After dinner he said, addressing the company, "Will none of you go and visit the Prisoner?" The hint was taken: but Dr K. departed the next day, without seeing his patient.

SOME GOOD SAYINGS have been recorded of Lord Alvanley: here is one that has not. Dining frequently at the mess of the 1st Life Guards, he noticed that when "the cloth was removed," as it was in those days, sundry notes were brought in to the Officers: each

"Note was written upon gilt-edged paper
With a neat little crow-quill, slight and new."

On the next occasion when this took place, Lord Alvanley turned to the mess-waiter, and said, "Bring me one!"

THE WISH expressed by Disraeli that every peasant in Bucks should have a Pont and a Tank was in allusion to the not unfrequent water-famines which occur in his part of the county. He most liberally lent his own horses and carts on these occasions.

LORD LAMINGTON, better known as Baillie Cochrane, said two things worthy of being men-

tioned here: he remarked that, in the House of Commons, anyone who intended to speak should be there at the opening of the House: and that unless his nervous system were sufficiently sensitive to catch the tone of the day, and each day varies, he would not make a successful speech. The other was this: He asked me if I knew much of Mentone, on "The Riviera." I told him that I had passed a day or two there. Lord Lamington said, "I am told that it is a place where you must have resources in yourself. I know what that means; that you wish to hang yourself twice a day!"

I asked Lord Lamington in what part of France the Monastery of La Trappe was; he replied, "I have not the remotest idea": "But," I said, "I read lately a most heartrending account of your visit; you describe beautifully the Sun rising over the mountains; and your approach to the living tomb: you saw the brothers pass each other without speaking: one of them digging his grave, etc., etc. It was enough to wring tears from a statue." He quietly said, "I never was there in my life." "Do you mean to say that you did not write that article which is published

with your name?" "Oh! I remember now: I did: I wrote it from something that I saw in 'Galignani's Messenger.' I have no idea where the place is."

THERE WAS NO MEMBER of London society at the time I speak of for whom I had a greater respect and regard than Lady Essex. I never knew her until she was far advanced in age. Having been in her youth, as Miss Stephens, a most brilliantly successful singer, she married Lord Essex, when an old man. Her hospitality in Belgrave Square was not only great, but refined. No one better understood the art of collecting pleasant and clever people; and no one ever played the hostess with more dignity, nor more true kindness: nor had more excellent Champagne.

MR. HENRY BARING, known as "the Major," he had served in the 1st Life Guards, for many years M.P. for Marlborough, said to me, "The House of Commons is a pleasant place, provided you don't work at it," meaning the drudgery of Railway Committees. I always have had a great

craving for work. On one occasion, Mr Moffatt, who was listened to by the House on a particular subject, namely, the Tea-duties, and who had an invariable habit of omitting the letter H, was becoming prolix: he had repeatedly used the word 'ouse: "I 'ope the 'ouse: and per'aps the 'ouse," etc. Mr Henry Baring, at a time when the Members were listening attentively, said across the House, in a stage-whisper, addressing the orator, "No! no! don't go on saying 'ouse: say House."

DURING A DIVISION Mr M., one of the "Mountain," who had for two years been howling at Disraeli whenever a chance offered, found himself by accident or intention in the Government lobby. Disraeli, as usual, had taken post with his back to the fireplace. The Mountaineer approached him; having no previous acquaintance: "Mr Disraly! I've had no opportunity of spaking to ye. Me darturs read yer books with the greatest avidity." Disraeli replied nothing: but casting his eyes to the Gothic ceiling of the lobby muttered, "This is Fame!"

"CONINGSBY" came out while I was at Eton: the boys instantly fastened on one mistake which proved that the Author was not an Eton man: he makes one of the characters say that he has come "from Brocas." This was conclusive: "The Brocas" being the correct term: as every Eton boy knows.

LORD PALMERSTON on horseback looked a big man: and standing at the table of the House he did not appear ill-proportioned. Each foot, to describe it mathematically, was a "four-sided irregular figure." His portraits in "Punch" are very like him. Those with a flower or straw in the mouth the best. He had a very horsey look. On one occasion he used a fine term, which I believe, but am not quite sure, to be original. "Nothing can be more deplorable than an inheritance of triumphant wrong." I heard him at the commencement of the Crimean War quote two lines with good effect,

"As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast!"

He pronounced "Baltic" "Boltic."

Lord Castlereagh in 1814 intended to quote four lines from the same beautiful Poem: they were these,

"With grim delight the brood of Winter view
A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue:
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose:
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows."

Lord Castlereagh did not quote the lines; thinking that they might give offence to the Russian armies, then invading France. The accounts of the British soldiers advancing upon Sebastopol describe precisely the trait mentioned in the last line. It was with difficulty that the Officers could prevent the men from plucking the unripe grapes in the vineyards through which they passed.

THE FOLLOWING lines were àpropos of the creation of the Dukedoms of Abercorn and Westminster.

"Sidonia makes a Duke, his reign to grace:
Gladstone another, on a change of place:

Sidonia makes an Empress: Let us hope
That Gladstone will not trump him with a Pope!"

i.e., Cardinal Manning.

I HAVE HEARD Disraeli say more than once, "The disappointed are always young."

SAYING TO DISRAELI that the Members of the House were curiously heterogeneous, he replied, "True! but their collective Taste is exquisite. No one can break the severest canons of good taste without creating a strong feeling against him." Bright, on one occasion, held up one of Lady Palmerston's cards, inviting to her Saturday evening parties. "These," said he, "are the means by which the noble Viscount attracts support." This was received with absolute silence. On that, or another occasion, Lord Palmerston, replying to Bright, began, "After the speech of the Hon. and Reverend gentleman." A thrill of disgust ran through the House; with whom Bright was never popular.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITHS, Member for Devizes, whose frequent harangues were greeted with yells

of derision; and who, I believe, delighted in the vituperation which he received; asked Lord Palmerston a question relating to Foreign Affairs. Some very insulting letters in reference to this Country had been addressed to Napoleon III. by sundry Colonels in his Army; suggesting that the Emperor should lead them to attack this "nest of assassins"; meaning London. On a remonstrance from our Government an apology was made by the Emperor: whereupon Mr Darby Griffiths asked Lord Palmerston whether, as the offence had been given by the official publication of the letters in the "Moniteur," the apology would also be inserted in that official paper. Lord Palmerston replied, "Without wishing to be personally offensive, I must say that I consider the question of the Hon. Member for Devizes to be eminently absurd." This was the reply of a bully: knowing that Mr D. G. was the butt of the House. He made a great mistake; - the House received Lord Palmerston's reply in absolute silence, on both sides: The House would not stand its Members being insulted: to insult one was to insult all. In six weeks Lord Palmerston was out of office.

OF ALL THE chivalrously fair speakers I have heard Disraeli was the most so. I never knew him misrepresent his opponent in any case, small, or great. However noble the sentiment uttered, however great the truth, he could contrive to turn it into absurdity; but he never altered the words; he never pretended, as I have heard some eminent speakers, to mistake what had been said: and by cunning, and apparently unintentional, alteration give a different meaning to the sentiment. He was exact, and precise in his quotations to the utmost degree. So acute was Disraeli's intellect; and so true his sense of the ludicrous, that few could escape.

AFTER THE Elections in the Spring of 1853, necessitated by the change of Government; at which the new Ministers had addressed their constituents, a slashing attack was made upon them by Disraeli; then on the front Opposition bench.

Sir James Graham, his favourite butt, had made a speech in the County of Cumberland, which Disraeli reviewed. After giving a few words to the other members of the new Cabinet he said, "But, we have been told, that though some evil must

await us, that although we must be prepared for some disaster, we should be compensated by the unrivalled abilities of the first Lord of the Admiralty. I have read with interest the Right Hon. Baronet's Speech, lately delivered at Carlisle: among other things I find that he told his Constituents that he 'intended to take his stand upon Progress:' a somewhat slippery foundation I should say. Now, Sir, I know the necessities of the Hustings: and do not wish to be too critical. I am willing to pass this over as a piece of oratorical slipslop," etc., etc. During this attack Sir James Graham's face grew blacker and blacker. Disraeli went on: "I ask, where are the Whigs, with their two centuries of splendid traditions? Where are the Radicals?" At this Sir John Shelley, who had made himself conspicuous on the front Bench when his party were in Opposition, rose at the fly; he said "Hear! Hear!" Disraeli, without looking up, recognised his voice; and turning towards him said, "Used! and abandoned! Used without scruple! and abandoned, not with too much delicacy!" This is a good illustration of his great refinement. It would of course have been more antithetical to say "Used without scruple! and abandoned without

delicacy!" but he preferred the exact truth: showing, as he always did, that he was a consummate artist.

DISRAELI, LIKE Napoleon and Wellington, was a bad rider. There is a wild legend of his having hunted on one occasion. He confirms it in a letter to his sister: he says that he rode across country for thirty miles and "stopped at nothing": but I can hardly bring myself to believe it. The Right Hon. J. L. endeavoured to persuade me that Disraeli had not only hunted, but had hunted in a suit of bright green velvet, with gilt buttons. I do not think such a tale would ever have come except from a Privy Councillor. Leonora's ride behind her dead lover is a joke to this. I should have said that, like the sagacious Frenchman, when asked whether he hunted, he would have replied, "I *have* hunted." I know, however, that on one occasion, towards the close of his life, staying in a country-house he volunteered to accompany the ladies of the party on horseback: a rash proceeding which he sorely repented; I use the term in its literal sense. The ride was of some duration; possibly longer than he anticipated; when about five miles from

the house he showed great symptoms of discomfort. Placing his hand on the pummel of his saddle to raise himself, he enquired at intervals of five minutes if they were near home: how much longer it would be, etc., and was evidently in great pain. My informant told me that on reaching the house, and dismounting, Disraeli absolutely reeled with suffering: and that he made a sign to a servant to catch him, if he fell.

Some years earlier, he attended a meet of foxhounds: it was what is called a "lawn meet:" and took place close to the house of a most worthy Staffordshire Squire, Mr Giffard of Chillington. He had in former days been of use to Disraeli, when a Candidate for Shrewsbury. A common friend told him that the host was unable to leave his arm-chair from illness: he had heard that he was there; and was most anxious to see him. He replied, "No!" Subsequently another friend told him that Mr Giffard would be disappointed if he did not see him. Disraeli still refused to dismount. This naturally surprised the gentleman at whose house he was staying. When they got home, Disraeli calmly said, "It is necessary that I should give you my reason for not dismounting: it

was founded upon my experience of this morning. I should have been glad to shake hands with my old friend: but I was convinced that, did I dismount from my horse, it would be a physical impossibility for me again to place myself in the saddle."

LORD MALMESBURY told me that, when he was a boy, at the time of the first Reform Bill, he was staying at Howick, Earl Grey's house. Believed to be too young to notice such matters, he heard daily conversations between Lord Grey and his colleagues on the Reform Bill, which they were preparing: he said that, except for the purpose of bringing themselves into Office, no words were exchanged between these Statesmen in relation to the good of the Country.

IN THE DINING ROOM of Disraeli's house in Upper Grosvenor Street there was a bad copy of a well-known Murillo. One of his guests at a dinner-party, leading another up to the picture, said, "I like to see that!" "Why?" "It shows that he has a good heart." "You mean that he

is a Christian?" "Oh no! that he is painted sitting on his mother's knee."

AT A BALL at Ashburnham House, then the Russian Embassy, taking Lady G. F., Lady Jersey's sister, one of the Great Duke's "dearest Georgies" of 1815, into the tea-room, I observed on an easel lighted by reflectors that most beautiful picture, "The Good Shepherd," by Murillo, the property of Lord Ashburnham. I called Lady G.'s attention to it. The old lady walked up to the picture: put on her eye-glass: examined it; and said, "Yes! beautiful! one of the Villierses."

THE TERM "Honourable Friend" has been much abused of late years. Parliamentary tradition has always been that the term must never be used except in relation to one who has sat in the same Cabinet. It has now become the loose practice for a Minister to speak of everyone on his own side of the House as his "Hon. Friend": an absurdity.

OF DISRAELI few members of his own party saw anything. He seldom took his meals at the Carlton Club; for reasons which he gave me in

vigorous vernacular: he was not often seen there in the daytime; never in the evening. I told him that I had done my best to establish Whist; which had not been played there for many years. He said, "Quite right! I am most anxious to make it a Night-Club," *i.e.*, a dispensing cellar for vagrant M.P.s.

Disraeli's seclusion may have been partly for his own convenience: partly from policy. A man in his position who is seldom seen soon becomes an abstract idea. The Kings of Persia were, I believe, formerly, never seen; thus avoiding personal Jealousy, and Envy.

A DISCUSSION taking place as to whether a vote was a Right, or a Privilege, Bernal Osborne suggested that it was neither: that it was "a Perquisite."

THE REASON for Disraeli taking the Tory side, as a young man, was the advice of Lord Lyndhurst. He pointed out to him that the clever young men of the day were going in for Radicalism: that the Tories sadly wanted brains: and advised him to join their party. I had this from Lord Malmesbury: and it has recently been con-

firmed to me by Lord O., who knew Disraeli intimately; and who had it from himself.

LORD LYNDHURST told me that at the time of the Cato Street Conspiracy, he, being Solicitor-General, was sent for by the Cabinet; and his advice asked as to whether the proposed dinner at Lord Harrowby's house in Grosvenor Square, should take place or not. The conspirators were to enter the house by stratagem; seize the servants; and murder the Cabinet Ministers at table in the dining-room. Well-sharpened knives, and canvas bags for their heads, were provided: and everything was arranged for the massacre. Lord Lyndhurst told me that he strongly advised that the dinner should take place; as a certain means of capturing the traitors. Lord Eldon, the Lord Chancellor, who was sitting with his feet on the fender, said, "You won't be there! I strongly object to the dinner taking place." Fortunately, the Archbishop of York, who lived next door, had a dinner-party: the watch, which was set for twenty-four hours previously, reported that "the carriages were setting down," and "all was right."

Lord Lyndhurst told me that when he visited

George IV. at Windsor at about 11 before noon, he usually found the King in bed: and parcels containing any new invention or toy lying before him. I wish that I had asked him more about the character of George IV.: though a cynic, he was a wise judge of men, an admirable raconteur, and very agreeable.

I DID NOT observe Disraeli during his last Premiership lay himself out for the admiration of women. At a Ball at Buckingham Palace he was in the supper-room. A lady said to me, "You were speaking to Mr. Disraeli: I should so very much like to know him!" This was a married lady of mature years, but still handsome. Wishing to act good-naturedly I said to him, "There is a lady here of Beauty and Talent, who is very anxious to be presented to you. Her husband is a strong supporter of yours." Disraeli quietly said, "No! I am too old for that sort of thing." This was said with perfect good-humour, but decision. I cannot remember what excuse I made to the lady: but it placed me rather in a difficulty. I found out some time afterwards that Disraeli had exactly gauged the

situation: the lady's husband had several times expressed strongly his opinion that a Peerage should reward his merits.

I MIGHT be proud historically to be able to say that I have danced frequently vis-à-vis to one who danced with Marie Antoinette. One of the most regular ball-goers in my early days was the ninth Marquess of Huntly. He had inherited his Marquessate on the death of the last Duke of Gordon. He was a little, dried-up, old gentleman: his hair cut short; and dyed a sort of purple: very much wrinkled in face: wearing the broad green Ribbon, and Star, of St Andrew. He danced every quadrille: and always selected for partners the handsomest young ladies at the ball. Lord Huntly said very little to them: I believe that his real object was, in addition to pleasant society, the supper: for he was very poor. On one occasion the first Duke of Wellington gave a Ball: and had, possibly by accident, left him out. Lord Huntly wrote to the Duke: and expressed his regret; reminding him that he was "a Tory, and a dancing-man." As a young man he had been a favourite at Versailles. His appearance

always reminded me of a phrase, invented about that time, "a date in a dress coat." His sons were among the finest of men: one, Lord Francis Gordon, was our show man of the 1st Life Guards: 6 feet 3 inches in height.

LONDON SOCIETY 1847–1870 was comparatively small: it consisted of from 300 to 500 persons; not more. The former number represents those who met at the best Balls and evening parties. A single new face added to this circle would be observed. Everyone knew everyone else; at least by sight. You met the same partners, night after night, for three months. There were usually two or three good balls in large houses every week: Lady Palmerston invariably gave a Saturday reception. The pleasantest nights were those when, after a smart debate in the House of Commons, one adjourned at half-past twelve or so to some great lady's ball. Sit-down suppers were unknown. Nothing could be more vivacious; nothing could be more exhilarating.

A DINNER-PARTY is, and always was, a risk: nothing more pleasant when with "kindred spirits:" nothing more tiresome when without them: from

a dinner-party there is no escape; whereas at a Ball you can choose your company: and your retreat, at any moment, is secure. There were then one or two waiters in London whom every prudent person hired to announce their guests: one was named Amy; an elderly person of most aristocratic appearance. You felt that to be announced by him was an honour. There was no asking of names: you were conscious that if your name was not known by the personage on the stairs the Ball had been given in a cheap, and therefore, unworthy manner. On one occasion at a Ball given by a relation of my step-father, an Irish peer of great wealth, in Cavendish Square, Lord W. omitted to hire one of these omniscient attendants; the result I shall never forget: the unfortunate family-butler endeavoured to catch the names of the incomers; and bawled them out on the staircase. The confusion was sublime: I remember Lord Paget, afterwards third Marquess of Anglesey, a smart young dancing-man of the period, was announced as Lord Bagot, a venerable nobleman who was unable to leave his house from gout, etc., etc. Distinguished persons arrived; and were announced by names bearing no resemblance

to their own. I do not think Lord W. ever tried the experiment again.

DISRAELI'S LIVERY was peculiar. It was a bright brown. The servants' coats badly made: they wore no cockade.

LORD HARRINGTON, better known as Viscount Petersham, used brown liveries; and invented brown coats. He was a man of exquisite taste. The "Petersham" great-coat which I wore at ten years old, when at Dr Everard's school at Brighton, was of fine brown cloth, with one, two, or three capes for the shoulder, and a velvet collar. Lord Harrington married Miss Foote the celebrated actress: his carriage, which we used to see daily, when on guard, from a window of the Horse-Guards, he living in Craig's Court, Charing Cross, was a picture of refinement. The carriage brown, with pale blue wheels; two servants standing behind in long brown great-coats and peculiar hats: the coachman the same: a pair of fine black horses, with black leather and brass harness, stepping well together, very powerful animals: the equipage was in the style and form of the last century.

I DO NOT know the raison d'être of the brown livery used by the Dukes of Wellington. The "drab" of several families, including the great house of Howard Dukes of Norfolk, Earls of Effingham, etc., represents white. Brown is a colour unknown in Heraldry.

AS REGARDS Wisdom's loveliest sister, Taste, Disraeli had none. His house, on the healthiest spot in London, at the corner of Park Lane and Upper Grosvenor Street, was furnished in a thoroughly conventional, or "upholsterer's," manner: the ground floor window-curtains of brown: in the first floor, furniture of yellow damask: the second floor, in which he had a den or "sanctum," of pale blue poplin. There were none of the small articles of beauty, which indicate refinement on the part of the householder. The only moveable articles that I observed in the drawing-room, excepting the chairs and tables, were a complete set of the Tauchnitz Edition of his works. I said, "Does not that annoy you?" Disraeli replied, "No! on the contrary, I am flattered: he sent them to me himself."

I HAVE SPOKEN of Disraeli's liveries. Lord Derby's "turn-out" was by no means what it should have been: considering his high position, ancient lineage, and vast wealth. In those days the sight in St James's Street of the equipages for the drawing-room was admirable. Carriages, horses, liveries, were such as could not be seen in any other country; they represented splendour, and good taste, combined in the highest degree. Lord Derby showed a pair of indifferent horses, covered with silver harness; and, worse than all, before he was a Knight of the Garter, his harness bore an imitation Garter, with his family motto, "Sans Changer."

It would be difficult to say whose was the finest "turn-out": possibly the Duke of Beaufort's. Lord Foley's won popular applause: but it was too "apprêté"; too "bandbox." The finest carriages waited in St James's Square: the Ambassadors' in one of the Courts of St James' Palace. To attend the Sovereign in a hired brougham was a thing then perfectly unknown.

DISRAELI'S KNOWLEDGE of French was very scanty: it surprises me that, with so much intelli-

gence, he did not acquire this useful language. At Pepinsterre, in Belgium, I asked his permission to present to him a Dutch gentleman. I saw at once by his change of countenance that he thought he would have to speak in French. I managed to convey to him indirectly that the Baron spoke English very well.

The story is well known, of the artifice by which he was induced at the Berlin Conference to use first-rate English, instead of fifth-rate French.

DISRAELI STRONGLY objected to the introduction of cant terms. He publicly demurred to the use of the words "Blue Books" in place of "Parliamentary Proceedings." He continued to use the term "Gentlemen of the Long Robe," which is correct, for years after others had disused it. He would never have condescended to call the "Seamen" of the Queen's Navy, by the term "Blue Jackets." I assume that the next gush will be to speak of soldiers as "Red Jackets." "Seaman" is a fine manly term: and represents a noble class. "Blue Jackets" is a term fit only for a third-rate melodrama. Disraeli never would slur

the word "Parliament:" he pronounced it as it is spelt, in four syllables: the derivation, I have no doubt, being from "Parliamo mente," "Let us speak our mind!"

I KNEW DELANE, for many years Editor of "The Times," well. I have been told, on good authority, that when Disraeli and he were present at a dinner-party, at Sir Alexander Cockburn's C.J., Delane left the table without formal farewell, as he was privileged to do, in order to resume his most laborious task. Some young gentleman, who had been making himself familiar with Disraeli, with whom he was not previously acquainted, and whose measure, as regards discretion, Disraeli had taken accurately, turned to him, and said, "I should very much like to know your honest opinion of Delane." Disraeli glanced at the clock; "News can be brought here from Serjeants' Inn in about half an hour. Delane has been gone a quarter; should the news be brought to us that Delane has been found dead in his cab before we part this evening, I will tell you what I think of him."

Standing at the bar of the House of Lords

with Delane, at the time when a second Russian War seemed to be imminent, he said to me, "They take things quietly; don't they? It will take some time for the Russians to get here. There is only one thing that consoles me; that if there is to be a War, Disraeli will conduct it."

I used frequently to ride with Delane in Hyde Park. We conversed on every topic; in relation to politics, army matters, etc. He told me not long before his death that he had never been able to induce me to move one inch in my opinions. I have no doubt that, in his position, he frequently met with persons who affected to bend their opinion to his: and who played the sycophant whenever they had an opportunity. Riding at the time of year when Hyde Park was almost empty, I met an old acquaintance, a General Officer, who had just received a piece of very interesting news. It was a great social event, of a sensational character, relating to a marriage. He showed me the communication; which I read: it was not confidential, but official. After consideration I said to him, "Should you object to my telling Delane? He has on several occasions been good-natured to me: I should be very glad to

repay him." My friend replied, "By all means! I have been looking for him; he has been riding lately almost every day: he is not in Rotten Row now." I found him at the Reform Club. I told him the news, which he evidently believed; also that I had permission to tell him. He merely said "Thank you" rather drily; "Good evening." Not a word appeared in "The Times." Three days afterwards the news appeared in another morning paper. I was surprised; for he evidently saw that my information was authentic: and he certainly was not displeased with myself. He told me, some years afterwards, that he had felt the obligation, and what he was pleased to call my good-nature in wishing to do him service. I have no doubt now that he was very much displeased with his friends, the Whig Government, for not having given him early information. A few lines of what is, I believe, called an "editorial" would have made a sensation; he did not write them.

The close of his life was sad. I used frequently to dine with him and his brother General Delane, who died lately, and their clever nephew Dasent, on the terrace at Homburg. He tried to be cheerful; but looked very melancholy. One

evening I quoted some lines of Moore: he burst into tears. No human being could have continued the strain upon his mind which he bore for many years. In addition to the enormous labour and responsibility of managing "The Times," he was fond of society: dined out incessantly; was always alive to what was going on: and being very agreeable, received repeated invitations. He was a man of very strong feelings: whether he liked you or disliked you, he did both with equal vehemence.

DISRAELI LISTENED with deep attention to the first speech made by Doctor Magee, Bishop of Peterborough. He said to the person next to him, "Oho! we have got a Customer here."

AN INCIDENT occurred during the Parliament of 1875–1880 of a dramatic character. I received a note delicately written requesting my attendance upon a lady, on a subject of importance. Prompted, as every M.P. is, by a stern sense of duty, I acceded to the request; which was dated from Quebec Street, Portman Square. I found a room brilliantly lighted; its occupant a lady beauti-

fully dressed; of about 38 summers. Her appearance was decidedly comely: had I been much younger or much older I should have been certainly épris. I asked her in what way I could be of service to her: she at once entered into business; telling me particulars in relation to her deceased husband, and his affairs. I may say here that the lady was of the highest respectability: and that I found later an old and valued friend who had been present at her marriage in India. I listened to the tale of wrongs: and on the lady suggesting that an introduction to Lord Hartington was desirable, I replied that my acquaintance with Lord Hartington was slight; and that, although he had filled the position of Secretary for India, as I was politically opposed to him, my presentation would not be the best means of calling his attention to the matter. While listening to further details, I turned over in my mind as to whom I should refer the lady; it occurred to me that Lord Strathnairn, who had recently returned from Hindostan, once the scene of his most glorious victories, would be the very man to deal with the lady, and her case. I suggested that if she wrote to Lord Strathnairn it was by no means impossible that his Lord-

ship would appreciate the facts; and treat them in a proper manner. So far the tale is simple enough.

Some weeks afterwards, as I entered the Palace of Westminster, knowing that a debate of some heaviness was going on in relation to India, I thought that I heard the Division-bell ringing: this is occasionally an illusion. I asked Mr Cole, who still has a position in the Cloister, and keeps a register of what is going on in the House; he confirmed my idea. I walked up the Members' staircase, looked through the glass-door; found the circular hall next to the door of the House emptied; it was in the days of the vast Tory majority; and waited patiently for the door to be unlocked. After some minutes the door-keeper opened the glass-door, close to which I stood. At the same moment I saw Disraeli, holding a bandana handkerchief to his face, which was hidden, actually run to the door, thence down the stairs which I had mounted, and disappear. I went into the House: and found a scene of wild confusion. I could get no answer from anyone as to what had taken place. All agreed that there had been a Division: but none seemed to know

what it was about: at last I found that in the midst of this important debate, involving the destiny of our Indian Empire, some Member on the Government side of the House had unexpectedly moved that the House do now adjourn. A scene of terrible disorder ensued: this extraordinary proposal was negatived by a large majority: and the debate was continued. No one could give an explanation: the mover of this inopportune motion had disappeared. I subsequently ascertained the facts.

A card had been brought in by a Member of the House, and handed to Disraeli, who was sitting in the Prime Minister's seat, with a message that a Lady would be glad to see him at the door of the House. Now let the reader mark: Disraeli did not say to the Member bringing in the card, "I shall not go out;" he turned to the Minister next to him, and said loudly enough for the Member to hear, "I shall not go out." The Member retired. After some time Disraeli sent a confidential friend to reconnoitre: he reported that a Lady of imposing appearance and dressed in a pink silk dress, with flounces; I like to be particular; and a hat in the extreme of fashion, was

standing at the door of the House of Commons; awaiting his presence. A second friend, sent after an interval, reported that the lady was still present, but having moved to the refreshment-stall, was regaling herself with a Bath bun, and a bottle of ginger-beer. She evidently had no intention of leaving the place. Now the reader will observe the master-mind of Disraeli. He surreptitiously conveyed his wishes to a supporter below the gangway, who would not be suspected. This Member in a spirit of loyalty to his Chief moved that the House be adjourned. The reader may or may not be aware that the result of this was that the circular hall, into which the public were then admitted, and where the Lady was standing, was instantly cleared; the public being relegated to the corridor between the House of Commons and the House of Lords. A Division took place; and before the door leading to the House of Lords was unlocked and the public re-admitted, Disraeli had levanted in the manner which I have endeavoured to portray. The Prime Minister of Britain tête-à-tête with a magnificent lady on the door-mat of the House of Commons, surrounded by a crowd of curious and cynical

bystanders, would, as no doubt the great man felt, have jeopardised his personal dignity: his courtesy, official, and non-official, to women was exquisite. The Lady was, as the reader may have guessed, the heroine of Quebec Street.

THERE WAS no comparison in matters of fence between Disraeli and other Members of the House. His sword was at least a foot longer than that of others: he very rarely laid himself open to a retort. On one occasion he did so: and so obviously that even Lord Palmerston could ripost with effect. Someone had mentioned an anomaly in a projected measure of the Government. Disraeli replied that in this country many things were anomalous: that the British Constitution was anomalous. He was standing next to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. "For instance," said he, "the question may be asked, why is one man made a Minister because he can make a speech? Why is another man made a Minister because he has written a book?" Lord Palmerston in answer naturally said, after repeating these words, "These are questions that, when I look opposite, I frequently ask myself."

AN INCIDENT occurred at a breakfast-party given by my mother, Lady Howard, at Craven Cottage, Fulham. Soon after Mr and Mrs Disraeli had arrived, I was talking to them on the lawn. Disraeli, looking over my shoulder, said with great vivacity, "Look! look behind! there is something going on!" I turned round, and observed the family butler arguing some point with a particularly dusty clergyman and his wife. So far as I knew my mother's guests by sight I concluded that these were not of them: beckoning to the butler I enquired. He said, "Sir William, the gentleman came in here, thinking it was the Bishop of London's": the Bishop, next door, having a clerical party on the same afternoon. The clergyman and his wife had vanished in the crowd. Disraeli watched them with great eagerness, and delight; he said to me, "Capital! capital! he is trying to hide." I beckoned to the butler and told him to repeat to the Reverend Gentleman that this was not the Prelate's house; and that if he did not quit the premises to come to me again. Disraeli watched this interesting couple in the mazes of the brilliant throng with a schoolboy's interest: he did not take his eyes

from them until, conducted solemnly and courteously by the butler, they vanished from the scene. Disraeli then said, "Obviously a Casuist! Having come in by error he felt no obligation to retire," etc.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT met in November 1852 under circumstances of peculiar excitement. Lord John Russell, the Prime Minister, had accepted defeat in March, ostensibly on a Militia Bill; in reality to avoid an awkward question which was approaching; and with a view to speedily return to Office. His failure to do so shook the faith in him of the Whig Party: who no longer thought him the adroit tactician, which he had once shown himself. Lord Derby succeeded: but as his party was not in a working majority, an understanding was come to, that he should remain undisturbed, on condition that he dissolved Parliament in the course of the summer.

In the month of July writs were issued: and the General Election took place in that month, a time very interesting to myself, as regards my own Election, with which I will not trouble the reader, and of intense excitement throughout the country.

It had been said by the new Government that the question of the continuance or repeal of the alteration relating to the admission of corn should be decided by the "Verdict of the Country": not a very constitutional course to pursue; but the course which was pursued. A considerable number of Conservatives were returned for Boroughs as Free-Traders. Many Counties returned men who declared themselves still to be Protectionists. No sooner had the Elections ended than it was known that the Government were in a small minority.

The cause of this defeat was, in a great measure, owing to the thorough want of judgment which Lord Derby had shown in placing the management of his Party, or as it is now called the "wire-pulling," in incompetent hands.

Parliament met on the 4th of November: the usual preliminaries were gone through: and the Speaker of the former Parliament, Mr Shaw Lefevre, who had shown singular and conspicuous ability, was proposed by a Tory and a Whig, two common-place men, who made two common-place speeches.

Disraeli alluded gracefully to his own position as Leader of the House. He said, "I cannot but remember that not only is this a new Par-

liament, but that the individual, who from his position has the principal controul over the Business of the House, has hardly that experience which is necessary for the post he occupies." Joseph Hume played, unintentionally, the part of the "Low Comedy man" in the proceedings: he made a pathetic address to the Speaker-elect to permit him to attend his levées in plain clothes, instead of in uniform.

The Speech from the Throne was delivered on the 11th of November by the Sovereign in person.

Alluding to the death of the Duke of Wellington, it passed on, in the usual common-place method of such speeches, to the topics of the day: it contained a passage expressing a hope that the Houses of Parliament would consider "How far it may be practicable equitably to mitigate the injury inflicted upon certain important interests: and to enable the industry of the country to meet successfully the unrestricted competition to which Parliament in its Wisdom has decided that it should be subjected."

The Term "unrestricted competition" was here first used: it has been repeatedly criticised since; it was, of course, Disraeli's: the words "unrecip-

rocal commerce" would, I should say, from his point of view, have better described the situation: these might not, however, have been suitable words to place in the Queen's mouth.

The words in the next line, "Parliament in its Wisdom," were also subjected to much cynical allusion.

The debate in the Lords was, as might be expected, full of eulogistic language in relation to the great man who had just passed away.

Lord Derby said in the course of a speech of some length, "Again, my Lords, I see him rising from that seat, amidst breathless silence of your Lordships' House; and with faltering accents, but with a power and grasp of mind which seized, as it were intuitively, the very pith and marrow of the matter in hand, slowly and deliberately impressing on your Lordships' rapt attention the terse and sententious maxims, the results of calm and of mature experience." He quoted with effect the words of Manzoni: "But," said Lord Derby, "he is gone

"Ove è Silenzio, e Tenebre,
La Gloria che passò."

In the House of Commons the debate was carried on with ardour, but not with the excitement which followed later in the Session. One member, for whose memory I have the greatest respect, played an almost tragic part: this was Mr Christopher. He had accepted office as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. A man of character and ability, Disraeli had placed him there as his show Country Gentleman.

Of Scotch descent, of the great house of Dunira, he had inherited a considerable fortune; and had, instead of his patronymic of Dundas, taken his actual name. He had always been a typical representative of the grand old-fashioned Tory; of long experience in the House, where he was treated with universal honour. It was melancholy to hear him declare that he "bowed to the decision of the Country" in favour of the continuance of the altered Corn Law. He said that he had not changed his opinion that the policy of Sir Robert Peel was not wise: but that, while he held this opinion, he was sensible that the state of public feeling rendered a return to Protection impossible. Mr Christopher was immediately followed by Bernal Osborne; I use this name, although by an error "Osborne" was sub-

stituted for "Bernal," instead of being added to the name which he inherited. I may here say that no one need hope to obtain an accurate representation of what took place in Parliament either at that period, or since, by wandering among the colourless columns of "Hansard." Let anyone remark the difference between a speech reported in the first person and in the third. It is, of course, exceptional to report in the first person. This must necessarily be the case; but no speech ever was made by man, which the reader would admire as eloquent, if reported in the third person: it is, in the nature of things, impossible. It is a marvel of ingenuity to take down the "ipsissima verba" of one speaking. The speech of Bernal Osborne on this occasion is a good illustration. It was the first by him which I had heard: and I was very much struck with his power, and his great and genuine sense of humour. "Hansard" gives but a feeble image of what that speech really was.

He said, "Why does not the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Disraeli), who has screwed up his courage on many points, take his physic like a man? Why does not the Right Hon. Gentleman, the Soul and the Genius of the Cabinet, free

himself from that bundle of incompetent Marquesses with whom he has imprudently tied himself up?"

Alluding to Mr Christopher, who was sitting in grim silence on the opposite bench, and pointing at him, Bernal Osborne said, "And there 'bowing to the Country' stands the Black Penitent of the Administration," crossing his hands on his breast at the same time. Mr Christopher's extremely swarthy complexion added point to this remark. He repeated the words which Disraeli had used out of the House, that something was "looming in the future" for the relief of the farmers: and those which Disraeli had used formerly in relation to the Government of Sir Robert Peel; and he applied to the actual Government his term "an organised hypocrisy;" a very clever expression: the wit of which appeals too much to the ear to be genuine.

The first scene of the drama was closed by Colonel Sibthorp; one of the last genuine "characters" that the House possessed. A man of extremely grotesque appearance; of whom the portraits in "Punch" were hardly caricatures. He was in the habit, when addressing the House, of uttering numerous asides, which did not find their way into the newspaper reports. He would say, "The

House must wait until I find my glasses," and interchange amenities with any members who were sitting near him, occasionally of a very broad character. He said when in Opposition, "I have a tolerable opinion of the member for Tiverton (Palmerston). As for the rest of the Government, only look at them!" As regards his out-of-door life, Colonel Sibthorp might frequently have been seen driving in Piccadilly on a high phaeton, with a lady dressed in crimson and yellow and green and several other colours: by no means always the same lady; but each bearing the characteristics of having added to the charms of nature a complexion more or less artificial. He was supposed to do this to carry out his own idea of the type of an honest, aristocratic, and independent County Member. Colonel Sibthorp prided himself on being a Tory of the old school. On the night which I am describing he rose last in the debate; and expressed his disappointment, if not disgust, at the conduct of the Government. It was his wish, his anxiety, to have supported them; and he would now express briefly, independently, and fearlessly his opinions. He was heart and soul a Protectionist: he came into that House a Protectionist: and he would continue

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in that House, even if alone, as a Protectionist. When he should dare to change his opinions, which he had so often professed in that House, he would at once resign that situation; and confess to his constituents that he no longer deserved their confidence. He was unchangeable in his opinion; and his conduct should be unchangeable. He had heard in relation to the Party which he had hitherto supported the word "duplicity." He was sorry to say that word represented his opinion of them. He ought not to have trespassed on the House; but as an honest man he would do his duty fearlessly; and he could not have retired to rest without expressing his feelings, and the determination to stand by his principles.

It was related that one of the workmen employed on the Houses of Parliament was heard to say to another, "I knew that Sibthorp; I knew he'd never give way!"

A bit of light comedy was acted on the day after Colonel Sibthorp's harangue. A quarter of an hour after the meeting of the House, while members were passing in rapidly, Disraeli might have been observed, and was observed, arm-in-arm with Sibthorp. They paced round the

circumference of the hall close to the door of the House of Commons; both with solemn aspect; Disraeli apparently endeavouring to convince his honourable and gallant friend of what an erroneous view he had taken.

A picture appeared in "Punch" drawn by Leech; which represented Lord Derby, Disraeli, and Colonel Sibthorp as three "mutes." The picture was called "Undertakers Carousing after the Burial of Protection:" they are all much bespattered with mud. Disraeli is made to say, "Well, we've had a precious dirty walk; but now let us enjoy ourselves." Colonel Sibthorp replies, "It is all very well for you fellows to be jolly; *I* was in earnest, *I* was." The other figures are Lord Malmesbury, and Lord John Manners. A farmer looks with dismay on the scene.

On the 15th of November Disraeli took the opportunity on moving the expenses for the Duke of Wellington's funeral, to deliver a brilliant essay on that great man. I have printed it at length in "Words of Wellington;" and for that reason do not repeat it here.

The vindictiveness of triumph of the party of Free Trade showed itself on the 23rd of November;

when the Right Hon. Charles Villiers, who in 1852 was looked upon as the veteran of Free Trade, moved three resolutions.

To Mr Villiers should have been attributed whatever glory attached to the new principles adopted: he had been pushed aside by Cobden and Bright; the idea originated with him.

It was determined to make the Conservative Party drink the cup: and that it should be done in this form: "That the Act admitting foreign corn free was a wise, just, and beneficial measure: and that the Policy of Free Trade, as opposed to Protection, must contribute to the general prosperity, welfare, and contentment, of the people." Mr Villiers' speech teemed with sarcasm: I should say that, as a matter of Policy, the trampling on the conquered foe was not wise. Disraeli followed Mr Villiers. He frequently repeated the term used, "Enormous Mischiefs," as applied to the conduct of his party: a method that he was fond of adopting, and of which he could make brilliant use: he would take up some careless, or ill-advised expression; and repeatedly referring to it, make the utterer and the utterance seem ridiculous. He also reiterated the term

used in the Queen's speech "Unrestricted Competition." He addressed finally in impassioned tones the new Members. "It is to those, one third of the House, that I appeal with confidence. They have just entered, many of them after much longing, upon that scene to which they have looked forward with so much earnestness, suspense, and interest; I doubt not that they are animated with a noble ambition; and that many of them will hereafter realise their loftiest aspirations. I can only say, from the bottom of my heart, that I wish that, on whatever benches they may sit, their most sanguine hopes may not be disappointed. Whatever adds to the Intelligence, Interest, and Knowledge of the House adds also to its Credit: the interests of all are bound up in cherishing and maintaining the predominance of the House of Commons. To those new Members I now appeal: to the generous, and to the young: I ask them to pause, now that they are at last arrived on the threshold of the Senate of their Country: and not to become the victims of exhausted factions; and of obsolete politics!"

Lord Palmerston said, speaking of the supporters of the Government, "That party have honourably,

I think, yielded their personal and original convictions to their sense of what is the opinion of the Country, and of the House, on the matter. Far from joining in taunts and reproaches upon those who so yield their early impressions to the force of events, every man who endeavours to persuade another to come round to his opinion debars himself in justice from the right of reproach. You should not," said he, addressing his own side, "force them to go down on their knees, and recant their opinions, in order to profess opinions which you choose to impose upon them. Sir, we are here an Assembly of Gentlemen: and we, who are gentlemen, on this side of the House, should remember that we are dealing with gentlemen on the other side. I cannot at all reconcile it to my feelings to call upon a set of English gentlemen unnecessarily to express opinions which they do not entertain; or to recant opinions which may be still lingering in their minds. The Member for Manchester (Bright) while urging the Government to adopt the resolution of Mr Villiers, has done his best to render it impossible for them to do so." He added, "I think it is ungenerous on the part of the majority, if majority there be,

to endeavour to compel the minority to subscribe to opinions of which they may not entirely approve." At the end of his speech he moved resolutions in the above sense.

It was the first time that I heard Lord Palmerston speak: Admitting a certain prejudice in his favour, I thought it was a good speech. He was an adroit speaker; never a great one: even the tone of generosity which pervaded that speech did not give me an impression of its depth nor sincerity. It was the speech of a man of the world, who felt what I have expressed, that the vindictive character of Mr Villiers's motion was not desirable; nor would it tend to the ultimate benefit of the Whig party.

The debate was continued on the 25th of November. Sir James Graham and other prominent members taking part. Sir James Graham always spoke with dignity, and calmness; great preparation, and good effect. He held the sheets, on which his speech was carefully written, pinned at the upper left hand corner, in the manner of a barrister's brief, of note-paper size. His words were admirably weighed, carefully considered; and delivered with great solemnity. The expression of

his face was not that of a man who feels earnestly what he is saying; on the contrary, he always reminded me of a character not so well known in England at that time as now; one who has been for many years rendered popular in this country; and whose cynicism, to use no stronger term, has filled many a theatre: I allude to Goethe's hero, Mephistopheles. His opinion of the House of Commons was high. I heard him call it, in private, "The most august assembly the world has ever known."

Mr Thomas Duncombe, Member for Finsbury, spoke in a brilliant style, of a "poco curante" character. He had begun life in the Guards. I remember his relating in my presence to Lady Donegal how he had been twice flogged at Harrow, after receiving his Commission. He had been one of the principal admirers of Madame Vestris: and posed as a sort of Alcibiades of not very high life. He alluded to Sir James Graham as having been "re-Whigged" for the occasion: and spoke of Lord Palmerston's amendment as "a cross." He declared that the country would think that the whole matter had been arranged: and that Lord Palmerston's generosity originated in the fact

that his party were not prepared to turn out the Government.

Bernal Osborne again addressed the House: He described Sir William Clay, Member for the Tower Hamlets, as a "very gentlemanly man"; "more fitted to weep over the 'Sorrows of Werter' than to discuss the principles of Free Trade." He quoted, with great effect, some of the lucubrations on the hustings, and elsewhere, of Mr Ball, and Mr Chowler. He alluded to one at which groans for Sir Robert Peel had been given, as "The Arch-enemy of the Human Species." He continued to throw paragraphs of the most disagreeable and angular character at the heads of the unfortunate County Members who had been imprudent enough to utter sentiments, no doubt sincere, advocating Protection. He alluded to Disraeli's brilliant simile of the Turkish Admiral; and he repeated Disraeli's words in 1846, who had alluded to the conversion of the Saxons by Charlemagne "in battalions;" and their being "baptized in platoons." He reminded the House that Disraeli had said of Sir Robert Peel, "His life has been one great Appropriation-Clause; and I believe that the Country will not long endure this huckstering tyranny of the Treasury

Bench, these political pedlars, who bought their party in the cheapest; and sold us in the dearest market." He said that Disraeli, "with a face which I never saw equalled in a theatre," had told us "that he had never attempted to reverse the Policy of Free Trade." He pleasantly alluded to him as "a great state conjuror." Some imprudent member calling out "Shame" gave him the opportunity that he wished for, to dwell for some time on the sarcasms uttered a few years earlier against Sir Robert Peel.

Mr Ball, "the farmers' Member," endeavoured to reply; but in a voice of such an extraordinarily lachrymose tone that he convulsed the House with merriment. I could not believe that it was his natural voice: he positively stopped to groan in the middle of a sentence: I have seldom heard the House laugh louder. He was, however, I have no doubt, in earnest: and this the House subsequently recognised.

ON MONDAY, December the 20th, Lord Derby declared in the House of Lords, in a speech of some length, that it was his intention to resign. He spoke in his best style; and in a forbearing

spirit. He named with great generosity Mr Charles Villiers, the leader of the attack upon him, as a "Gentleman of whom I desire to speak with all respect, because he has throughout consistently maintained, and steadily supported, the same opinions when they were unpopular, which he did when subsequently ratified by public opinion; so that he, at all events, has a perfect right to plume himself on the consistency of his opinions. To the hands of no man could a declaration of Free Trade policy be more fitly consigned." He then proceeded to ridicule "the arrangements behind the scenes" for the attack just made upon his Government. He showed how the first attack had failed in consequence of the conspirators forgetting or avoiding their respective parts. He spoke with respect of Lord Aberdeen, who he understood was to succeed him. Judging from Lord Aberdeen's former expressions, Lord Derby could have no doubt that his Government would be formed upon strictly Conservative Principles: how these principles were to be carried out with such associates as the noble Earl possessed gave Lord Derby doubt, and anxiety. He assured Lord Aberdeen, who was not present, that "should he follow the

principles which he had always professed, namely, those of Conservatism, with a view to resist the onward progress of democratic power in the Constitution, Lord Aberdeen should receive, if not the cordial, at all events the sincere and conscientious, support of the great Conservative Party." "Lord Aberdeen will find," added Lord Derby, "that if the past cannot be altogether forgotten, at least personal feeling shall exercise no influence on our conduct. He will be encountered by no factious opposition. He will be met by no unprincipled combination." He passed a graceful compliment on the administration of the Foreign Office by Lord Malmesbury. On the same afternoon, at the meeting of the House of Commons, Disraeli rose with an exceptional air of gaiety, very neatly dressed, and wearing a flower, if I remember rightly it was a wall-flower, in his coat: his appearance carefully studied. In a calm, and dignified manner, he made the announcement of the fact that Lord Derby had tendered to Her Majesty his resignation, and that of his Colleagues: and that the Queen had been pleased to accept the same.

After stating that Lord Aberdeen, he understood, was to be the new Minister, he expressed his

gratitude to the House for the manner in which, by both sides, he had been supported in attempting to conduct the Business of the House. Owing to the excitement in his breast, hidden as it was by a placid demeanour, he used, according to Hansard, the expression, "grateful thanks": a term that must have cost him subsequent regret. I can hardly believe it possible that, in any circumstances, Disraeli could have uttered such a solecism. With other less intellectual beings the term is not uncommon: but coming from such a great master of language it added to the sadness of the situation.

He continued, "If, Sir, in maintaining the too unequal struggle, any word has escaped my lips, which I hope has never been the case except in the way of retort, which has hurt the feelings of any gentleman in this House, I deeply regret it: and I hope that the impression on their part will be as transient as the sense of provocation was on my own. The kind opinion of the Members of this House, whatever may be their political opinions, and wherever I may sit, will always be to me a most precious possession: one which I shall always covet; and most highly appreciate".

Lord John Russell then rose, as leader of the Opposition; complimenting Disraeli highly upon the admirable manner in which, during the time he had led the House, the Business of the House had been conducted. As regards what Disraeli had just said, Lord John cordially reciprocated the sentiments, adding, "Will those halcyon days ever arrive when an unpremeditated remark may not occasionally occur; and be the cause of unpleasant feelings?"

Sir James Graham echoed this; he had never failed to admire Disraeli's talents; under great difficulties, he had conducted the cause of the Government for ten months with signal ability. Sir Charles Wood followed suit.

Colonel Sibthorp declared to the House that he had not held any office; and that he never would. He said that he would have done the same as Lord Derby in the same circumstances. He spoke of the attack as made by a band, a phalanx, of conspirators: and in the spirit of prophecy he said, "People talk of dog and cat; that phalanx will be something worse. The cat and the dog will sometimes lie down together; but I predict that there are feelings in the Coali-

tion that will show themselves: a day will soon come when dissension, jealousy, and undermining, will show themselves in the new Cabinet". He hoped that Disraeli would beware of the man-traps, and spring-guns of gentlemen opposite.

Nothing could be milder than the tone of the Debate: and thus the first act of Disraeli's Ministerial career ended.

AMONG THE MINOR characters in the Drama enacted at St Stephen's, in which Disraeli had risen from "first walking gentleman" to leading tragedian, were two whom I may now describe.

One, Sir Richard Malins, Member for the snug Borough of Wallingford. Sir Richard subsequently rose to a high Judicial position: he was, in every way, a worthy man. I will give the reader a specimen of the style by which Honesty rose to be a Vice-Chancellor.

There are occasionally circumstances in the House of Commons which compel the Managers of the Party to endeavour to obtain time. It has been said, "he who gains time gains everything". This is not always the case: but it goes some way in

the House of Commons on special occasions. There as elsewhere Chance has much to do with Victory. On occasions ten votes may turn a Division. These ten votes may not be in the House: dining-room, library, smoking-room, and more occult places have in vain been scoured: there are not enough: what must be done? Political clubs must be searched; and the private houses of Members: even the Englishman's castle is not sacred. Men have been actually torn from their conjugal couches, in order to enable an Opposition to attack, or a Government to defend itself. The tenderest relations in life have to be severed: in short no one but a "Whip" knows the vigour and delicacy required under peculiar circumstances. One not uncommon contrivance is to induce some member with power of loquacity to prolong the Debate, in order to obtain the presence of the requisite number of Members. No one was more efficient in this than Sir Richard Malins. On it being intimated to this distinguished lawyer that a quarter of an hour was necessary, Mr Malins, as he then was, would rise, with the solemnity of look of the whole Bench of Judges: and would thus begin, "Mr Speaker! I have listened, Sir, during this most

interesting Debate, with extreme attention, to the remarks of the Honourable, and Right Honourable Gentlemen, and of the Noble Lord who have addressed you on the subject. I can only say, Sir, and I will detain the House but for a few minutes, that if the Right Honourable Gentleman, who last addressed you, had listened attentively to the Honourable Gentleman who preceded him, and above all, if he had listened to the language used by the Right Honourable Gentlemen on this side of the House, and particularly of the Right Honourable Gentleman who is at this moment leaving his seat, then I say, Sir, that Right Honourable Gentlemen opposite would have been convinced by the remarks of the Right Honourable and Honourable Gentlemen on this side of the House, and also by the remarks of the Right Honourable Gentleman who was sitting below me a few moments ago; I say, Sir, that if that Right Honourable Gentleman was not convinced by what fell from the Noble Lord also on his side of the House, he must have been convinced by the remarks made by the Right Honourable Member, who is now sitting beside him. Mr Speaker, I am unwilling to recapitulate those arguments; be-

cause I am conscious that anything that I might say would not add in any degree to the force of the argument of the Honourable Gentleman who sits beside me: still less do I venture to say that my arguments would add to the strength of the arguments already used by the Right Honourable Gentlemen opposite, by the Noble Lord who is not listening to me at this moment, and by the two Honourable Gentlemen who addressed you previous to my rising". He would then glance round, very rapidly, for a signal that he had done enough; and that the errant members had returned to the House. This probably not being the case, he would continue, "I now, Sir, come to the question which is really the matter of debate; but before I go into it, I must, Sir, refer the Right Honourable Gentleman opposite to the language used by a colleague of his own. More than fifteen years ago, before I had the honour, the great honour, of a seat in this House, I recollect, Sir, reading, when I was younger than I am now, I remember reading a Debate": He would then take up a volume of "Hansard," which had been fetched for him; not a word of which had he seen before. "I well remember, Sir, reading in earlier days,

when I first entered the profession to which I have the honour to belong, I recollect, Sir, reading;" he would find the place; "a most interesting discussion in this House in the time, Sir, of your distinguished predecessor, now Lord Eversley, who has lately been raised to the dignity of a Viscount, and the arguments then used". He would then read extracts from Hansard: and, when he learned that a sufficient number of Members had come down to the House, he would add, "I beg to thank the House, Sir, for the patience with which they have listened to me". Such was the usual embodiment of the worthy embryo-Vice-Chancellor's ideas: a good man, whom I knew intimately: and not without a sense of humour. I met him several times travelling in Switzerland: I occasionally indulged him with imitations of his powerful style in the House: at which he, and his family, were, or affected to be, convulsed with merriment. One little incident in the successful career of Vice-Chancellor Sir Richard Malins I cannot forbear to relate. Those who knew the good man will appreciate it. He, Lady Malins, and myself, met, after he had left the House of Commons, at the large hotel at Bellagio on the Lake of Como. The

Vice-Chancellor was leaning from a window of the entresol; I was in the garden below; we were waiting for dinner. I told him that recently traversing the Mont St Gothard pass; it was, of course, before the railway; I had noticed in the little Inn at Altdorf his respected name, written in the early days of his career as a Barrister. It had obviously been inserted amid the sweet enchantments of his recent marriage. Careless of the worries and annoyances of travelling, the dust, the heat, etc. etc., Malins and his bride were sipping the honey which is said to float on the cup of Matrimony. In the "Travellers' Book" was written, in his own neat writing, "M^r and Mrs Richard Malins. Very nice hotel; exquisitely clean: the landlady a *charming* person".

The Vice-Chancellor admitted the genuineness of the writing.

"Prepare yourself, Vice-Chancellor! Underneath, some false friend, possessed by the demon of Envy, wrote these words; and there they have remained for thirty years: '*Oh Malins! how can you tell such lies? the landlady is a perfect devil: and the whole place almost as dirty as Lincoln's Inn!!*'"

Another celebrity was Sir William Bovill, Q.C. He rose by successive steps to be Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas. He was, I am proud to say, an intimate friend of mine. His Pickwickian appearance, and his bald head, would have pulled his client through anything. He was somewhat vain, I think, of being the Judge who tried the Tichborne Claimant: but the achievement of his life of which he was most proud was this. The party "Whip" being in a temporary difficulty, such as I have above described, Bovill rose to the situation. He was called upon to speak: and speak he did. He has told me how he rose, hardly knowing on what topic he was to discourse; it was necessary to speak for at least ten minutes. Taking up the printed proceedings of the day, he discerned among a number of obsolete Statutes, which were to be repealed pro formâ, and without any cause for Debate, a certain Act known as "Sir John Barnard's Act". This was an Act on gambling Debts; temp. George II.; superseded and annulled by another of the present reign. To the astonishment of the House, Sir William Bovill discoursed most eloquently upon the character of this Act. He affected to think that the distinction between a

void and a voidable debt was too subtle for the comprehension of the House. No one could imagine why this eminent lawyer lavished sarcasm, and even contempt upon Sir John Barnard. Notwithstanding the surprised staring of the House, and the bewilderment of his party, on went Bovill, unchecked by interruptions; conscious that he must sacrifice himself, possibly even his intellectual reputation, by an act of stern duty. I was sitting immediately below him; and I confess that I was astonished at his procedure: guilelessly I imagined that he might have some subtle intention of cajoling his constituents. Sir John Barnard might possibly have a descendant, or namesake, highly unpopular in Bovill's borough: that he was adopting this insidious means of blasting the character of a perfectly innocent man: in short no one could make head nor tail of what on earth he was speaking about. His speech had its effect: the House filled: and the Opposition, of which he was then a member, gained the day. From that time till his lamented death Bovill never ceased to take the keenest delight in this achievement: all the rest of his career seemed to have faded from his memory: but, to his last hour, his speech on "Sir John Barnard's Act"

warmed his heart; brought tears to his eyes; and colour to his cheek.

One other illustration of deeds of the same sort should live in the memory of the House of Commons. It was done by no less a person than Sir Fitzroy Kelly, later Chief Baron of the Exchequer. The "Whip" of the day handed him a slip of paper; he was seated on the front opposition bench; on the paper was written, "Speak for twenty minutes!" He instantly rose, and, with a dignity, and an impressiveness, never surpassed, raising his hands to Heaven, exclaimed, "My grey hairs forbid me to be silent!"

WHALLEY, Member for Peterborough, annually plagued the House on the subject of "Maynooth"; he bored the House extremely. There was, however, some lingering good in Whalley. In the second year of the Parliament of 1874, at about half past eleven at night, he crossed the floor, and seating himself by me, said, "Sir William, will you allow me to address you?" "Certainly, Mr Whalley; what is it about?" "You have taken an interest, Sir William, in the 'Metropolitan Commons Enclosure Bill'. Will you allow me to ask you to do me a

great favour?" "That entirely depends upon what it is". "You must have observed the impatience with which the House usually listens to my remarks". "I have". "I have sent to the Peterborough papers two columns of a speech, which I intended to deliver on the subject. The Business of the House is late: and they will not endure me after twelve o'clock, of that I am sure". "They will not". "Sir William, there is only one thing that will enable me to speak: and unless I do so, you will understand I shall be in a dilemma at Peterborough; for my speech will appear to-morrow". "How can I help you, Mr Whalley?" "In one way: I can only speak in reply to a strong personal attack. Am I trespassing too far upon your good nature if I ask you to make it?" "I assure you, Mr Whalley, that, though exceptionally kind-hearted, I can say very disagreeable things if I choose". "Of that I feel confident, Sir William. I hope I am not taking too great a liberty". "In short, you wish me to pitch into you thoroughly: to give it you hotly". "I should consider it extremely kind if you would". "Well, Mr Whalley, when is it to be done?" "You know when the 'Hocus Pocus' begins at the table:

when the Clerk reads out the day for the second, and third reading of Bills, etc. etc. If you will get up when he reads out 'Metropolitan Commons Enclosure Bill': and go on so long as you feel inclined, I can then reply to you; and shall feel everlastingly obliged".

Whalley retired to his place: and affected to go to sleep. Accordingly having gone out, and got a copy of the Bill, in order that I might know something about it, I observed on the back of it, as the parents of the Bill, the names of Mr Whalley and Sir George Bowyer. This was quite enough for my text. Sir George Bowyer being a Roman Catholic, and representing the Pope in the House; Whalley, on the contrary, being, or professing to be, the most rabid of Protestants. Accordingly when Sir Erskine May stood up, at the termination of business, and read the long list of Bills to be postponed to various days, on his arriving at this particular Bill, I rose: I will not trouble the reader with my speech: I gave it Mr Whalley so hotly, and so strongly as I possibly could; accusing him of the most horrible forms of Jesuitry; that while affecting to champion the Protestantism of England, he was really a

secret agent of the Pope: that his demonstrations against Maynooth had always been a sham: that in this, as in other things, a secret, but perfectly cordial, understanding existed between him and Sir George Bowyer; that no one could put the slightest confidence in him hereafter: that as for his unfortunate constituents, pity for them must, in every honest breast, be mingled with contempt, etc. etc.

Had Sir George Bowyer been present, not being in the secret, his writhing would have diverted me.

Whalley, who had affected to sleep during the beginning of my harangue, opened his eyes suddenly; seized the paper of the proceedings of the day: glanced at it hurriedly; asked his neighbour what it was all about; gazed at me with horror; and when I sat down, rose and delivered a speech of half an hour, to the utter bewilderment of the few Members left in the House, of the Speaker, the clerks, and the door-keepers.

The House adjourned: walking down the centre of the House I said, without turning towards him, "Mr Whalley, I hope I played my part well". In a voice, hoarse with emotion, gratitude, and lack

of breath, he replied, "Admirably! Sir William; Admirably! the best done thing I have ever known: I thank you heartily: I wish you a very good night". We parted.

To the uninitiated reader I may explain that these little comedies, occasionally played, are perfectly consistent with absolute sincerity, and straightforwardness of principle in serious matters.

ONE OF THE singular characters who appeared in the House of Commons for a short time was Dr Kenealy. The conspicuous occurrence of his life was his defence of the Claimant; who declared himself to be Sir Roger Tichborne.

Having been returned to the House for Stafford, he advocated the cause of the Claimant in a speech of two hours and ten minutes; to which, notwithstanding that the subject had become stale in the extreme to every member, a full House listened with the deepest attention. There was no laughing, no interruption. Kenealy spoke with considerable ability: and made a clear statement of the facts in relation to his late client.

LORD PALMERSTON'S effrontery was consum-

mate: At a breakfast given in St James's Square by Lord Eglinton on the occasion of the marriage of his step-daughter to the nineteenth Lord Shrewsbury, Lord Palmerston took in Lady Dufferin, the mother of the present Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, the Queen's most successful Viceroy. It is usual that the "Low-Comedy man" shall on these occasions return thanks for the bridesmaids. Lord Palmerston was "detailed" for this purpose. After a few commonplaces, he said, àpropos of something that had passed, "I recollect well when I was a boy at Harrow there was a very popular song in which these lines occur,

"It's a pity when charming women
Talk of things which they don't understand!"

I exchanged looks with Lord Dufferin: these lines are from a song written by Lady Dufferin, when Lord Palmerston was about forty years old. The song is named "The Charming Woman"; and begins,

"So Miss Myrtle is going to marry:
Oh how many hearts she will break!"

AFTER THE first meeting of the Conservative party in Downing Street in 1852, at which Lord Derby addressed us in a good speech, Disraeli stood half-way down the stairs. I was presented to him by Lord Malmesbury, then Foreign Minister. He said at once, "I remember you at the Spitalfields Ball". In the procession of Historical Characters that moved round the circumference of the vast pit and stage of Drury Lane Theatre, in the famous quadrille organised by Frances Anne Lady Londonderry, in passing Disraeli and his wife, I heard him say, "That is the best dress of all". That I should remember the remark is not extraordinary: but I was struck with his tact, and sharpness of memory, in instantly recollecting the circumstance. A few days afterwards, I met him at dinner at Lord Salisbury's in Arlington Street, the father of the present Premier, a very grim old gentleman, whom I had often seen when at school at Hatfield. Before going in to dinner, Disraeli urged me strongly to speak in the House of Commons: I expressed to him my unwillingness to do so. He replied, "Speak, and speak at once: I am certain that you can speak well: for you spoke well on the hustings". I urged that the House

of Commons was a very different assembly. He said, "Better get a slight success now, than a great one hereafter: you will enjoy it more". I might of course have said that to take the House by storm was not given to many: and I might have added that he, with his great abilities, had failed to do so. I told him that I thought it better to gain the ear of the House gradually: to speak first to a comparatively empty House: to accustom the members who were not present to see your name in the newspaper: and to divest their minds of the idea that you were unaccustomed to speak. I might have reminded him of Mr Canning's advice, "Make your first speech on a turn-pike Bill: you know all about it; nobody else knows anything." I acted upon my opinion: and, by a gradual process, I ultimately succeeded in what I have always held to be the highest ambition of a British gentleman, to obtain, and to keep, the "ear of the House of Commons."

NO ONE CAN FORGET his sensations on first entering Parliament: and the awe of that mighty assembly felt by everyone destined to succeed

there. In 1852 power had not been transferred from the representatives to their constituents.

The circumstances of the election of many were irregular; paradoxical; and unreal: but, once there, one felt that there was an Intelligence; a Sense of Honour; an exquisitely accurate Criticism; a perfect Justice; and a noble Patriotism, which made them an unrivalled aggregate.

Scorning the idea of delegacy; they knew that, once elected, they were the Members of a body, each individual of which was absolutely free from the Constituency which had returned him to Parliament; that in the spirit of the Constitution they were so absolutely Peers as Members of the House of Lords; that the Member for a small Borough was equally representing the Counties, the Universities, and the Cities of the United Kingdom; that though occasional, but rare, allusions were made to the Constituency which the Member represented, and although, for convenience, and for the purpose of courtesy, the name of his County, City, or Borough, was used by others in speaking instead of his own, he was part of an independent legislative body, the great majority of which were absolutely incorruptible.

The benches of the House of Commons, wisely so constructed, show the distinct separation of two great parties in the State. No central bench offers opportunity to doubting, nor to venal members. You must sit on one side or the other: your opinions may vary in strength: but British good sense has determined that to give the opportunity to dubious characters is not desirable.

On entering those doors you felt the exhilaration of success: but far deeper was the intoxication which soon affected everyone possessing a sensitive organisation, and an appreciative brain. To find oneself day after day breathing an atmosphere of good sense; to hear each important topic of the day freshly discussed by the first minds in the country; to listen to those, whose fame was world-wide; to meet daily in the charming companionship of Intelligence, and Patriotism; to feel sure that ultimate success was certain, should you deserve it, within those walls.

It was the same delicious sensation as breathing air containing an increased proportion of oxygen; such as we enjoy on the mountains of Switzerland.

Every power of the mind was stimulated: thoughts that would lie dormant elsewhere here

came to the surface; and, at that time, one felt that the House of Commons was an intellectual Paradise.

ONE OF THE neatest scenes enacted in the House of Commons, was in the Debate on Denmark in 1864. Mr Layard made charges against Disraeli as to his quotation of extracts from despatches: and used the word "garbling". This was very properly resented by Mr Gathorne Hardy, now Lord Cranbrook; who showed clearly that in all the passages quoted by Disraeli the number of the page was given, so that immediate reference to the context was easy. He said that Mr Layard had used the expression "falsification" in regard to extracts which were perfectly correct, and complete in themselves. He added that Mr Layard had made a "calumnious" statement: Mr Layard rose to order. The Speaker said that Mr Hardy was not out of order. Then commenced a very remarkable scene: Lord Palmerston rose, notwithstanding the ruling of the Speaker (Denison), and against all order; and endeavoured to induce him to change his decision. This he refused to do: at the same time looking extremely uncomfortable.

Disraeli said a few words, justifying the term; then amidst tremendous uproar, Mr Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, got up. He tried to induce the Speaker to withdraw, and alter, his decision; without effect. Then followed a rich, but brief scene: To read the speech it appears solemnity itself; but it kept the House in roars of laughter. Bernal Osborne said that he intended to do his best to support the authority of the Chair: that he was an old man; and had passed many years in the House; he regretted that he had been permitted to live long enough to witness such a fearful, such a degrading, exhibition! "To see you, Sir," looking at the Speaker, "treated in this horrible, this revolting, manner by the Prime Minister, and by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is something too dreadful: I can hardly endure it, Sir; I hope that I may not live long enough to witness again such a fearful scene", etc. etc. He sat down apparently overcome by his feelings. The contrasts between the solemnity of the Speaker, the satire of Bernal Osborne, the great anger of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the effrontery of Lord Palmerston were exquisite. Mr Layard said that, when he used the word "falsification," he was merely

quoting Mr Gladstone. The best scene however was to come. Many hours afterwards, when the Debate was closing, Mr Pope Hennessy rose; and, holding a volume of "Hansard" open in his left hand, said, "Sir, before this Debate is adjourned I trust I may be allowed to call the attention of the House to a circumstance, which may, at all events, have the effect of inducing the Members of Her Majesty's Government in future to pay the deference which is due to the Chair. I find that the noble Viscount (Palmerston) at the head of the Government, on the 27th of April 1855, in addressing the House, used the following words, 'Every reasonable man must have been convinced that the charges made by the Hon. Member were "false and calumnious."' Who was the Hon. Member referred to by the noble Viscount? *The present Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs* (Mr Layard). Sir, the noble Viscount was called to Order by an Hon. Member, who then sat below the gangway. Your predecessor decided that the noble Viscount was in order: and yet we have to-night been witnesses of an extraordinary scene in which the noble Viscount took a conspicuous part". (Cries of Read! Read!) He then gave this extract from "Hansard": "Mr Otway

rose to order. He respectfully submitted that the noble Viscount had used words, which were altogether unparliamentary, when he charged another Member with stating that which was 'false and calumnious.' Mr Speaker: What I understand the noble Viscount to say was that the charges made by the Hon. Member for Aylesbury (Mr Layard) were 'false and calumnious.' (Cheers.) Viscount Palmerston: Sir, I repeat what I was about to say. (Loud cheering.) The charges were utterly 'false and calumnious.'"

Mr Hennessy continued: "And yet, Sir, the same noble Viscount who used that language in this House in 1855, towards the present Under-Secretary, rose to-night, not only to call to order a Right Hon. Gentleman who used a similar, and indeed identical phrase, but actually to call in question the decision of yourself, Sir, the Speaker of the House of Commons." This show-up of Lord Palmerston was greeted by the Opposition, as may be supposed, with vociferous and prolonged cheering.

BERNAL OSBORNE, dining with one of his race who by patient perseverance and energy had

raised himself from a humble to a great position, the host had done his best to provide wine of a rare vintage for his guest: "Taste that 'Clos Vougeot,' Mr. Osborne; I think you will like it." "Yes! by no means bad! I remember, you were always famous for your 'Old Clo'."

A VERY CHARACTERISTIC anecdote I feel obliged to omit, as I have narrated it in "Words on Wellington": the reader will find it in that work. "Napoleon and Disraeli: or the Woodcutter of Montmartre", is the subject.

I AM UNWILLING to quote at any length: but the following description of Lady Blessington, and of Disraeli as a young man, is graphic: and I think worthy of transcription. It is from a volume, at one time very popular, "Pencillings by the Way," by N. P. Willis, an American: the scene Gore House, Kensington.

"I found Lady Blessington alone. The Picture to my eye, as the door opened, was a very lovely one. A woman of remarkable beauty, half buried in a fauteuil of yellow satin, reading by a magnificent lamp suspended from the centre of the

arched ceiling: sofas, couches, ottomans, and busts, arranged in rather a crowded sumptuousness through the room: enamel tables covered with expensive, and elegant, trifles in every corner; and a delicate white hand relieved on the back of a book, to which the eye was attracted by the blaze of its diamond rings. As the servant mentioned my name, she rose; and gave me her hand very cordially: and a gentleman entering immediately after, she presented me to Count d'Orsay, the well-known 'Pelham' of London; and certainly the most splendid specimen of a man, and a well dressed one, that I had ever seen.

"She was extremely curious to know the degrees of reputation the present popular authors of England enjoy among us: particularly Bulwer, and Disraeli, the author of 'Vivian Grey.' 'Do they like the Disraelis in America?' I assured her Ladyship that the 'Curiosities of Literature,' by the father, and 'Vivian Grey' and 'Contarini Fleming' by the son, were universally known. 'I am pleased at that; for I like them both. Disraeli the elder came here with his son the other night. It would have delighted you to see the old man's pride in him; and the son's respect, and affection,

for his father. In his manners, Disraeli the younger is quite his own character of "Vivian Grey;" full of Genius, and Eloquence, with extreme, good nature; and a perfect frankness of character'!!

"Remembering her talents, and her rank, and the unenvying admiration she received from the world of Fashion, and Genius, it would be difficult to reconcile her lot to the Doctrine of Compensation".

Considering that Lady Blessington was not received in London Society, it appears to me that the Doctrine of Compensation was illustrated; not controverted.

From the general description given by Willis, and others, it is quite clear that Lytton Bulwer, as he then was, the author of "Pelham", was thought more of than Benjamin Disraeli, author of "Vivian Grey". I am surprised that the resemblance of style in these two works, of which "Pelham" was the earlier, has not been pointed out. I have no space for analysis: nor do I impute to Disraeli the slightest want of originality. "Pelham" was published two years before "Vivian Grey". Lord Lytton spoke to me on the subject of "Pelham".

ARTHUR ROEBUCK, known at one period as the "Bath brick," was, next to Disraeli, the best speaker in the House of Commons. His style, so different as possible from Disraeli's, was the perfection of incisiveness, and condensation. Not a word wasted: the wrong word never used: quiet, terse, nervous, and exquisitely perfect, English. Roebuck gave an opportunity to Disraeli to utter two passages not likely to die. Roebuck had written a stinging pamphlet. Disraeli said, "Crab-apples grow upon crab trees: and the meagre and acid mind produces the meagre and acid pamphlet". At another time, "The Hon. and learned Member for Bath has indulged us, Sir, to-night, with his melodramatic Invective; and his Sadlers' Wells Sarcasm."

Samuel Warren, always named in "Punch" as "Our Sam," was a source to me of perennial delight: Sooner, or later, I hope to give some anecdotes of that wonderful character. For the present I will content myself with this: Warren and Roebuck were both, as young men, members of a Debating Society, all, or nearly all of whom were lawyers. The debates were smart, and vigorous: and the hits occasionally hard.

Roebuck had indulged in invective against the great Sam: who at that time had already become famous by his best work, "The Diary of a late Physician". In the course of his harangue, Roebuck had stated that it had been imputed to him that he was a "Party Man." He repudiated that statement: he denied it with indignation. He was not a party man: he never had been a party man: and he swore by everything that he held sacred that he never would be a party man. This produced considerable applause: in the midst of which Roebuck sat down. Warren, with that solemnity of demeanour with which his friends were familiar, rose: and in a deep voice, and with the impress of earnestness, said, "My learned friend has just informed you that he is not a party man: that he never has been a party man: and in terms of fearful adjuration he has sworn that he never will be a party man. Mr Chairman, what my friend has said reminds me painfully of the words of Cicero, 'That he who belongs to no party is probably too vile for any'". As they left the debating-hall an hour later, the two men, as is the custom of their profession, walked away together in apparent amity. Roebuck com-

plimented Warren upon having made a good hit: and added, "I am fairly well up in Cicero; but I cannot form the least idea where I shall find the passage you quoted". "No more can I", said Warren. "Good night".

I sat next to Roebuck at a dinner in the City, given by The Salters' Company. I delighted him by showing how well I was up in his history: and how much I appreciated his eloquence. I quoted from the article in "The Times" of many years before. It began, "Arthur Roebuck is himself again". Another article, beginning "The Queen (Adelaide) has done it all", he told me was written by Lord Brougham: and we laughed over Brougham's impudence in saying, at a public meeting, that he would write to King William by the post that evening, to tell him what a reception he had had. This, Roebuck said, took place at Inverness.

AS REGARDS DIVISIONS in the House of Commons, Disraeli, when Prime Minister, was most strict. No Member of the Government was ever permitted to absent himself from a Division: if he did so, he was obliged to give his excuse, in writing, to Disraeli within the week. On one

occasion a Member of the Government absented himself from an important Division without excuse: Disraeli said, "This won't do! he has taken the shilling".

I REMEMBER IN 1852, while Disraeli was speaking, a Member of long experience in the House turning to me, and saying, "It is years since I have heard those cheers: the Whigs never cheer like that: and the Tories never except when on the right of the Chair". This is a very singular phase of human nature: the authority of the person who gave me this statement was perfect: a man of great experience, and close observation.

DISRAELI'S KNOWLEDGE of French was very imperfect: and, judging from one specimen, his pronunciation was peculiar. He spoke of a foreigner, high in the ranks of diplomacy, as an "epicier;" pronouncing the last syllable as we pronounce "overseer".

NOT VERY LONG after the passing of the Reform Bill of 1867, I was asked to subscribe to a portrait of the late Lord Derby: the author of that

Act. I said that I would do so on one condition; that he was painted taking a "Leap in the Dark." This most unstatesmanlike expression had been used by him.

DISRAELI HELD THE theory that no man was regular in his attendance in the House of Commons until he was married: a somewhat Hibernian compliment to that holy state. I remember Mrs Disraeli saying to me, after I lost my seat in 1853, "Don't marry until you regain your seat".

DISRAELI, on my asking him whether caricatures did a man harm in public life, said, "In these days every man's object is to be made ridiculous."

THE FOLLOWING HOROSCOPE of Disraeli, written by the first Lord Lytton, is very remarkable. The signature "E. L. B." proves it to have been before Bulwer changed his name to Lytton: about 1838.

JUDEX.

"A singularly fortunate figure: a strongly marked influence towards the acquisition of coveted objects.

He would gain largely by marriage in the pecuniary sense; which makes a crisis in his life.

He would have a peaceful hearth, to his own taste; and leaving him free for ambitious objects.

In honours he has not only luck; but a felicity far beyond the most favourable prospects that could be reasonably anticipated from his past career, his present position, or his personal endowments.

He will leave a higher name than I should say his intellect quite warranted; or than would now be conjectured.

He will certainly have very high influence, whether official or in rank; high as compared with his birth, or actual achievements.

He has a temperament that finds pleasure in what belongs to social life.

He has not the reserve common to Literary men.

He has considerable veneration: and will keep well with Church, and State: not merely from policy; but from sentiment, and instinct.

His illnesses will be few and quick: but his last illness may be lingering.

He is likely to live to an old age: the close of his career much honoured.

He will be to the last largely before the public: much feared by his opponents; but greatly beloved, not only by those immediately about him, but by large numbers of persons to whom he is personally unknown.

He will die, whether in or out of office, in an exceptionally high position: greatly lamented; and surrounded to the end by all the magnificent planetary influences of a propitious Jupiter.

No figure I have drawn more surprises me than this: it is so completely opposed to what I myself should have augured, not only from the rest of his career, but from my knowledge of the man.

He will bequeath a repute out of all proportion to the opinion now entertained of his intellect by those who think most highly of it. Greater honours far than he has yet acquired are in store for him.

His enemies, though active, are not persevering.

His official friends, though not ardent, will yet minister to his success".

I HAVE BEEN ASKED whether I ever saw Disraeli laugh: I never did: but I have been informed, on good authority, that on two occasions

he laughed distinctly. The first was in the House of Commons. He had spoken before dinner: had refuted arguments used at a previous sitting: and anticipated those of a future time. He was replied to some hours later by a Member holding a conspicuous place in the House of Commons: the latter had not heard his words; and was told by a friend that Disraeli had gone through his arguments; and had stated that they would some years hence be again brought forward by "the rhetorician of the day".

The Right Honourable gentleman in question replied at 10 o'clock; and in the course of his speech, said, "The Chancellor of the Exchequer has been pleased to speak of me as the 'rhetorician of the day': coming from such a source I indeed value the compliment: and I accept it". Disraeli here stood up: and calmly gazing at the orator said, "I can assure the Right Honourable gentleman that when I used that expression I had no thought of him in my mind".

One, who was in the gallery opposite, assured me that on sitting down Disraeli decidedly laughed.

The second occasion was at the dinner of Ministers, formerly held at Greenwich at the close

of each Session. A most worthy countryman of mine, who had won his title by legal acumen, Lord Gordon, volunteered at dessert to sing a comic song of his own composition: I may say that of all the serious Scotsmen that I have known he was the most solemn. Disraeli, who sat opposite, gazed at him through his glass, with the same expression as that of Professor Owen, when examining the bones of the "Mastodon Incomprehensibilis", or other strange animal of the past. His countenance was unmoved until the fifth verse; when he burst out laughing; and I am told on excellent authority, that his laugh could be heard: this I can hardly believe. Disraeli's expression was usually that of patient, and melancholy endurance: it always reminded me of the words of Shylock,

"For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe".

I never saw him look cheerful: though occasional gleams of satisfaction crossed his face.

LIKE ALL MEN who have a real knowledge and appreciation of true poetry, Disraeli was a great admirer of Gray. He said to me with great fervour,

"Byron visited Greece: he walked on Olympus: he drank from Castalia; there was everything to inspire him. Gray never was in Greece in his life: yet he wrote finer lines than Byron:

'Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep:
Isles that crown the Ægean deep:
Fields that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep'":

He pronounced the last line very slowly.

On another occasion I asked him which he admired most of the stanzas of "Gray's Elegy". He replied, "That will require a good deal of thinking". He added, "You have made up your mind". "Yes.

'The boast of Heraldry; the pomp of Power:
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of Glory lead but to the Grave'".

He said nothing: I heard him take a very long breath.

I may mention here an incredible fact, that in

the group of British worthies on the stately memorial in Hyde Park, Gray has been omitted. A Poet who, if ever Poet achieved Immortality, has it unquestionably.

LORD PALMERSTON has credit for occasional indulgence in verse. He wrote one couplet which will live:

> "A very small man with the Tories
> Is a very great man with the Whigs".

LORD DERBY WAS too free with his sarcasms; good-humoured although they usually were.

In 1852, admitting the difficulties of forming a Government, he is related to have said to a person of importance who enquired how his Government was getting on, "We get on well up to a certain height; and then we get 'Dizzy'". At the close of his tenure of office in the same year he said to the same person, "The mess is great; but Benjamin's mess is the greatest of all".

DISRAELI ALWAYS DRESSED neatly: his dress in the House of Commons, when I first

remember him, was simple: if it erred, it was on the side of monotony: trousers well made, but quite nondescript; Wellington boots with rather narrow square toes; a dark-coloured frock-coat; and an invariable double-breasted plush waistcoat, of tabby colour. This waistcoat he wore for many years, in winter: a black tie rather loose: his hair very neatly brushed: and, until latterly, a single curl hanging low on his forehead.

In the summer he usually wore a blue frock-coat with velvet collar, tightly buttoned; the cloth very thin; an unquestionable pair of stays could be seen through it: not of course in front but behind the arms. When intending to address the House on an important occasion, Disraeli never placed his hat on his head.

Unlike Thackeray's Lord Steyne, Disraeli by no means "scorned the artifices of the toilet". His hair, and pointed beard, were dyed a deep black: this could clearly be seen when from carelessness the dye had not been renewed.

The brown coat, in which he is painted at the Junior Carlton Club, and that in which he figures in the first number of "Vanity Fair", were picturesque and becoming.

I have often speculated as to what would have been Disraeli's appearance if he had ever dropped the young man; and allowed the greyness of age to be sufficient ornament.

He had to the last some touch of "Vivian Grey"; and his "pose" of appearance was that of youth.

He retained a good and sprightly figure to the last: that is to say, when in the House of Commons or the House of Lords. I have met him in the street, bent down, apparently in the latter stages of decay: within half an hour I have seen him in Parliament using the declamatory action and vigour of five and twenty.

During his last Premiership I dined with him in Downing Street: on entering he replied to my commonplace hope that he was no worse for the bitter weather, with a feeble groan. I ventured to add that I found him surrounded by his illustrious predecessors; he groaned again. "Sir Robert Walpole over the chimney-piece!" He feebly bleated the word "Walpole". At first I thought he must be dying: then, harmless as were my words, I thought they might have shocked him. I waited for a minute or two: and was

followed by the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, his intimate personal friend from boyhood: a nobleman of by no means formal manners; his words bore close resemblance to my own: to my relief Disraeli replied in the same ghastly manner. I felt that he could not survive the night. Within a quarter of an hour, all being seated at dinner, I observed him talking to the Austrian Ambassador, Count Apponyi, with extreme vivacity: during the whole of dinner their conversation was kept up: I saw no sign of flagging.

This is difficult to account for. One theory has been that Disraeli took carefully measured doses of opium: these being calculated to act at a given time, that the effect of the subtle drug was as I have described. I never saw such phenomena in any other person: in fact I remember diverting the late Lord B., who was a great admirer of Disraeli, by telling him that I believed D. was in reality a corpse; which occasionally came to life: and that if he had ever been a human being, it must have been at a far distant period of the world's existence.

A PATHETIC AND DRAMATIC incident

occurred a few days before the death of Lord B., a man with everything the world could give; an income of over £60,000 per annum; of considerable ability. He died at a comparatively early age.

Disraeli visited him on his death-bed. Lord B. addressed him in the words of the Roman Gladiators: "Ave Imperator! moriturus te saluto".

I DINED WITH DISRAELI on the evening of the day on which the Princess Royal married the Crown Prince of Prussia; the late Emperor of Germany. I had been present at St James's Palace. Disraeli asked me which of the three processions, the Queen's, the Bride's, or the Bridegroom's, was best: I told him. He then asked me, "Will he do? Is he a man?" "Yes" to both questions. He asked me my reason: I told him of a trait I had observed. He then told us a story of what had occurred when paying a visit in "The Marais," in Paris. My observation is not worth recording: and I cannot do justice to his story: we had drawn the same conclusion. Everything in the Prince's subsequent career showed that we were right.

Disraeli showed me, on the same evening, a cup made of Derbyshire spar; which George Smythe, "Coningsby," had bequeathed to him on his death-bed. He said, with much feeling, "It is not a great thing: but for a man to remember one at all at such a time is most gratifying".

I recollect that there were present at the dinner Mr Ward Hunt, Mr Sclater-Booth, now Lord Basing, and the present Lord Beauchamp, then Mr Edward Lygon.

Relating to a friend how brilliant Disraeli had been during the whole evening; although at first he required some drawing out, my sagacious friend said, "You have omitted to say what lady was there." "Yes; Mrs Norton." "I thought so. Disraeli never lets off his fireworks unless a woman be present."

I KNEW GEORGE SMYTHE, Lord Strangford, well, during the later part of his short career. No man began life with brighter prospects: the son of "Hibernian Strangford," born in the atmosphere of Office, he was appointed, at a very early age, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He published a volume of Poems, "Historic Fancies";

written in the style which Macaulay made popular, of considerable merit. With an appearance intelligent, but insignificant; a good manner and a habit of saying pleasant things, he was popular in Society: and was held deservedly high as a Politician.

An incident occurred in his career, which formerly was frequently introduced into novels of Society, and even put on the stage: A Duel. He had, as he supposed, reason to complain of a previous colleague: "A former friend for foe."

They fired in a secluded part of a solemn wood in Kent. A cock-pheasant, startled by the noise of the pistols, startled the combatants: there was no sham about the encounter: a friend told me that he picked up the wadding of George Smythe's pistol close to where Mr R. had stood.

I HAVE NEVER known anyone who saw the late Lord Derby walking in London. I have seen him riding in the Park: I never met him in the street. I once only saw him at the Carlton Club. He sat next to me while I was at supper, after the House of Commons. He was then Chancellor of our University of Oxford: I

presumed to say to him how very desirable it seemed to me to alter, if possible, the system of debts of under-graduates. In my day, a young man with money or expectations was pestered every morning by a most vile set of tradesmen: far more pestilential, and far more mischievous, were those who did not reside in Oxford. There were half a dozen London tailors, who sent their emissaries to entangle young men with debts that were frequently ruinous. In some Colleges a check could be used by observing these men come into the College, or by shutting them out: but Christ Church is a thoroughfare: the public have a right to cross from Canterbury Gate to Tom Gate: and thus these wretches had access to all the staircases without let or hindrance. In a very short time they gave me up: I having no particular fancy to order six plush waistcoats at a time, because Lord Stamford, their Cambridge decoy, had just done so. I suggested that no debt should be recoverable after the end of term; and that no action should be brought against any under-graduate except in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, at Oxford.

Lord Derby replied that he agreed that the state of things was very bad: but added that

a change would lead to "a system of Honour": and that would be worse. I fear that no answer could be given to this. I hope that things are better now.

SO COMPLETE was the domination of Disraeli in the Commons, and of Lord Derby in the Lords, that few Members of capacity were inclined to speak. One felt that if Disraeli omitted a point it was because he thought that point had better be omitted. No one for a moment conjectured that he could unintentionally omit anything of importance.

Disraeli never lost an opportunity of encouraging young Members; he used all his powers of persuasion to induce them to speak. Kindness, good-natured hints for success, all were forthcoming: but their sense of his infinite superiority checked them. Lord Derby in the House of Lords was a man of another sort: not only was he by far the finest speaker among the admirable orators of that House; but he was a tyrant. No Peer ever received encouragement from him. It was to be Lord Derby or nothing: and whatever Lord Derby did not choose to say he would not allow to be

said. I know this from many Peers; any Peer, particularly a young Peer, who had a natural wish to address the House, was always checked.

Lord Derby never showed the slightest intimacy with any member of his party as such: except possibly a few of those who were in his Cabinet; and who were necessary to him.

DISRAELI'S HISTORICAL inclinations were towards Lord Bolingbroke's idea, "A Patriot King."

I was lately reminded of a remark, made many years ago, that I did not think that Disraeli was naturally ungrateful: but that he was ungrateful because he thought Lord Bolingbroke was ungrateful.

IT WAS TO Lord Lyndhurst alone that Disraeli confided that he was the Author of the "Runnymede Letters." I cannot understand the doubt as to the meaning of the word "Runnymede." It is a meadow full of "runs", that is, small narrow streams rising to the level of the grass: such as we see in Switzerland and in the Pyrenees; and at Runnymede at present.

MR. HENRY DRUMMOND made a sarcastic speech in 1852, in exquisite language, miserably caricatured in "Hansard": at the close he said, "Sir Robert Peel, in my opinion, inflicted an indelible blow on this House: the effects of which we are now feeling. Sir Robert Peel gave a blow to public confidence in public men, which the present generation will not recover."

ONE EPISODE in the Session of 1852 was dramatic in its incidents. The Right Honourable W. B. occupied a position of subordinate character in Lord Derby's recently formed Government. I attribute to him, in a great measure, the disaster which fell upon that Government. If ten seats more had been gained at the General Election by the Ministry, they might have weathered the storm. I believe that these seats were lost by the bad management, the want of temper, the utter ignorance of men, and of things, in the character of W. B. How Lord Derby could have been so infatuated as to make him his head wire-puller baffles my understanding. Mr Horsfall was the Tory Candidate in July 1852, for the Borough of Derby. He was returned. Circumstances were brought early to

the knowledge of the House of Commons which were stoutly, and vehemently denied by W. B.: not only did he deny the facts; but he publicly declared that the whole of these statements were the result of "a foul, and scandalous conspiracy", and that "falsehood and subornation to perjury" had been resorted to in that conspiracy. His statements naturally provoked great indignation on the part of those who had already called attention to the alleged facts; and the matter being judiciously placed by the Whigs in the hands of the first advocate of the day, Sir Alexander Cockburn, he addressed the House on the subject in a most masterly speech.

I have always taken great delight in listening to the well-reasoned speeches of lawyers. I do not remember any occasion in which I was more charmed by the beautifully elaborate chain of evidence, which this eminent pleader produced; and the quiet way in which he wound the folds, which became more and more impossible to escape from, round the object of his perfectly courteous denunciation.

The facts as stated by Sir Alexander Cockburn were these. At an Election previous to Mr Horsfall's candidature, a Mr Flewker, ominous name! had been

an Agent for the Tory Party. Finding himself considerably out of pocket, he asked for reimbursement; this was not granted: so, at Mr Horsfall's Election, becoming acquainted with the manœuvres of some Members of his own Party, he related these particulars to the enemy. One of those strangers, who occasionally "dropped from the Moon" at the time of severe contests, appeared in Derby. Morgan, the "Man from the Moon", said that he had come from Chester; whereas it was known that he had arrived from Shrewsbury; this he admitted; saying, "Mr Frail sent me". Now Mr Frail had been for some time an active Agent in Shrewsbury; also holding the position of Clerk of the Course at the Races: a man of very exceptional astuteness; and, as he was subsequently described, "familiar with every possible contrivance used at elections". Morgan, when asked by Flewker for the letter of introduction from Frail, said he had none; but he had a letter which Frail had given him; and this he produced: if Mr Flewker had been a Puritan he might have exclaimed, "The Lord has delivered them into my hands"; for he was actually shown a letter in the handwriting of the Secretary-at-War, which he at once recognised. He exclaimed,

"Why, I know this writing! and see! it is signed 'W. B.'!" I omit a number of particulars, all of which Sir A. Cockburn related one by one, with consummate skill; and I shift the scene to a cellar at "The County Tavern", in Derby. Information having been given to the Police by Flewker, they proceeded to the cellar. The door was guarded by a man who was strange to them: he stopped them; but on their making the signal, and pronouncing the pass-word, "It is all right: Radford sent me", he admitted them. They found in the cellar Morgan; whom they apprehended; and upon him two hundred and sixty-five pounds in gold, and forty pounds in bank-notes. On the table before him was a book, in which were entered the names, and numbers on the Register, of the electors: against these names, and numbers, were figures indicating the sums already received by the voters: and, more important than all, they found in his pocket this letter; "A good, and safe man, with judgment, and quickness, is wanted immediately at Derby. I suppose that you cannot leave your own place"; the letter was addressed to Frail, at Shrewsbury; "if not, send some one whom you can trust: let him go to Derby on receiving

this, and find 'The County Tavern,' in the centre of the town, saying that he came from Chester; that will be enough". The letter was signed "W. B.": and more than this, it was actually sealed with the well-known seal of the Carlton Club; bearing the name of that institution upon it. Morgan, on being apprehended, treated the matter very philosophically: he said, "After all, this is a small affair". He spoke with considerable contempt of Derby; saying, "Derby is but a poor place! your voters are satisfied here with two or three pounds apiece! in Shrewsbury a vote costs twenty times as much". This seemed a clear case: an attempt had been made, to make out that this highly criminatory letter, which was dated "Monday" only, referred to a previous Election. The orator annihilated this theory by giving among other proofs, that the envelope found in Morgan's pocket, holding it up before the House, had on it, written in pencil, the names of all the stations where a man coming from Shrewsbury, would have to change his train before arriving at Derby. On Sir Alexander Cockburn resuming his seat, Sir John Yarde Buller, a typical Tory County Member, wisely moved that a Select Committee should at once be appointed

to take the matter into consideration. This was agreed to.

After the Drama comes the Farce. Amidst these disasters,

"The wreck of Matter, and the crash of Worlds",

the ludicrous intervened: as it usually does. In the course of investigation by a Select Committee of the House of Commons of the serious charges brought by Sir Alexander Cockburn against the unfortunate W. B., a very important witness, the said Frail of Shrewsbury, Clerk of the Course, etc., etc., was examined. One of the Committee, I think the Chairman, was the Right Hon. H. Goulburn, Chancellor of the Exchequer in Sir Robert Peel's Government; an individual of portentously solemn aspect, and demeanour. Frail, who was a middle-aged man, in robust health, had very early in life, been a call-boy in a provincial theatre. Finding himself in a difficulty, he hit upon a method of enlisting the sympathy of the Committee; after dressing himself as a conventional old man, with spectacles, a grey wig, etc., and assuming great weakness of ham, he, giving his crutches to a friend, had himself carried into the

Committee Room; and placed in the witnesses' chair. After making out so good a case as he could for himself, he was cross-questioned as usual. Mr Goulburn said, "Mr Frail, I must ask you if this is the first affair of the kind, in which you have been engaged?" Frail said, "I have acted in Elections, Sir, before". Mr Goulburn, "I do not mean that: I mean in these nefarious transactions, of which we have heard so much". "Well, Sir", he said, "I have done nothing to be ashamed of; except once". Mr Goulburn, "I am sorry to press you, Mr Frail, but in the interests of Justice I must do so. To what do you allude?" Frail, "The circumstances are so painful, Sir, that I hope you won't insist upon a reply". Mr Goulburn, "I must". "Sir, I am a very old man", said Frail, in a husky voice, coughing violently. Mr Goulburn, "I am sorry, Mr Frail, but I must have an answer". "Well, Sir, there is only one offence that weighs upon my conscience, and for which I hope that Heaven may forgive me". Mr Goulburn, "What is it?" Frail, "Well, Sir, it was when I got your brother, Mr Serjeant Goulburn, in for Leicester: the bribing was something horrible; it has weighed me down ever since".

ANOTHER INCIDENT OCCURRED to the venerable Goulburn, not altogether of a pleasant character. Bernal Osborne, in a speech of some length, was summing up the demerits of Sir Robert Peel and his followers; among others, he mentioned Mr Goulburn; and artfully induced the House of Commons to believe that he intended to praise Sir Robert's Chancellor of the Exchequer. He said that while at various times Sir Robert Peel had been deserted by his friends, there was one who had adhered to him with chivalrous tenacity; looking at Mr Goulburn. The House cheered, with the sympathy which it always feels, or at any rate shows, to loyal political devotion. They did not know what was coming; nor, no doubt, did the hero of the moment, who looked so chivalrous as he could. Bernal Osborne then added these words, "Of whatever changes the Right Honourable Baronet (Sir Robert Peel) showed himself capable; amidst all the vagaries of his life; whenever the Right Honourable Baronet changed from one side of this House to the other, there," pointing at Goulburn, "was that miserable old tin kettle still fastened to his tail".

THE FINAL ACT of the Session of 1852, in which Disraeli appeared for the last time for some years in the character of Chancellor of the Exchequer, began on the 3rd of December. He spoke on his Budget. His speech lasted for five hours: he showed towards the close signs of great exhaustion. His speech fills seventy columns and a half of "Hansard"; a prodigious effort for a man for the first time in Office. I have heard that this Budget, the ostensible cause of the termination of the Tory Government, was drawn by Sir Charles Trevelyan, a permanent Official of the Treasury. It was listened to with patient attention: something took place, which was not observable by the majority of the House. I sat in the south side-gallery during the speech; and, looking immediately below me, I noticed that Sir George Grey, and Sir Charles Wood, nearly related, facing Disraeli, the latter having been Chancellor of the Exchequer, kept interchanging signs, and nudging one another, laughing occasionally, while Disraeli was speaking; in fact turning him into ridicule, in a manner which was not only unfair, but ungentlemanlike; considering their social position compared to Disraeli's, their life-long experience of the House, and

his extreme difficulties: difficulties which he had encountered in a manly, and well-bred manner. I mention this; for it was the unperceived cause of the vehemence with which Disraeli attacked these two men in his final speech.

The Debate ended on the 16th of December.

This night presented the most extraordinary scene that I have ever witnessed; Disraeli rose to make his final reply at about ten o'clock. He stood up, amidst loud cheers from his Party, with studied calmness; he spoke with precision: from the first word to the last every syllable could be heard; and nothing more perfect could, of its kind, be imagined. He dealt with the various objections that had been made. He addressed himself, in the first instance, to the remarks of Sir Charles Wood. He said that instead of addressing the Chair, Sir Charles had addressed his remarks to himself personally. He spoke of Sir James Graham as being "prompt in accusation at all times". He said that he felt a "great respect, and regard for Sir James Graham; more perhaps the latter, than the former": these were his precise words; they formed a peg, a very small one, for a subsequent attack upon himself; he made a rhetorical mistake in saying

this. The first passage which roused his Party to enthusiasm, was when, after summing up his reply to Sir C. Wood, he denounced him: he said, "Talk of recklessness! What in the whole history of Finance is equal to the recklessness of the Right Honourable Gentleman? who, when he had been beaten, baffled, humiliated, came down to the House of Commons, and stated that he had sufficient Revenue, without resorting to his abandoned proposition. The future historian will not be believed, when he states that a Minister came down with a proposal to nearly double the Income Tax, and, when that measure was rejected, announced the very next day, that his ways and means were ample without it". Disraeli continued; looking at Sir G. Grey, and Sir C. Wood; "The Right Honourable Gentleman tells me in not very polished, and in scarcely Parliamentary language, that I do not know my business. He may have learnt his business; of that the House of Commons is the best judge; I care not to be his critic; but if he has learnt this, he must learn another lesson, that Petulance is not Sarcasm; and that Insolence is not Invective!"

I cannot describe the cheers with which these

words were accompanied and followed: the reader must picture, if he can, the intense excitement which was felt at what Disraeli himself, in speaking to me subsequently, called a "death-struggle".

He then continued his refutations. He declared of the Whigs, "We find them, with taunts to us, teaching all the fallacies which we at least have had the courage honourably to give up. Tell me Protection is dead! Tell me there is no Protectionist Party in the Country! Why, 'tis rampant! and 'tis there! They have taken up our principles with our benches; and I believe they will be quite as unsuccessful". He spoke of Mr Goulburn, Sir R. Peel's Chancellor of the Exchequer, as "that weird Sibyl"; towards the close he made a splendid apostrophe. It was well known of course that Sir C. Wood had on at least one, if not two occasions, withdrawn his Budget. Disraeli, in measured accents, and after attracting and riveting by his gestures the attention of the House, said, "I have been told, Sir, that Mr Pitt took back his Budget; and I have been reminded that, in more recent days, others have taken back their Budget". Then raising his voice still louder, "Never, Sir, can I hope to emulate the greatness of Mr

Pitt!" then, pointing at Sir Charles Wood, "But, never, never, will I stoop to the degradation of others!"

He completed his speech in these words, "Yes! I know what I have to face!" looking at the bench on which Sir Robert Peel's former supporters sat, opposite, to his right, "I know that I am opposed by a Coalition (tremendous cheering). That Coalition may be successful, as coalitions have been before now". Then raising his right hand, and speaking in his loudest voice, a voice that became more melodious as it grew louder, "But Coalitions are short-lived!" he paused while his Party cheered; then, "England does not love Coalitions!" bringing his right hand down on the table in front of him. He ended this most brilliant oration with these words, uttered in a most impassioned tone, "I appeal from this Coalition to the Public Opinion which governs this Country; whose mild and irresistible influence can controul even the decrees of Parliaments; and without whose support the most august and ancient Institutions are but 'the baseless fabric of a vision'!"

The cheering that followed these words can-

not be described; it was prolonged for several minutes.

On Mr Gladstone's rising an uproar ensued such as I have never heard since. It was felt by the Tory Party that to the separation of the body of men who had changed their side of the House after Sir Robert Peel's abandonment, was owing the impending defeat.

No time had been given since the summer for passion to cool. The desperate contests which had then taken place had left a deep-seated bitterness in the hearts of many; and nothing could exceed the violence felt, and displayed. Mr Gladstone stood for several minutes unable to make himself heard. One old gentleman, seated on my right hand, seats under the Gallery at that time were in total darkness, shouted in a voice loud enough to deafen one: he actually screamed at Mr Gladstone; he had evidently had a rough time of it at his own election. I could not see his face; and have no idea who he was; but the noise that he made was so exceptional that Mr Gladstone noticed it; and, pointing with his finger, alluded to the "dark corners of this House," from which he assumed the noise entirely issued.

After prolonged tumult, he began his speech by laying hold of Disraeli's slip; quoting the latter as having said that he "regarded Sir James Graham; but did not respect him": accusing Disraeli of indecency, and impropriety, in having so spoken about his "venerable friend".

There was everything in this debate to make it in the highest degree dramatic. It was a passage of History. During the invective of Disraeli's speech, the Opposition presented a most remarkable appearance; not speaking to each other, pale in the gas-light. It reminded one of the scenes in the National Convention of the French Revolution. To complete the effect, although in Midwinter, a loud thunderstorm raged: the peals were heard and the flashes of lightning could be seen in the Chamber itself. The thought struck me at the time that this resembled the Battle of Thrasymene, when

"An earthquake reeled unheededly away".

A Division was taken; the numbers for the Government were two hundred and eighty-six; against them three hundred and five. Ten seats would have changed their fate: and the fate of Europe.

The Coalition Government that ensued could but have a disastrous result; that result was the War with Russia.

The temporary truce between the Whigs and the Peel Party, patched up with the sole view of removing the Tory Ministry, soon broke up. Men utterly different in their principles had gained their object: they were mechanically, not chemically, combined. Lord Aberdeen became Prime Minister; a well intentioned, and amiable man, who had no more idea of plunging into War than into the ocean. His personal character was well known to the Emperor Nicholas. He had, I believe, in his youth, accompanied the Emperor, then Grand Duke, over the field of dead and wounded the day after the great Battle of Leipsic; and had expressed, as any man of humanity would, the awful responsibility resting upon his head, who provokes a war.

The Emperor told Sir Hamilton Seymour, our Ambassador at his Court, that he had, when in England, conversed with three members of Sir Robert Peel's Government. Two had refused his proposals. One had approved. The two who would not consent to the partition of Turkey, "the sick man" as he called him, were the

Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel: the one who had leant towards the Emperor's views was Lord Aberdeen. That man was now Prime Minister of England. What might not the Emperor accomplish in dealing with this gentle spirit? All historians are agreed that this country "drifted into war", to repeat the term used at the time, unintentionally, and unconsciously. More than this; the Emperor of Russia knew well that he had to deal with a divided Cabinet; that in all probability one moiety of the Cabinet would oppose the other; that one section would probably befriend him; and that his time had come. His recollections of the former European War persuaded him that Britain would never coalesce with the democratic Empire of France. He believed that the prejudices of the French in relation to their first Emperor were still strong. He never pictured for a moment that British and French bayonets could be together levelled against his troops; in short an ambitious and unscrupulous man was convinced that the longed for opportunity had arrived.

We know the sad results of the Division of that night. Millions upon millions added to our public

debt, hundreds of thousands of brave men on all sides slaughtered or starved. Famine and Pestilence stalked through Europe. A War, for which this country was thoroughly unprepared, was engaged in; the scenes of misery that occurred can never be wiped out from human recollection.

So infatuated was the Government that all would end quietly, that they actually proposed and carried a vote for the return of the Foot Guards from Malta; to which place they were sent. Lord Aberdeen told a relation of mine that he might pass the winter at Rome: "There will be no war".

The Emperor Nicholas had boasted publicly that, powerful as were his armies, and skilful as were his Generals, he had two Marshals of greater importance than them all, "Marshal January and Marshal February". "These", he said emphatically, "will win my Battles! Woe to those by whom they are attacked!"

A powerful design appeared in "Punch", by Leech. The Emperor Nicholas lies dead: a gaunt skeleton has placed its icy fingers on his breast; snow surrounds him: underneath is written, "Marshal February turns traitor!"

DISRAELI THROUGHOUT his career knew the value of honourable friends: men on whom the sensible section of Society looked with respect; and with respect that was deserved. Among Disraeli's intimates was the Right Hon. Henry Baillie, for many years Member for the County of Inverness. I knew him well.

On several important occasions Disraeli consulted him.

Mr Baillie told me that the scene in the "sponging-house", in "Henrietta Temple", in which the hero is rescued by a foreign friend, Count de Mirabel, was witnessed by himself. The hero of the adventure was Disraeli; who found himself in this disagreeable predicament. The rescuer was Alfred Count d'Orsay. As all readers may not know the meaning of the term "sponging-house", I may say that it was a temporary abode, to which debtors were taken, in order that they might, if possible, arrange with their creditors; and not be consigned to an absolute prison.

Mr Baillie was Disraeli's Second in the projected duels with O'Connell, and his son.

He told me how the first acquaintance was made

between two characters of great notoriety in a generation earlier than our own, Alfred Count d'Orsay, and the wife of the last Lord Blessington. Travelling slowly to Italy, Lord and Lady Blessington stopped a night at Valence, on the Rhone. On arriving, the landlord of the hotel expressed his regret that he could not give them a separate room for their dinner. He added that if they would not object to dine in the semi-public room, their dinner could be served at once. They entered the room; and observed that a dinner for several persons was laid. The landlord explained that the meal was prepared for the officers of the Cavalry Regiment quartered in the town. Lord and Lady Blessington dined at a separate table: at the end of dinner Count d'Orsay, then a very handsome young man, an Officer in the Regiment, approached, and respectfully offered the apologies of his brother Officers for the inconvenience which they feared that they had caused to his Lordship, and her Ladyship. Count d'Orsay was commissioned to ask permission for the Officers to drink the health of the beautiful lady who had visited Valence. This was the beginning of a portentous acquaintance; the history of which it is unnecessary to

repeat. Count d'Orsay followed them to Rome. A few months later Lady Blessington's step-daughter, born of Lord Blessington's first wife, was sent for from school in England and married to Count d'Orsay. After Count d'Orsay's death in 1852, she married the Hon. Spencer Cowper, the son of Lord Cowper, step-son of Lord Palmerston, and nephew of Lord Melbourne. I knew Mr Cowper well at Rome: Lady Harriette was then dead.

Mr Spencer Cowper inherited from Mr Motteaux over twenty thousand a year, and a Country House, now the residence of the Prince of Wales, Sandringham. A very amiable, and well-informed man, full of most interesting stories of the past, he was so inveterate, and hopeless a gambler, that when I knew him, none of his wealth was left. His sole property was what had been settled upon Lady Harriette d'Orsay, on her first marriage, by her father, Lord Blessington.

Had I space I could relate many interesting anecdotes that he told me of Lord Melbourne, Lord Byron, and Lady Caroline Lamb. The following characteristic letter he received from his step-father, Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secre-

tary. It was addressed to him when a poor attaché to the Legation at Stockholm.

"MY DEAR SPENCER,

A Mr Mottukes has left you twenty-two thousand a year: I send you leave of absence: make your Will before you start". Yours,

PALMERSTON.

He told me that more than once in his life he was so devoured by ennui that he remained in bed for several days. This drove him to the gambling-table; and at last all was gone. He induced me, at Rome, to take a few shares in the Roman lottery; of which I had heard often; but had never troubled myself about it. I bought five tickets. The next day, when driving, Mr Cowper persuaded me to give him some numbers; adding that I was so lucky that he was sure to win. I told him that I could not pass on my luck: at last I consented: I gave him the number of the carriage which we were in; the number of the house in the Corso that we were passing; the number of the day of the month; and of the week. These he carefully wrote down. We saw the curious proceedings of the "Tombola" or

Drawing. A number of State Functionaries appeared on a lofty balcony in the Via Ripetta. A boy dipped his hand into the wheel, which held the lots. The very first drawn was my number. Not one of Mr Spencer Cowper's numbers came up.

AFTER LORD BLESSINGTON'S death Lady Blessington lived for some years at Gore House, on the road to Kensington, now pulled down. There she received the notorieties of the day; including Prince Louis Napoleon, Disraeli, Lytton Bulwer, Moore, Horace and James Smith, Washington Irving, N. P. Willis, in short any one who had achieved literary or political reputation. Lady Blessington, finding that she was unable to continue her hospitality, left London for Paris. After her death Count d'Orsay resided with his sister, the Duchesse de Grammont, in the Rue Ville l'Evèque. I first met him at her house. He had an exceptionally pleasant manner: perfectly unaffected. His life, when in London, was very singular. Being deeply in debt, he was unable to leave the precincts of Gore House, for fear of arrest. To this the first day of the week was

an exception. From Monday morning till Saturday night he could not go out; but contrived to take exercise by riding round and round the small garden which existed at the back of Gore House. At length, by means of disguise, a sheriff's officer obtained an entrance. One writ served would have been followed by numberless others: Count d'Orsay set out next morning for Paris. The creditors of Lady Blessington became importunate. Several friends offered to relieve her from pressing necessities; but she declined the relief: she appears to have been more or less tired of the precarious splendour by which she had been for some years surrounded. Her carriage used to appear daily in the Park: having heard from my mother how exquisitely lovely Lady Blessington had been, I could not see any remains of beauty in her face. She wore a broad bandage of lace, I can use no other term, under her chin; as represented in a bad print by R. J. Lane, A.R.A., from a bust of her by Count d'Orsay. Her carriage was drawn by two beautiful bay horses, carefully chosen by Count d'Orsay; but the general effect seemed too much "made up" to be in good taste. A green hammer-cloth with broad white border on the

seat of the coachman; the latter wearing what Thackeray calls "a silver wig." The general effect was, I should say, slightly vulgar: the vulgarity being redeemed by the real beauty of the horses. Lady Blessington used to sit forward in her coach so that every one passing could see her at the window. A sale took place of Lady Blessington's property at Gore House in 1849. I visited the house a day or two before the sale. A great crowd, of the usual character, filled it. Of all sad sights, from an æsthetic point of view, a house treated in this way is the saddest: from the reckless, and ruthless, manner in which beautiful objects have been treated; displaced, and disregarded; no article can look itself under such circumstances.

Nearly twelve thousand pounds were obtained at the sale. The item which struck me most was the Coronation robe and coronet of Lord Blessington, hanging on a peg behind a bed-room door. In an account of the sale written by Lady Blessington's servant to her he states that no less than twenty thousand persons had visited the house. He concludes with this pathetic passage: "M. Thackeray est venu aussi: il avait les larmes aux yeux en

partant. C'est peut-être la seule personne que j'ai vu réellement affecté en votre depart."

I HAVE HEARD on good authority that in his own house Lord Derby, by this term I invariably mean the Prime Minister, was by no means so courteous as a host is bound in honour to be. Lord Derby would single out one of his guests, not always a man; and would lose no opportunity of making him or her absurd: nor ever spare them when he could make a joke. Neither relationship nor sex was regarded. With the pleasantest of smiles, Lord Derby's face in repose was sinister. He could on occasion be playful without wounding. An elderly lady, the daughter of a Duke, had been for many years married to a Commoner: Lord Derby advised the raising of this excellent gentleman to a Peerage: thus the lady to her annoyance lost precedence: a Baroness being of a lower rank than the daughter of a Duke. A few months later, the lady and her husband were staying at Knowsley: Lord Derby took her down to dinner: as they descended the stairs Lady —— said, "Oh! Lord Derby, I hesitated to give you my arm: I have not seen you since you dis-

honoured me." Lord Derby instantly replied, "Hush! don't say a word about it! and no one will find us out!"

THROUGHOUT HIS CAREER Disraeli seems to have had one fixed idea: that he was to be the mysterious wire-puller; the voice behind the Throne; unseen, but suspected. That he should rise to be the absolute monarch, which he was at last, does not seem to have been anticipated by him. His patience was great: and the supreme dignity of Prime Minister at last seemed to come to him unasked. Lord Derby's illness, and consequent incapacity, forced it upon him. The enormous majority which followed him at his second Premiership he could hardly have dreamed of.

SO DRAMATIC was Disraeli's first appearance in the House of Commons, that it attracted necessarily much attention: by this, no doubt, he was pleased. An exaggerated idea got abroad as to his reception. Those who are familiar with the House, and its ways, can perfectly understand what occurred. The scene has often been related, and I have no wish to repeat the description. I allude

to it only for the purpose of pointing out to those who have never entered the House of Commons what took place. There had been much recrimination in relation to Disraeli's first attempt to be elected; the affairs of Hume, O'Connell, etc., were not forgotten. Disraeli's appearance was grotesque: even in those days of somewhat outré dress, it must have been surprising. His curly hair carefully arranged: his sallow face: his rings, chains, etc., must have made him a singular being in the eyes of an Assembly that has always been remarkable for the unstudied dress of its Members.

Notwithstanding the exaggerated style of his first speech the House generally did not receive him badly. Opposite to him were his deadly enemies, the followers of O'Connell; watching, like hungry hounds, the opportunity to fall upon their prey. Disraeli knew this: and was conscious that the slightest slip might be fatal to him. Many a man would have been unnerved: Disraeli, however, bravely proceeded. Reading his speech now, in cold blood, it does not seem a bad one. Considerable apparent effrontery, the not unfrequent result of being ill at ease; the reference to the

"Keys of St Peter"; and, no doubt, the manner, and assumed excitement of the speaker, while it tended to awaken the attention of the House, made Disraeli's course very precarious. From the eastern, and more appreciative portion of the House, he was cheered: and from curiosity, from interest, and good nature, the leading men of both sides approved; and applauded. His voice was, however, finally drowned by the Irish Members; who had but one object; to destroy him. He then uttered the well-known words, which have, however, frequently been mis-quoted. They were these, "I should have been glad to hear a cheer even from an opponent": renewed uproar: "I have tried several things in my life; and in the end I have usually succeeded: you will not listen to me now; the time will come when you will hear me". He sat down: very prudently, spoke some days later, on a common-place topic, Copyright: and gradually, and deliberately, by carefully avoiding to utter anything that was not good sense, gained the just and priceless appreciation of the British House of Commons.

I HAVE QUOTED the report of the end of

Disraeli's first speech. Disraeli's last words on that memorable night were these; not observed amid the clamour; "When I rise in this Assembly hereafter a dropped pin shall be heard!" This he told himself to the late Duke and Duchess of Richmond on the same evening. I have it from one who heard it from the Duchess.

THE THIRD LORD ST. GERMANS told me that it was he who introduced Disraeli to Sir Robert Peel. Knowing Disraeli's great ability he invited him to meet Sir Robert at breakfast. Sir Robert Peel was not at any time the most approachable of men: to borrow an expression, you could not "go up to him in the stable" with certainty. On this occasion, according to Lord St Germans, Disraeli, probably from nervousness, did not recommend himself to Sir Robert. He asked him to lend him some papers, to illustrate a work which he was writing. From his appearance, or manner, Sir Robert Peel seemed to take an intuitive dislike to him. He "buried his chin in his neck-cloth", to use Lord St Germans's expression; and did not speak a word to Disraeli during the remainder of the meal.

IN JUNE, 1834, Disraeli says, "Gore House is the focus of the Durham party. I dined yesterday with Lady Blessington; and Durham was among the guests. He talked to me nearly the whole evening: thus I have had three interviews of late with three remarkable men, who fill the public ear at present, O'Connell, Beckford, and Lord Durham". He adds, "D'Orsay has taken my portrait". The portrait in question could never have been really like him. Count d'Orsay, with all his great ability, was not a good portrait maker. I recommended the Manager of "White's" to obtain a set of Count d'Orsay's portraits: they remind one of the originals.

DISRAELI SPEAKS OF Sir Robert Peel having been defended at the time of his change "by all the pompous mediocrity of a Chairman of Quarter Sessions". The term "sublime of common-place", applied to Sir R. Peel, is Disraeli's; the expression "sublime of mediocrity", which he also uses, is Byron's.

IN MANY OF DISRAELI'S novels there appears a fondness for the Church of Rome. I conceive

this regard to be purely æsthetic. Disraeli loved an ancient organisation: and idealised its completeness. He had towards this branch of the Christian Church the same feeling that he had towards the aristocratic system of Britain. He admired it as an elaborate machine; which had endured through ages of failure and success.

I HAVE BEEN frequently asked if I could form any idea of what Disraeli's religious convictions were. I have always answered, and I say now, that I never heard him give the slightest hint, by which any idea could be formed on this subject. I asked the late Lord B., who knew Disraeli well, and for whom he had an enthusiastic admiration, whether he had ever been able to form an idea as to this subject. Lord B. was exceptionally fond of talking on the deeper phases of religious faith; and I have no doubt whatever wished extremely to obtain Disraeli's opinions. Lord B. told me that he had never heard the faintest expression of opinion, in relation to this awful subject, from Disraeli.

THE PROFESSED CREED of Disraeli was that

of a "complete Jew," that is to say, he believed in "Him that had come"; and "did not look for another". To use his own words, he "believed in Calvary, as well as in Sinai".

MR. GEORGE TOMLINE, whom I knew intimately, told me that when he was Disraeli's colleague for Shrewsbury, he remembered his using the trite simile, "What are we after all? What are the best of us? Mites crawling about a cheese!" This was his feeling, when a young man; a sentiment that does not usually diminish as a deeper perception of the emptiness of life and its pursuits comes on.

IT SURPRISED me extremely that any man could speak, in private life, with the point he did. It has been objected to the characters in the "School for Scandal" that no set of persons could ever, at any time, have talked with the wit, and epigrammatic terseness, which characterises that most brilliant play. I found Disraeli's conversation equally pointed; equally brilliant. He may have reserved his best sayings for those whom he knew could appreciate them.

IN A CONVERSATION with Disraeli in his blue chamber in the early Spring of 1853, he said to me, "What should you think of an alliance with Cobden and Bright?" I replied, "It would not do at all." "Why not?" "In the first place, the Party would never agree to it: and in the next, Bright and Cobden will never again be the men they have been". The conversation took place immediately after the Repeal of the Corn Laws. Disraeli seemed very much surprised: and added, "Is that your deliberate opinion?" I told him that it was: he asked my reasons. I said that Cobden and Bright had achieved the one great act of their lives; in obtaining the abolition of the duty on imported corn and raw material: that they would always be conspicuous men; and that they would always have a certain influence in the House of Commons, because they had influence out of doors, and had been so far successful: but that anything approaching to an alliance with them would not only not be beneficial; but would be fatal.

Disraeli used one expression that startled me. He said, "You must be prepared for great organic changes." As I left his house, and walked down Grosvenor Street, I formed a decided opinion that

there was no organic change that Disraeli was not capable of favouring. I did not of course repeat his words to anyone; but they remained in my mind. About three weeks afterwards, I was walking with Mrs Disraeli at a Charity Bazaar held in the riding-school of the Knightsbridge Barracks. After giving broad hints that Disraeli intended making me a "Whip," she said, "How do you think an alliance with Bright would do?" I answered, "Did you ever hear a very ancient story of the man, who, when the ship was sinking, tied himself to the anchor?" She had not: I simply pointed the moral. No doubt the position of the Tory Party in a minority was most galling to Disraeli: I suspect that there were few steps that he would not have taken to change that minority into a majority.

He was, it is fair to say, at all times ready to give up his personal position; and to give way to a leader from his enemies: Lord F. told me that he twice conveyed a message from Disraeli to Sir James Graham, offering him the leadership of the Tory Party.

THE CHARACTERS OF COBDEN, AND

BRIGHT, were nearly so different as those of Don Quixote, and Sancho Panza. I believed in Cobden: I utterly disbelieved in Bright. Cobden was a well-intentioned man, with a conviction of the truth of his ideas on the particular subjects in which he worked; he was, so far as a man can be, devoid of personal ambition, and vanity; he felt, as he frequently said, acutely the disadvantages arising from a want of breadth of mind; for he was narrow-minded; in accomplishing what he did, he thoroughly believed that he was benefiting his countrymen. I liked his style of speaking: there was no apparent pretension: very quiet, very distinct; the words uttered slowly, and most carefully: he paid his audience the compliment of convincing them that whatever he uttered in the House of Commons was the result of long, deep, and minute thought: he was a born logician. Like all masters of that great art, he scorned to be base: a man who will, knowingly, use false arguments is quite capable of stealing, if he thought he would not be detected. I never heard Cobden sophisticate: though I not unfrequently disagreed with his views, I do not believe that he would have intentionally

argued falsely: this is saying much for a man who was very much in earnest in his cause. Nothing could be more delicate than his manner of conducting an argument. He convinced you that he believed what he was saying: without which few arguments really avail. His style was this; I am not of course quoting words that he ever uttered, "I look round me, and I see three or four hundred Members of the House of Commons, all of whom have the belief that at this moment they are wearing black coats. Now I know the disadvantage under which I labour: I have not been half so well educated as most of you: but if you will listen to me for a few minutes I shall endeavour, so far as my humble capacity goes, to convert you to my own belief that your coats are not black." He would then use the most deep and subtle arguments: and at the end of a quarter of an hour, if you had reasoning power in your mind, you would begin to doubt whether he was not right. I have never heard a more finished reasoner: his premises were not unfrequently wrong.

A GREATER CONTRAST could hardly have

been seen to him than Bright. Bright was believed by some to be honest, because he was fat and rude. A plain-spoken man, that is to say one who has that name, is in nine cases out of ten, utterly insincere: his roughness is a brutal attempt to cover his deceit. There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that Bright was, as Cobden was, a power in the House of Commons: he was nothing of the sort; I speak of course of his best days: once in Office, he sank into obscurity. Sitting, as he did, on the flank of the Whig Government, and frequently attacking them, it was not the game of the Tory Party to disconcert him. We, of course, enjoyed the sarcasms with which he pelted his friends above the gangway: and on no occasion was an attack made upon him personally from the front bench on the Tory side.

One of the things, to which I looked forward with hope, was a distinct attack on Bright by Disraeli. Occasionally sarcasms of a very disagreeable sort passed between them, but a hand-to-hand engagement never took place. Bright's style in the House of Commons was that of a man who tells his audience that they are all fools, and most of them rogues; whereas he is about to express the

views of the only sensible, and honest man in the place. Speaking very slowly, and very distinctly, a carefully prepared speech, with one or two bright points, but very little effective argument. The sophisms, and false arguments, with which Bright indulged the inhabitants of populous cities, were not used in the House of Commons. He knew well that there they would be detected and exposed. Whatever power Bright had in Parliament was due to the influence which he had obtained out of doors by addressing an audience that could not detect, nor refute, his sophistry. He never lost an opportunity of pouring his venom, nine-tenths of which was utterly unmerited, upon what he was pleased to call the "upper classes".

On one occasion Disraeli fired a shot at him which caused us keen delight. Bright had been away from the House for upwards of two years. On coming back he looked particularly neat, and smart, as a man does who has not had on his best clothes for some time: his hair was very carefully brushed. On that evening a debate took place on the genial subject of turnpikes: a Baronet from the west of England, a County Member, gave us his views at some length. Turnpikes, I suspect, were a subject in

which Disraeli was not deeply versed. Anticipating this, Bright rose: and in a most offensive manner recommended Disraeli to listen to the sage counsel of the Baronet who had just sat down. Disraeli followed: alluded to the arguments of the Baronet, and then said, "I now come to the Member for Birmingham." Bright immediately "pavonered" himself, threw his shoulders back; and obviously anticipated that Disraeli would say in the conventional manner, "Whom we are *all* glad to see back again". Disraeli had no intention of the sort. He placed his glass in his right eye: looked at Bright: and calmly said, in a tone of depreciation which cannot be described, "Of whom we have not seen much of late". Bright turned livid: I never saw a human countenance express passion so deeply. We of course laughed. Disraeli then quietly added, "The Hon. Gentleman has indulged us once more this evening with that self-complacent catalogue of his own achievements with which in former years the House was familiar. I fail to find anything novel in his remarks, and I pass on at once to the Member for ——". For Comedy I never saw anything finer. One rudeness of which Bright was constantly guilty was this; when

Disraeli in the course of a great speech was approaching a point of exceptional brilliance Bright would rise from his place, and walk slowly out of the House: immediately returning behind the Speaker's chair; I have known him do this over and over again, for the sole purpose of insulting Disraeli.

Of all men that I have ever seen in public life the man most full of splenetic bitterness and vanity was John Bright. The following scene occurred at the first meeting of the new Parliament on the 2nd of February 1866. The subject of debate was the choice of a Speaker; when Mr Denison was elected. It may be necessary to point out that anyone attending the Speaker's dinners was obliged to wear uniform, or full dress. It had been anticipated that Bright meditated an attack upon the Government: when he rose the most breathless silence prevailed. Mr Gladstone's face, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, was a picture of dismay.

On going home I wrote the following:

"BRIGHT'S BREECHES".

"Mr Bright, after a slight clearing of the throat,

and with increased colour, amid the silence of the House, and to the visible dread of the Government, proceeded through a laboured exordium, to invoke the name of Cobden, whose Quixotic self-denial of Speaker's dinners for twenty-four years was eulogized with great fervour, and some bathos, by his elderly Sancho Panza:

"Sir! Mr Speaker, if I pause,
It is, Sir, in my Country's cause:
If I should deepen, Sir, my voice,
'Tis not to deprecate the choice
This House has in its wisdom made:
'Tis not to make a vain parade
Of idle, heart-consuming, grief
For him whose bright career was brief:
'Tis not to pour the ready tear
For him who is no longer here:
'Tis not to stir the lowering storm
Of 'bit-by-bit,' 'piece-meal,' Reform.
To sweep to Cobden's fame the chords;
Nor to abuse the House of Lords:
No, Sir, nor yet to prop the Throne,
When by my axe its legs are gone:
A nobler theme my voice will sound:

A nobler theme these walls rebound:
I'm a plain man, no gauds, nor riches:
I speak, Sir, of a *pair of breeches.*
You, Sir, afford to bond and free,
A liberal Hospitality:
For which you're liberally paid:
Still, I have ne'er that vote gainsaid:
The starving millions of the land
Submit to this at my command:
Nor, in good faith, can I conceal
I rather like a dainty meal:
One thing alone my conscience twitches;
That thing, Sir, is a *pair of breeches.*
Sir, '*The Society of Friends*'
To great pugnacity pretends.
No longer are we men of Peace;
Of lambs we've nothing but the fleece:
All milk of human kindness lacking,
I'm happy only when attacking:
Still, Sir, we stick to drab and black:
And, though the single-breasted sack
Prevails among the 'upper classes,'
Who batten on the toiling masses,
We wear out court-coats every day,
Long, collarless, and cut away:

But Breeches are against our laws.
Sir, I would hope to plead the cause
Of Conscience: my lamented friend,
Long laboured to produce this end:
Like shoe-stringed Roland, ne'er forgot,
He was in heart a '*sans culotte.*'
For thirty years he strove in vain—(Cries of
'*Question*'!)
'Tis, not of you, Sir, I complain;
But if that name be honoured still;
That gentle mind; that vigorous will;
Oh! let from us our shame be torn:
And Breeches be no longer worn.

"Mr Bright resumed his seat; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose perturbation was painful at the beginning of his Hon. Friend's speech; rose smiling: and referred the important question of *Breeches or no Breeches* to the Good Sense, Judgment, Experience, Impartiality, and Aristocratic Demeanour of the Speaker.

"A little known essay of Milton, '*de breechibus non portandis*,' containing an Epigram by the venerable Poet on a pair of breeches worn by Nell Gwyn, was observed under Mr Bright's

arm as he left the House *before* Mr Gladstone's reply".

Lord John Manners gave an admirable reply to Bright. Bright had quoted some boyish lines from a Poem of Lord John: the latter replied, "I would far sooner be the foolish young man who wrote the lines; than the malignant old man who quoted them".

LORD AMPTHILL, British Ambassador at Berlin, whom I saw in London not long after the Berlin Congress, assured me that everyone of the distinguished men who met there had formed, and expressed to him, the highest opinion of Disraeli's powers. In addition to their admiration of his intellect, they were much struck by the calmness of thought, and the indications of depth of mind, which he showed. The Imperial Ambassador from the Sultan remarked particularly the exceptional dignity of his demeanour: his decision of character came out in its strongest light during the Conference. Sometime after the Conference, a man of high rank paying a visit to Prince Bismarck, the latter pointed to the wall on which there were but three pictures suspended. He said, "One is

a portrait of my Wife: one of the Emperor, my Sovereign; the third of Lord Beaconsfield". Lord Ampthill told me a characteristic remark of Disraeli's: it was not told to me in confidence; but I do not feel justified in naming the person alluded to. Disraeli said, "I was sincerely sorry to have a difference of opinion with your friend ——: He has one idea; it is that, under every circumstance of political life, the wise course is to do nothing. In the abstract I agree with him: but I vainly endeavoured to persuade him that, however admirable the theory, it is not applicable to modern politics".

When I saw Lord Ampthill at Berlin, then Lord Odo Russell, on entering the room, I said, "Well! here you are: where you deserve to be". He replied in the words used by King Victor Emmanuel when he met Garibaldi after the creation of the Kingdom of Italy, "Grazie a voi!" I had known Lord Odo Russell at Rome. I had received courtesy from him; and liked him. Shortly afterwards he was appointed to the office of permanent Non-Parliamentary Secretary to the Foreign Office. A few weeks later, happening to pass up St James's Street, I met him at the corner

of Jermyn Street: I congratulated him on his appointment: and I added, "If I may presume to offer advice to such an able Diplomat, it is this, 'Don't give up your present office, except for an Embassy'". He opened his eyes very wide; and after a pause said, with the peculiar half-foreign accent which he had, "There is a class of persons who are proverbially forbidden to be choosers". I replied, "I do not consider that you belong to that class". He said, "Hélas! yes". I said, "You did very well at Rome: and you are Lord Russell's nephew: don't go under an Embassy". He walked slowly down the street: I turned round, and observed that he was looking at the pavement, thinking. I did not see him again until he was Ambassador at Berlin; a Grand Cross of the Bath, etc. He told me in the conversation which we had there, that when he met me he had made up his mind to take the smallest thing offered: that he was very poor: and that he had no choice. He added, "Had it not been for you, and your advice, my bones would have whitened before now at Buenos Ayres, or Montevideo".

On the day on which it was announced that he

had been created Lord Ampthill, I wrote to him from the House of Commons that there was a difficulty in pronouncing his name: and that I strongly recommended him to tell his brother Ambassadors that the reason for which the Queen had selected this particular title was, that he had never permitted himself to be sat upon. He informed me that he had conveyed the information as from me to no less a person than His Imperial Majesty, the Kaiser, who sent me his compliments on the "mot". During the never-ending "Question Romaine" he had stood the attacks of almost every European newspaper most bravely: indeed I never saw a man more qualified to hold the difficult post which he held at Rome: I thought it my duty to state this at the time in the House of Commons. This, coming from one opposed to his party in politics, he told me afterwards he felt deeply. His death was a great loss to the Diplomatic Service. He had suavity, and firmness, and richly deserved the honours which he obtained.

I ASKED DISRAELI if he did not occasionally find, when he sat down after a speech, that he

had omitted some good thing, which he had intended to say. He replied, "I never sit down without doing so: but if I once used notes, I should lean upon them: and that would never do".

THE ONLY TIME in which I ever saw the cloud of sadness removed from his face was after the first critical division on his Reform Bill of 1867. I was not a Member of the House of Commons at the time: I waited at the Carlton Club until past one o'clock A.M. to hear the result. He came into the coffee-room where some M.P.'s were assembled, endeavouring to procure a few eggs, or ill-cooked grilled bones, the starvation fare afforded to the Rulers of the Country on such occasions. He walked from the door of the Coffee-room to the central desk, on which lights stand; his face radiant. He said, "This is the greatest night since '41!"

NO ONE NEED be told how the most important events turn upon small things: and, even small men. At the time, in 1866, when the "Cave of Adullam," a name wittily given to it by Bright, was formed, matters proceeded much further than is generally

known. A section of the Whig Party were not prepared to support the democratic measure proposed. It was generally believed that an outside support would be given: the fact was, that those taking a principal part in the movement would have joined Lord Derby as Cabinet Ministers. The three most conspicuous persons at the time were the Duke of Westminster, Lord Lansdowne, and Robert Lowe. The Duke of Westminster supplied high rank, and vast wealth; Mr Lowe intellect; and Lord Lansdowne ancient Whig traditions. The latter had held office himself; and his father had been, through many generations, the arch-type of the old Whig Party; a sort of political referee: who had held office, in his early days, under the great Whig leader, Charles Fox. In St James's Street, I met a Member of the House of Commons. He said to me, "Lord Lansdowne died last night". My remark was, "All is over! it is no use struggling against fate!" Not of brilliant ability, nor of conspicuous success, Lord Lansdowne was precisely in the position that the Tories required in an ally, for the reasons which I have given. With his death the whole fabric fell to pieces at once. The circumstances of

Lord Lansdowne's death, at this particular crisis, were dramatic. He was playing at Whist, in the drawing-room at "White's". Colonel Edward Taylor, the Manager of the Conservative Party, was sitting near; being, I assume, in constant attendance, in consideration of the approaching alliance. Lord Lansdowne dropped his cards on the table: they were picked up by Colonel Taylor, and given to him. He played for a minute or two longer: dropped them again: said, "I feel very ill: will some one fetch me a cab?" A four-wheeled cab was obtained: he was placed in it, accompanied by Colonel Taylor, or some other friend; and died, either in the cab, or immediately on his arrival at Lansdowne House.

IN 1847 150 invitations to a Ball at Buckingham Palace were addressed to dead persons: Mrs Clive, author of "Paul Ferroll," in a Poem of great power but poor verse, suggests what would have been the results, had the 150 guests appeared at the Ball: the dead lover: the mother: the wife; finding themselves forgotten.

Lord John Russell, when Prime Minister, did not think it unconstitutional to send to the Lord

Chamberlain's Office for seventy blank cards for Her Majesty's Ball: and to fill them up in his own handwriting.

DISRAELI WAS FOND of alliteration, which has more power than is generally supposed. When he wrote to Lord Grey de Wilton, at a Bath Election, he said that the Whigs had "Meddled and Muddled". The phrase ran through England. I always held that the term "Kilmainham Treaty" was a mistake: "Kilmainham Compact" would have been far better.

A CHARACTERISTIC of Lord Palmerston, showing a decided want of breeding, was his habitually keeping his hosts and their other guests waiting for dinner: It was not the case of a few minutes: he would cause an hour's delay; an act of extreme rudeness. I well remember dining at the corner of Park Lane, not in the middle of the season, when there might be the excuse of occupation, but on the 15th of September, probably the "emptiest" day in the year in London. It was past nine o'clock before Lord and Lady Palmerston arrived: it was their constant practice.

AS REGARDS THE House of Commons, I may say a word to those who have an ambition to excel there. I should advise an aspirant, if he can, to act upon the following suggestions; Never, under any circumstances, to speak on a subject with which he is not thoroughly acquainted. To be content to see the points, which he has carefully prepared, taken, one after another, by previous speakers; and should they all be exhausted, to sit still. Not to attempt to learn a speech by heart, but, on a great occasion, when he wishes to earn distinction, to write out what he intends to say, each day for five consecutive days; in each case destroying, and not copying, nor learning by heart, the previous draught. On rising, to pause, if he can, for ten seconds: he will find this a very long time: to begin in rather a low voice; and very slowly; not an easy task. Not to look at any one: should he do so, an imaginary change of countenance may check the current of his ideas completely. He will fancy ridicule and contempt in the face of one who is, very possibly, not listening to him: for in the House of Commons you may hear for an hour without listening. To give the House the impression that his rising is

nothing extraordinary: that it is a matter of course. Not to attempt to address the House when it is impatient; just before a Division, etc. Not to be bullied by the "Whips" into shortening his speech because they want to get into Committee: and, if he can persuade himself to do it, to sit down immediately on making a good point. To have fifty good words prepared, with which he can finish up at any time. Not, if it can be avoided, to speak soon after a meal; to eat plain food, and not too much, at two or three o'clock P.M., if he intends to address the House that evening. Never to be tempted, under any circumstances, to stimulate his intellect, nor to nerve himself, by wine nor spirits. To acquire fluency, it is good practice to take up a French book, or newspaper, and read it out in English. If it be natural to you to gesticulate, it is wise to do so: I do not think that the gestures which are taught do a man any good. A pointed quotation enhances a speech: search Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel": "Hudibras": Canning's "New Morality": and Young's "Night Thoughts". Finally, make the Rules of the House your constant study.

IN REPLYING ON the motion of Dr Kenealy in relation to the claimant to the Tichborne Baronetcy, nothing could show better Taste or Tact than Disraeli's Speech.

The dedication of Dr Kenealy's Dramatic Poem, "A NEW PANTOMIME", in which there is much Thought, is remarkable.

"TO THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI, M.P."

"To you the first, and kindest, of Critics of this Poem in a fragmentary form, I now dedicate it in its complete development. I beg you will accept it as a token, however slight, of the deep, sincere, and affectionate admiration in which I hold you. Although I dare not hope that it is in all things worthy of the applause of the finest intellect in Europe, and, as Spencer Walpole recently said, 'of the most splendid Genius that ever the House of Commons produced'; nevertheless it is no slight gratification to me to be permitted to inscribe this work to the most illustrious living Orator, and Statesman: and to one who as a Writer ranks with the highest on the roll of Fame. For these rare qualities the world admires you: but, for my own part, I value more that noble Candour and

majestic Integrity of Soul which win from all who approach you Love and Attachment. As I cast my eyes on Gainsborough's superb portrait of Pitt, which now hangs before me, I rètrace in my mind the wonderful similarity in your mental elements: but Pitt, though superlatively great, could not have written 'Vivian Grey' or 'Sybil.' That you are now misunderstood by many is but the fate of all who achieve: but History will do justice to one of the truest, brightest, and most disinterested public characters that ever illuminated our Country's Annals.

E. V. K."

This was written in 1863.

THE SPEAKER is obliged, whenever his attention is called to the fact, or alleged fact, that forty Members are not present, to count the House, after waiting for two minutes.

On one occasion, the Member for the North Riding of Yorkshire, W. Morritt of Rokeby, was addressing the House on the subject of the Agricultural Interest. The House was obviously very thin: he said, "I am very sorry that I have not a larger audience. I am sorry that, when I go back to the North Riding, I shall have to tell the

farmers of Yorkshire that when I addressed the House of Commons on a subject interesting to them, there were only, let me see! how many Members present": he then began to count. The Speaker rising immediately, said, "Order! Order! My attention has been called to the number of Members present in the House." After two minutes he proceeded to count. The House adjourned: and Morritt, being a man of most exceptional sharpness, found that he had done what I believe had not been done before in the history of the House of Commons, "counted himself out."

THREE ADMIRABLE descriptions of a contested Election are given by Warren, Lytton, and Dickens. Dickens gives the most amusing: Lytton the most graphic: Warren the most technically correct.

THE SPELLING of "Sybil" has been commented on as unusual; "Teste David cum Sibyllâ". It will be found to be spelt "Sybil" by Disraeli the elder.

AT THE PRIVATE SCHOOL at Enfield, at which Disraeli got his early education, the wife of his schoolmaster spoke of him as "Is he

really". He was perpetually making political parties among the boys.

I FEEL great surprise at the manner in which Disraeli left the House of Commons. Fond as he was of the dramatic, he might have produced a startling effect had he uttered some of those terse, and vigorous sentences of which he was capable, at such a crisis in his life. He gave no intimation whatever of what he was about to do; indeed, it was the only evening on which I remember seeing him really asleep in the House. The announcement was made the next morning in "The Times"; and took every one by surprise. He may not have been well on that evening: otherwise it is extraordinary that he did not declaim his own Epitaph: and utter words which would have lived so long as the English language.

THE GREAT ANTIPATHY which existed between Lowe and Disraeli, I have never heard accounted for. Disraeli accused Lowe of "hating everything, and everybody": but he did not give the reasons why he particularly hated Disraeli. The following lines suggested themselves to an M.P.

BOB TO BEN: (*across the House*).

"By all means, if you wish it, we'll take and we'll give:
To your candid remark I've a candid reply:
My hair will be white, so long as I live;
While yours will be black, so long as you dye".

W. F.

NAPOLEON I. said, "The Rhine rises in Verona". We may say that the Euphrates rises in Cyprus: it is well for us to possess the source.

THE SPECIAL OBJECT, in my early days, of Disraeli's derision was Joseph Hume; the "unco guid" Member for Montrose: Either the recollections of Wycombe, or the affected solemnity of Hume, roused Disraeli's spleen: he was never tired of gibing at him, whom he invariably called his "Hon. Friend". Cobden having read a very abusive letter, we called out "Name! name!" Cobden would not give the name of the writer: but handed the letter to Hume, who was sitting immediately below him. Hume at once nodded his head in a portentous manner of approval; and Cobden continued, "My Hon.

Friend below me will guarantee the respectability of the writer". Disraeli, who followed, said, "My Hon. Friend, the Member for Montrose, with that frankness which characterises him, guarantees the respectability of a writer, whom two minutes before he had never heard of". At another time, Disraeli said of Hume, "My Hon. Friend, the Member for Montrose, has spoken this evening with that perspicuity of expression, and that accuracy of detail, which he always shows: particularly on subjects as to which he is profoundly ignorant".

The great moment, however, of Hume's life, from a House of Commons point of view, was when, replying to the frequent taunts of Members opposite, and particularly to one member who constantly tormented him, he said, in broad Scotch, "You are perpetually worrying me about my imputations, and allegations; I have long known you: it is time that I should tell you, to your face, that you are yourself the greatest allegator in the House".

AT A DINNER PARTY Disraeli, then Premier, was seated next to a lady of very high rank. The lady, a true patriot, was urging vehemently that the Government should adopt a strong

line of conduct as regards the Eastern question. She turned to Disraeli and said, "I cannot imagine what you are waiting for!" He calmly replied, "At this moment, Madam, for the potatoes".

ON HIS DEATH-BED Sir Robert Peel sent for Sir James Graham: the dying Minister stretched out his hand; and, on Sir James taking it, said, "Graham, I am glad that the last speech I have made was for Peace".

BERNAL OSBORNE, who belonged to the same ancient race as Disraeli, was impudent enough to say to him, "I saw you walking in the Park with Mrs Disraeli: tell me, what feeling can you have towards that old lady?" Disraeli looked at him calmly; and replied, "A feeling to your nature perfectly unknown: Gratitude!" An answer worthy of Athens in the days of Pericles.

ON THE DAY on which the news came of the fall of the French Empire, consequent upon Sedan, I met Disraeli's colleague, Mr Caledon Duprè, in Piccadilly. He said to me, "Did you meet Disraly?" so he always pronounced his name. "No". "He must have turned up Park Lane.

What do you think he said about the news?" "I have no idea". He said, "Here's a smash! Overend and Gurney was nothing to it!"

I CONFESS to great surprise that, during the nine years since his death, none of those who lived in daily intimacy with Disraeli have produced any of the brilliant things which he must have said during the many years of their acquaintance. Nothing of the kind has appeared: and nothing has been, nor is, projected. The confidential communications between the Sovereign and the Prime Minister, and between the Prime Minister and his colleagues, are of course sacred; not only for one or two generations, but for ever.

DISRAELI'S WILL is a model of thoughtful care as regards the prevention of any publication that might be a breach of confidence. This contingency is elaborately prevented.

He makes no suggestion in his will of a biographer. No hint whatever is given as to Lord Rowton: he has the sole custody of Disraeli's papers: nothing more. No one has seen these: and he intends nothing.

I DO NOT BELIEVE for a moment that Disraeli would, for his own Ambition, have ever contemplated the possibility of bringing on a War; but I think that, had there been a European War, he would have felt that in conducting it he was in his true element. At one time it seemed to be near: I have given the opinion of Delane, a very shrewd judge of things and men, and thoroughly opposed to Disraeli in politics, as regards the latter's capabilities in this respect. Disraeli would have been "the Castlereagh of our day". Had a war broken out, I have little doubt that he would have made the greatness of Britain respected.

EXCEPT FOR THE purpose of the moment, no one more heartily despised popularity than Disraeli. He calls it "the Echo of Folly: and the Shadow of Renown".

I WAS PRESENT at the dinner given to Disraeli at the Duke of Wellington's riding-school, after his return from Berlin: not that I considered that there was much to throw up our hats about: but the

appearance of a difference in the Tory Party was not desirable. Disraeli was not brilliant; although his speech, when read, produced a great effect. It would have been more dignified, and as a matter of rhetoric better, if he had not pronounced the well-known passage on Mr Gladstone. Nothing in his career was nobler than his stoical indifference to Sarcasm, Slander, and every form of Misrepresentation, and Calumny.

ONE OF THE incidents of Disraeli's early career that brought him considerable, and not undesired, notoriety is a case known among lawyers as "Austin's Case". The Queen proceeded against Disraeli, according to the due forms of law, for having libelled an eminent member of the legal profession. The circumstances were briefly these. Mr Wyndham Lewis and Disraeli, were returned at the General Election of 1837, for Maidstone. In 1838, Mr Wyndham Lewis died: his vacancy was filled up by the election of Mr Fector Laurie: Mr Laurie was petitioned against; and Austin, Q.C., was the leading counsel against the sitting Member. In the course of his remarks he was reported to have said that irregular influence had

been brought to bear upon the electors at the Election of the previous year; that is, when Mr Wyndham Lewis and Disraeli were returned. Disraeli, a Member of the House, was not present in the Committee-Room: but he read in a newspaper that in the course of his speech Austin had reflected personally upon him: implying, if not saying, that at his Election Disraeli had not only promised money to the voters, but after his promise he had paid them nothing: a statement of the most damaging character. Disraeli was known at that time to be poor; and nothing could be more injurious to a man beginning a political career than even an innuendo against the certainty of his promises being kept: to say nothing of the implication of having acted corruptly. Disraeli went immediately to Lord Ernest Bruce, afterwards Marquess of Ailesbury, a Member of the Committee which tried the Petition. Lord Ernest Bruce was, during his whole life, more or less deaf: latterly almost absolutely deaf: he also was not altogether unimbued with the spirit of mischief. I have no doubt whatever, that when Disraeli asked him the question as to what had passed, partly from not hearing, and partly perhaps from

the motive named, he told him that Austin, Q.C., had distinctly reflected upon his personal conduct. Upon this Disraeli wrote the following letter: which certainly confirms his statement, made many years afterwards, that he "admired invective."

MAIDSTONE ELECTION COMMITTEE.

"*To the Editor of the Morning Post.*

"SIR: In opening the case of the petitioners against the return of Mr Fector Laurie for Maidstone on Friday last, Mr Austin stated that Mr D'Israeli at the general election had entered into engagements with the electors of Maidstone: and made pecuniary promises to them which he had left unfulfilled.

"I should instantly have noticed this assertion of the learned gentleman; had not a friend, to whose opinion I was bound to defer, assured me that Mr Austin, by the custom of his profession, was authorised to make any statement from his brief which he was prepared to substantiate, or to attempt to substantiate.

"The inquiry into the last Maidstone Election has now terminated: and I take the earliest oppor-

tunity of declaring, and in a manner the most unqualified and unequivocal, that the statement of the learned gentleman is utterly false. There is not the slightest shadow of a foundation for it. I myself never, either directly, or indirectly, entered into any pecuniary engagements with, or made any pecuniary promises to the electors of Maidstone: and therefore I cannot have broken any, or left any unfulfilled. The whole expenses of the contest in question were defrayed by my lamented colleague; and I discharged to him my moiety of those expenses; as is well known to those who are entitled to any knowledge on the subject.

"I am informed, Sir, that it is quite useless, and even unreasonable, in me, to expect from Mr Austin any satisfaction for those impertinent calumnies; because Mr Austin is a member of an honourable profession, the first principle of whose practice appears to be that they may say anything provided they be paid for it. The privilege of circulating falsehoods with impunity is delicately described as 'doing your duty towards your client': which appears to be a very different process to doing your duty towards your neighbour.

"This may be the usage of Mr Austin's profession: and it may be the custom of Society to submit to its practice: but, for my part, it appears to me to be nothing better than a disgusting and intolerable tyranny; and I, for one, shall not bow to it in silence.

"I therefore repeat that the statement of Mr Austin was false: and, inasmuch as he never attempted to substantiate it, I conclude that it was, on his side, but the blustering artifice of a rhetorical hireling; availing himself of the vile license of a loose-tongued lawyer, not only to make a statement which was false; but to make it with a consciousness of its falsehood. I am, Sir, your obedient and faithful servant,

"B. D'ISRAELI.

"CARLTON CLUB, *June 5th*".

It was for this letter that he was brought into Court. The circumstances were peculiar. Professedly Counsel is not permitted to advance any statement unless he has evidence to support it: in this case had Austin, Q.C., made the statement, it would hardly have been considered fair to reflect upon a person who was not repre-

sented: nor to go back to the Election of the previous year; unless it were absolutely necessary to prove his present case. However, whether Austin did use the expressions imputed to him, or not, he had no opportunity of bringing forward evidence; for this reason, Mr Laurie, the Member petitioned against, resigned his seat; and the case at once collapsed. However, Austin, Q.C., declared that he had never used the expressions; and that he had never reflected in the slightest degree upon Mr Disraeli. There was, accordingly, nothing to be done but what Disraeli did. He appeared in Court, to receive judgment: and made the amende for having erroneously imputed to Austin, Q.C., very base conduct. I had from one who subsequently became eminent, the late Sir Thomas Henry, for many years chief Stipendiary Magistrate for the Metropolis, a description of the scene which occurred. Disraeli came into Court elaborately dressed: his appearance thoroughly studied. He rose in due time; and spoke with calmness, clearness, and self-possession. He produced a most favourable impression upon all those who were present. Admitting his own error, he took good care that his opponents

should not get off with impunity. For the whole of his speech I have not space: I think that what I print below will repay the reader's perusal. Disraeli pointed out that the description which he expressed of the assumed duty of an Advocate in his letter to the "Morning Post," dated June the 5th, by no means represented the duty of an Advocate according to his own views: that the opinion, which he had given of the conduct of the Bar in general, was not his own, but was the conduct sternly, and strenuously, laid down by the highest Authority in the Kingdom. The man, whose opinion he was about to quote, had filled the highest office which a Barrister can hope to obtain: he had sat on the Woolsack: his opinions were constantly quoted in the Courts; how should he, Disraeli, be able to know that they were not the opinions of every Member of the Bar? He then proceeded to quote, word for word, the opinion of the eminent person to whom he had alluded.

"An Advocate, by the sacred duty which he owes his client, knows in the discharge of that office but one person in the world; that client, and none other. To save that client by all expe-

dient means, to protect that client at all hazards and cost to all others, and, among others, to himself, is the highest, and most unquestioned of his duties: and he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction, which he may bring upon any other. Nay, separating even the duties of a Patriot from those of an Advocate, and casting them, if needs be, to the winds, he must go on, reckless of the consequences, if his fate should unhappily be to involve his country in confusion, for his client's protection".

"Here, my Lords, is a sketch," continued Disraeli, "and by a great master. Here, my Lords, is the rationale of the duties of an Advocate drawn up by a Lord Chancellor. In this, my Lords, is the idea of those duties expressed before the highest tribunal of the country. They were expressed by the Attorney-General of a Queen of England. According to this high Authority, it is the duty of a Counsel for his triumph even to commit treason.

"If then, my Lords, I have erred in my estimate of the extent of these duties, it cannot be said that I have erred without authority. Nor can this be considered as the expression of a mere rhetorical ebullition. My Lords, I read this passage

from an edition of the Speech which is published by the noble orator: who, satisfied with the fame that he has so long enjoyed, now deems it worthy of the immortality of his own revision: and has just published this description unaltered after twenty years' reflection: and with its most important parts printed in capital letters".

It may be well to inform such of my readers as are not lawyers that the opinions quoted word for word by Disraeli are those of Lord Brougham; whose ideas of Honour were about equal to those of a gorilla.

One question, which Mankind has never determined, I can now settle. On the evidence of Sir Thomas Henry, Disraeli did wear rings outside his gloves; and so appeared on this occasion.

DISRAELI was not much given to the pleasures of the table. His appearance showed this. He affected the "Gourmet." I have a theory that persons who live to old age have usually small stomachs; I mean internally. They suffer in youth, from eating more than the stomach can hold: I believe that they are repaid, if it be repayment, by living to an exceptional age. Lord Lucan at 89, was a case in point; he was to the last fresh as a boy.

Disraeli depicts "Sidonia" cutting the crust from a home-baked loaf, and drinking champagne. I regret not having asked him whether this was his ideal of food: there are few better combinations. Sidonia first appears as a character in "Alarcos".

LORD DERBY dressed himself in a conspicuously old-fashioned manner. He was the last whom I recollect in a green frock-coat. He usually wore a canary-coloured cashmere waistcoat; double eye-glass pendant from a hair chain; and, swathed round his neck, a mass of material, not silk, nor satin, falling down, which completely hid his shirt-front; and certainly deserved Moore's appellation of a "feather-bed-neckcloth". His shirt collars stood somewhat high on his cheeks, and he occasionally dipped his chin deeply between them. His trousers, usually of a light-coloured cloth, had a peculiar slit on the outer side, near the instep, which has completely gone out of use. His remark relating to a certain Clerk of the Council, the notorious Charles Greville, is worth repeating. It was the duty of this individual to attend the meetings of Her Majesty's Privy Council alternately with another. It being pointed out to Lord

Derby that, since he had been Premier, Mr Greville had not once attended, he replied, "Is that the case? I had not observed it: when I order coals to be put on the fire, I do not notice whether it be John, or Thomas, who does it."

WHEN DISRAELI WAS first returned for Maidstone as colleague of Mr Wyndham Lewis: whose widow, as we know, he married, Count d'Orsay offered him this sage advice: in his peculiar English, he said to Disraeli, alluding to Mrs Wyndham Lewis, "You will not make love! You will not intrigue! You have your seat: do not risk anything! If a widow, then marry!" I should say that, although he may possibly have obtained his seat partly by the goodwill of the lady, he would not have been such a fool as, for the sake of her charms, to jeopardise what he valued a hundred times more. The wisdom of the maxim, "Evitez le crampon", was, I doubt not, through his life fully appreciated.

NO MAN of that vast and perennial community, the Jewish race, ever obtained the admiration, and the affection of that shrewd body more than Disraeli.

I can give an instance of this. Prince Frederic of Schleswig-Holstein, who resided for some years in this Country, and supported himself mainly by literature, being about to make a tour on the Continent, and wishing to obtain information on topics with which the race of Israel would probably be familiar, asked Disraeli to give him a few letters of introduction. Disraeli accordingly wrote, "Be of all the use you can to Prince Frederic of Schleswig-Holstein". The Prince said, on his return, that in no one case had he shown them to a Jew, without receiving the greatest possible cordiality and assistance.

A SINGULAR CHARACTER during Disraeli's epoch was Bethell, afterwards Lord Westbury. A Peer said to him, "I am surprised that, in your position, you permit yourself to indulge in expressions that indicate an uncontrouled temper." "All simulated, my Lord; all simulated!" said the Lord Chancellor.

ON A CABINET Colleague remarking that Sir J. P. was getting out of his depth in the matter which he was discussing in the House, Disraeli

said, "Out of his depth! He's three miles from the shore!"

DURING DISRAELI'S CANVASS for Shrewsbury with Mr George Tomline in 1841 they arrived at the entrance of a passage, or cul de sac, which was called either the "Nag's Head" or the "White Horse" passage: they were told, by Mr Wyberg How, that it was not of the slightest use to ask for a vote in that passage: every voter being already pledged to their opponents, Temple and Barry. Disraeli, however, insisted on going into each house alone: and he obtained a promise of support from every voter save one. On returning to the main street he asked Mr How the name of the passage, or court: and, on being told it, he mirthfully exclaimed, "Henceforth let it be called Cato Street: for I have found them all traitors but one". His allusion was to the Thistlewood Conspiracy of 1820.

During the same canvass, being followed by a crowd of operatives from a local thread-factory, who hooted to order, to prevent his being heard, he addressed the multitude from a window in the square. He was struck by a missile, thrown by a

factory hand. In no way disconcerted, he leaned forward on the balcony; and said quietly, but very loudly, "Poor white slaves! factory niggers! you know not what you do!"

DISRAELI possessed in a very great degree a marked characteristic of his race; patient tenacity: and the loftiest form of Courage: Fortitude. To say that Shakspere erred in any matter relating to human nature is almost blasphemy; but I have always held the belief that he did so in the final scene between Shylock and his enemies. Not only would it have ennobled the situation, but it would have been more true to nature, had he made the Jew absolutely refuse to renounce his Faith. Every just man who sees the play must sympathise more or less with the Jew, who had been most foully used: and the case against whom is not pleaded by a lawyer. In the law of all countries, or at any rate in the equity of all nations, if the decisive judgment gives a penalty, the means of obtaining payment is inferred. I suspect that Shakspere leaned to the violent prejudice of his age against an intellectual, tenacious, and, provided you let them alone, harmless race.

AN INTERESTING and important incident in Disraeli's career was that of the legacy left to him by a lady, who until late in his life had no personal acquaintance with him. I have reason to believe that the following was what really occurred. Disraeli was paying a visit at Lord Houghton's place in Yorkshire. He received a letter at breakfast, expressing a wish to make his acquaintance on the part of a lady. He was amused at this: and mentioned the fact. A relation of Lord Houghton's knew the lady: and strongly recommended Disraeli to comply with her request.

I am not sure whether he did so immediately; or whether he did not receive a second letter requesting him to pay a visit to the West of England where the lady lived. He took the opportunity of a visit to Sir Lawrence Palk, near Torquay. There he became acquainted with the lady: he found her somewhat advanced in years, but of exceptional intelligence; and having an enthusiastic admiration for himself. He subsequently presented Mrs Disraeli to Mrs Brydges Willyams: an intimacy of some years followed. The lady asked Disraeli to find her a respectable, and confidential Solicitor, who should make her will. He prudently did not

recommend his own, Mr Rose; but requested the latter to name some thoroughly trustworthy member of his profession, with whom he had no previous personal acquaintance, and who, of course, did not know Disraeli. This was done. Mrs Brydges Willyams died: and bequeathed to Disraeli a considerable fortune. The person who told me these particulars added that Disraeli had said, on his suggesting that the ultimate value was about forty thousand pounds, "Nearer fifty."

I HAVE ALLUDED to Lord Ernest Bruce, as figuring on the Maidstone Petition Committee in 1839; and to the difficulty which his deafness obtained for Disraeli. Lord Ernest Bruce, whom I knew intimately, became, on the death of his elder brother, Marquess of Ailesbury.

He was a most amusing raconteur, full of stories of the past; and to anyone who would take the trouble to speak slowly, and distinctly to him, his deafness interfered in no way with his powers of narration. Soon after his brother's death, he had to perform a ceremony of which some readers may not know. The heir-at-law of a Knight of the Garter is bound to return the Collar of the Order

personally to the Sovereign, within a certain time after his relation's decease. Lord Ailesbury told me that, sitting in the House of Lords, he found himself next to Lord Beaconsfield. Lord Ailesbury said, "I suppose I shall meet you at Windsor tomorrow: I have to go there with my brother's Garter". Disraeli, in a deep tone, and with more than Mephistophelian seductiveness, said, "Is it not almost a pity?" At the time of the Peelite split, Lord Ernest, who was Member for Marlborough, left the Tory party, and followed Sir Robert Peel. Since then he had always voted with the Whigs. He twice related this story to me: and each time said, "It would not quite do, would it?" meaning, of course, his return to the Tories. I replied, "You wish me to give you an honest answer: It would not do at all!" He died ribbonless.

I remember a most amusing ride from a breakfast party at Campden Hill, Kensington, in which I was between Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, and Lord Ernest Bruce. I quoted the well-known words of Malvolio: "Some are born great: some achieve greatness: and some have greatness thrust upon them": we could not determine before reaching Hyde Park Corner as to

which of the three each phrase applied. Nothing amused Lord Ailesbury more than what I had told him many years ago, that I was quite certain that Lord Methuselah, as depicted by Thackeray in "Mrs Perkins's Ball," was his father. This suggestion seemed to exercise a complete charm over his mind: he immediately bought a copy of that immortal work; which, published at four shillings, now fetches ten or fifteen guineas. I was perfectly in earnest. I well remember, as a boy, the old Lord at Brighton. He was precisely Lord Methuselah. His curly George IV. wig, his nose, his wrinkles, his dress, his evening suit, everything resembled the portrait: I have little doubt that Thackeray sketched him. His widow flourishes: a shrewd woman; kind-hearted; the most-welcomed guest in the stately homes of England: known and loved as "Lady A".

I MUST NOW introduce to the reader a lady, who played no unconspicuous part in the West of England, during Disraeli's epoch. Disraeli admired her. He said to her, "Lady Rolle, if I had half your energy, I should be the first man in England". Lady Rolle descended from a very ancient

family; the daughter of a Peer whose family goes far back into English history, and in the male line, the Trefusis: I do not know what is their plural. She married, as a young woman, Lord Rolle, the immortal hero of the Rolliad; whose place she inherited: and was looked upon in Devonshire as all-powerful; and unattackable: with a very large fortune, residing at Bicton, she was knelt to by her neighbours. Her political feelings were strong; her power was great. On his appointment as Secretary of State in May 1835, Lord John Russell, M.P. for South Devon, had to be re-elected: he met Lady Rolle at a Ball in London. With that peculiar drawl which his Lordship used, he said to her, "Lady Rolle, are you leaving London soon?" "I am". "Then we shall meet in the West." "I am going to Devonshire to-morrow: and I am going to put you out," and she did: I had this from herself.

The Castle of this "Semiramis of the West" was guarded by an avenue of tasteless "Araucarias". I was graciously received. My first quest was, as it usually is on arriving at a house, the Library. I found the room completely lined with bookcases; no book larger than a small octavo; the most delicious size to handle: but every cabinet was

closed with gilded wire. A cynical friend, whom I found sitting there, said to me, "I suppose you think you will have the reading of those books?" "I suppose I shall." "Do not dream of it! Those books are left in trust; Lady Rolle has never permitted any individual to take down a volume". The books were collected by Lord Rolle with the greatest care: and I have no doubt are a most interesting assortment. One piece of tyranny I thought it my duty to resent. The first evening at dinner I found myself placed at an end of the table, close to the open doors of a newly-built conservatory. Lady Rolle would not permit any one to hint that this conservatory had reduced the temperature of the dining-room to something intolerable. I mildly suggested that the doors might be shut. She affected not to hear me. I considered that my duty, as representing in Parliament the Capital of North Devon, called upon me to do what I did. That, to change the metaphor, the dragon must be dealt with in her cave. Accordingly I sent for my great-coat: put it on: and sat through dinner in it; and repeated the process the next night. On the third night the doors were closed. This tale is still recorded in the dark winter evenings through-

out that beautiful county. I will only add that Lady Rolle always remained a fast friend of mine: and neither then, nor at any other time, did she show the slightest rancour. She was a short and rosy-faced lady: she suffered severely from gout.

Lord Rolle being Colonel of two Regiments, the North and South Devon Yeomanry, George III. said to him, "If the French land, how shall I know where to find you, my Lord?" "Wherever the French may be, Sire, your Majesty will find me".

Disraeli when on a visit in North Devon said, "To be married is to be managed".

SIR JAMES GRAHAM and Sir John Pakington sitting together, an M.P. said to Disraeli, "What a judicial look those two noses have!" "Yes! Quarter Sessions, and Petty Sessions!"

A REMARKABLE book was published some years ago under the fanciful title of "Thalatta; or The Great Commoner." It to some extent idealises Disraeli: it is evident that the author, whoever he was, and this has not been disclosed, took him in some respects as his model.

AN EXQUISITE definition of a successful speaker, whose name I omit, was made by Disraeli: The M.P., a man of exceptional capacity, was being discussed: Disraeli's opinion was asked as to whether he was a Statesman or not. He replied, "He is almost a Statesman: and almost a Gentleman".

ONE OF THE MOST conspicuous characters in the London world was Lady Combermere, the third wife of the gallant and sagacious soldier who was Colonel-in-Chief of my Regiment; and who commanded the Cavalry during the Peninsular War. Lord Combermere's third wife was Miss Gibbins; an heiress. Both lived to a very great age. He to 95. She to 90. Lady Combermere, during her husband's life, and afterwards, was most hospitable. At the corner house, 48 Belgrave Square, she constantly entertained: she was an exceptionally clever woman, addicted to Art, in which she could hardly be said to shine. She had great talents for Society; and to the last, when unable to quit her chair, was fond of seeing her friends. A more appreciative mind I have not met with: her quickness to the end of her life was extraordinary.

The last time I visited her, I observed what a much more cheerful world this would be if we were on terms of intimacy and friendship with those whom we affect to despise, but who might well look down upon us if they knew us as we know them, "Dumb Animals". She instantly replied, "It might be troublesome". Such a philosophical reply would have been good from anyone: but considering her state of health at the time, and her age, I was astonished.

I told her that the first Lord Lytton had said that if he did not give a dinner party on Sunday he was so devoured by ennui on that day that he should hang himself. Lady Combermere instantly said, "I told you that story". "Yes," I replied, "you did: fifteen years ago: you had it from himself".

ONE WHO SAT for many years in close proximity to Disraeli, on the front bench of the House of Commons, told me that the only sign that he had observed of Disraeli's feeling an attack acutely, was a slight pulling forward of the wrist of his shirt. Holding it delicately at the edge with the finger and thumb of the other hand, he gave it a slight twitch forward: beyond that he could see no sign.

THE HEAD of the House of Drummond, Bankers, defined bribery at an Election as the "3 per cents. finding their level": *i.e.*, to balance the Landed Interest.

I HAVE SAID that Disraeli was a "Gourmet," not a "Gourmand". He says that, to enjoy a récherché dish, you should have "Silence, Solitude, and a subdued light."

FEW MEN STOOD higher in Parliament than General the Hon. Henry Lygon, later Lord Beauchamp, for many years Member for Worcestershire; father of the present Peer. Disraeli valued his judgment: and constantly consulted him as to the feeling of the House of Commons. I frequently sat by General Lygon: and heard him, when a Member made a good hit, and evoked cheering or laughter, exclaim, "Sit down, Sir! sit down at once!" I never knew him address the House: his powers as an orator must have been limited: it is a County legend that, returning thanks in the City of Worcester, at a large banquet given in his honour, he declared himself "grattered and flatified".

I HAVE BEEN told that a stately monument has been erected in Dublin, since I was there, to the memory of Thomas Moore: and that, for some occult reason, that monument is known throughout Ireland as "The Vale of Avoca". Mr Quentin Dick told me a very remarkable circumstance relating to Tom Moore: but I do not feel justified in occupying space in this volume with it. I must reserve it for another.

CHIEF-JUSTICE WHITESIDE told me, as regards the want of equanimity on the part of those who address the House of Commons for the first time, that a Member who subsequently became famous in the Irish Parliament, asked a friend for criticism of his speech. The friend replied, "The only fault I can find is, that you called the Speaker 'Sir' much too often". The orator replied, "My dear friend! did you know the state I was in while speaking, you would be glad that I did not call him 'Ma'am'". A friend told Whiteside that he always knew when to stop in his speeches: when he saw the Speaker's wig surrounded by blue flames, it was time to leave off.

Disraeli writes, "The blare of trumpets, a thou-

sand lookers on, have induced men to lead a 'Forlorn Hope': Ambition, one's Constituents, or the Hell of previous failure, have induced men to do a far more desperate thing: speak in the House of Commons".

THERE CAN BE no greater mistake than to suppose that brilliant speeches, such as Disraeli's, were of no direct benefit to the House of Commons: this is sheer hallucination. If it were not for these occasional displays of fireworks, no intelligent and independent man would go near the House. One object should be to make the House of Commons an attractive place for men possessed of intellect: none who have that misfortune would ever attend, if the House were to be "Vestrified". I heard him say with impressive earnestness, "Let us remember! we are a Senate: not a Vestry!"

SOME HAVE EXPRESSED surprise that Disraeli did not write his own Biography. What he called "the dry bones of his History" can, of course, be written: but the delicate shades; the tone; and all that makes a picture, are rare. It has seldom been the case that men who have reached great

eminence have left an Autobiography: I conclude that they followed the principle, on the whole perhaps a wise one, of giving their decision, that is performing their acts, but leaving no expressed reason for them. One would have thought that Napoleon I., in the dreary solitude of St Helena, would have occupied his time in writing his history: and, from the style of his public documents, this would have been in itself a Work of Art. Beyond a few scanty memoirs dictated to an Irish surgeon, and to Las Cases, interesting though these notes are, he left no personal record behind him.

THE BEST METHOD of giving the reader an idea of the delights of London Society up to about ten or fifteen years ago, is by a list of the Palaces, which were then open: and which received "The World"; that is from three hundred to five hundred persons; week after week, and night after night, during the Spring and Summer months. I begin with "Number One, London," as it has been called, Apsley House; Cambridge House; Bath House; Devonshire House; Chandos House; the large houses in Cavendish Square; in Portman

Square; Montagu House, in Bryanston Square; Dudley House; Holford House; Chesterfield House; Holdernesse House; Lansdowne House; the houses in Berkeley Square, including Lady Jersey's; Grosvenor House; almost every house in Grosvenor Square, Charles Street, and Hill Street; Spencer House; the large houses in Arlington Street; in Carlton Terrace, and Gardens; Lord Carrington's House, Whitehall, now pulled down; that vast Palace, Northumberland House, Charing Cross, now swept away; Montague House, the Duke of Buccleuch's, in Whitehall; several houses in Grosvenor Place; Lord Fitzwilliam's House in Halkin Street; Sefton House; most of the houses in Belgrave Square and St James's Square, and, grander than all, Stafford House, and Bridgewater House.

I mention these as the principal houses in which it is fit to give Balls; where there is ample room and breathing-space. Let the reader compare this state of things with what exists now: and if he or she wishes further to satisfy his or her curiosity, turn to the files of the "Morning Post" of the period, in which on the Monday of every week the abundance of brilliant entertainments was announced.

"Breakfasts", that is, afternoon, out-of-door, parties, were frequent in July: Lady Londonderry at Rosebank, Fulham; Mrs Lawrence at Ealing; the mother of the Rothschilds at Gunnersbury; Lord Mansfield at Caen Wood, Hampstead, a dream of Beauty; and I may say last, but not least, my mother, Lady Howard's, at Craven Cottage, Fulham; a most cheerful, sunny abode, lived in, before my stepfather purchased it, by Lord Lytton: it was here that he wrote "Ernest Maltravers", and its sequel "Alice"; he describes the Cottage in the former beautiful story. The place was formed by the Margravine of Anspach, when married to Lord Craven. Chiswick saw large parties in the days of the bachelor Duke of Devonshire: that and Holland House are ideal places for such a purpose; but both are triste in our climate: they should be in Italy.

I REMEMBER a Ball, which lasted till some time after daybreak, given by Lady Kinnoull, at Hampden House, in Green Street, Park Lane: and I recall the riddance for ever from my mind of the conventional, and utterly false, idea that the early morning light is unbecoming. The rubbish that has been written about the tell-tale effect of the Sun

breaking into the ballroom, by those who never saw it, is utter nonsense. I never saw anything more beautiful than the light of the numberless candles blended with the sunlight, upon the women at the end of that ball. So far from it detracting, as fools have written, from their complexions, it added to their beauty. I noticed the same effect lately, at dawn, after a Ball at Bridgewater House.

OF ALL the Parliamentary struggles which I have witnessed, none approached that of 1858. The circumstances which led to this brilliant debate were, briefly, these: Lord Derby was in office: at that time the Governor-General of India was subordinate to the authority of the Hon. East India Company. He was appointed by them: and was their servant: but the Government of this vast and important Dependency was checked by "The Board of Controul," representing the Imperial Government. After the confiscation of the Kingdom of Oude, and the nameless horrors which history records of that dreadful period, Lord Canning, Governor-General of India, an amiable and clever Statesman, had issued a Proclamation, addressed to the inhabitants, stating that, as a result of what was called their

Rebellion, the whole of the land in the late Kingdom of Oude was confiscated: and would in future be held by British authority. Lord Ellenborough, who had filled the office of Governor-General, and, showing considerable administrative, and military talents, although a civilian, had made himself conspicuous by several brilliant achievements, now occupied the place of President of the Board of Controul. On receiving a draft of the proposed despatch from Lord Canning, he wrote a reply which seemed a most statesmanlike, able, and temperate paper. Lord Ellenborough pointed out that, although we had subdued the mutiny, in which murder, and every crime had been committed by the soldiers who were receiving our pay, and who had eaten our salt, yet that Humanity, and Policy, both forbad a vindictive retribution. He pointed out that, whereas we had captured a Kingdom, which only recently had been an independent state, our conduct should be actuated by lenity towards the general inhabitants. Reading the despatch now, the terms which I presumed to use in the House in relation to it in this debate, represent precisely what still I feel. However, the issue was not joined in this manner. The grievance which

was supposed to exist against the Government was that this despatch, written by Lord Ellenborough, had become known at home; and was considered to blame Lord Canning, for issuing a proclamation of Confiscation, in Oude. Angry discussions took place: and Lord Ellenborough, in the finest speech which I have ever heard, announced that he had resigned his office to the Queen; and that Her Majesty had accepted it. This, however, did not satisfy the Opposition: they believed that the Government was weak; the Government were not in a majority in the House of Commons: and this attack, as they were pleased to call it, upon Lord Canning, was the excuse of the Opposition for a violent assault upon the Ministry: with the avowed object of removing them from Office. A longer debate has hardly taken place in the history of the House of Commons. It spread, with intervals, over ten nights: Ross, who for fifty years was the sagacious and excellent head-reporter of "The Times," told me that, from beginning to end, there was not, in his judgment, one bad speech delivered. I was astonished to find what brilliant powers of argument, and of elocution, the House then held. The brain of every man of capacity

was, of course, stimulated to the highest degree: and the result was a series of scenes that no one who took part in them, or witnessed them, will ever forget. The mover of the hostile resolution was Mr Cardwell, afterwards Viscount Cardwell. He was of the school of Sir Robert Peel: a contemporary of Mr Gladstone: and he, like him, had seceded from the Tory Party at the time of Sir Robert Peel's change. The Government was in a minority in the House. I listened carefully to Mr Cardwell's speech: and made up my mind that he would not carry his Resolution. I have never seen anything approaching the personal feeling, and resentment, which was shown during this debate; not only in the House, but in Society. Wherever you went, nothing else was spoken of. Language almost transgressing the borders of decency was used: and it seemed at one time as if men would have come to blows. "The Derby" intervened: this breathing space gave a little time to cool: but the fury was renewed afterwards: nothing like it has occurred since. It must have resembled the state of things at the time of the Reform Bills of 1831, and 1832. No one can form the least idea from looking at Hansard of what

took place. The cheering, groaning, laughing, were beyond belief. We considered ourselves justified in using inarticulate means of rendering the eloquence of the other side nugatory. Our system was this; there were about twenty-five of us; and I am afraid that I was, to a certain extent, the organiser, and captain of the party. If a speaker on the Opposition side uttered any offensive remark, we greeted him with the most crushing ironical cheers: if he uttered some noble sentiment of Patriotism we affected to be overwhelmed with the grandeur of his ideas; exclaiming as the public do when a rocket goes up: if he became pathetic, we groaned for five minutes: on the other hand, should any member of the Opposition venture upon a joke, we affected convulsive merriment, which lasted until the unfortunate man's voice was completely drowned. When I say that we absolutely demolished a man of such consummate effrontery as Bethell, ex-Attorney-General, and later Lord Chancellor, any reader who remembers him will wonder at our prowess. I have glanced at Hansard; I find that Bethell's speech has been toned down, probably by his own alteration, to mildness, and gentleness. I will give the reader a specimen of

what he really said: He leant on the table of the House; and, looking steadily at Disraeli, lisped these words in a manner the peculiarity of which it is impossible to describe; but which will not be forgotten by those who heard him speak. "Since you have been in Office yar whole conduct has been absurd! Yar India Bill was a tissue of nonsense! How did we receive it? We covered you with good-humoured widicule!" When things reached this point, I turned to Vansittart, Member for Windsor, and said, "This will never do!" From that moment, whatever may be recorded of the future Lord Chancellor in Hansard, no word of his could be heard by those in his immediate neighbourhood.

I drew my conclusion that the Resolution would not be carried entirely from a careful and steady observation of the House while Mr Cardwell was speaking. The final night of the Debate was the Friday in the second week. On Thursday, the day previous, I was returning at a little past midnight from a party, at the west end of Piccadilly. By the dead wall between the gates of Devonshire House I met Disraeli, arm-in-arm with Sir William Jolliffe, then Secretary of the Treasury, and

Manager for the Party. Disraeli said, "Where have you been?" I replied, "To Baron Rothschild's". The street was empty; and a bright Moon was shining. Disraeli said, "What does the Baron say about it? He knows most things!" I replied, "There was a great crowd; and I did not see him. You need have no anxiety; the Motion will not be put from the Chair". I shall never forget Disraeli's look of blank astonishment: his face was quite clear in the moonlight. He was silent: after half a minute had passed, he said "Good night!" I answered, "Good night: dormez bien!" I found, some months afterwards, that he had sent his most trusty colleague in the Cabinet at ten the next morning to my mother, in Belgrave Square, to ascertain how I had found this out. She answered that I had not found it out: that it was my opinion: that I had said in the previous week that the Motion would not be carried: and that the day before I had said that it would not be put. I find in the betting-book at "White's" that I backed my opinion against Lord M.'s for ten pounds. I went down to the House on that memorable Friday at five. Waiting in the circular Hall outside the door, I saw my friend and school-

fellow Lord Dunkellin come up the Members' stairs with Mr Cardwell. Mr Cardwell went into the House: I said to Lord Dunkellin, "So your cock won't fight after all!" "What do you mean?" "I mean what I say: that Cardwell's Motion will be withdrawn." He answered, "Withdrawn! impossible!" "I will bet you five pounds it will be withdrawn to-night." He said, "My dear fellow, I can't bet with you, because I know". "What do you know?" "I have walked from the Treasury with Cardwell: he told me that nothing will induce him to withdraw: he feels that he is personally committed: he told me that the thing would decidedly go on: and the Division be taken to-night". "Is that what he said?" "Yes, word for word". "Then I will bet you ten pounds he withdraws it". "With that knowledge?" "With that knowledge". We went into the House. At first everything seemed to go on as before: but at half-past five some Members on the Opposition side began speaking about "the good of the country:" "the absence of party feeling:" "the wish for the sake of India that things might quiet down". The moment I heard this I ejaculated, "The Lord has delivered them into our hands".

The perception rapidly grew among the five-and-twenty whom I have mentioned as acting, more or less, under my orders. For an hour and a half speaker after speaker rose on the Opposition side. Obviously the whole scene had been planned. They implored Mr Cardwell to withdraw his resolution. Each time that one of these high-minded patriots rose, we greeted him with shouts of so derisive a character as would have shaken a heart of adamant. The more virtuous their language, the more we laughed at them: finally, when Lord John Russell requested Cardwell to withdraw his Resolution, our merriment reached the skies. At last the Speaker, Denison, who in his heart was a pretty stiff partisan, rose; and with a pale countenance asked, "Is it your pleasure that this Motion be withdrawn?" Our shout of "Aye" was deafening: I can still see Palmerston leaning forward in his seat, with a broad grin on his face, evidently appreciating our enthusiasm, and, though its victim, amused at our triumph.

Two crisp five pound notes were in my pocket when I left the House.

One terrible drawback, however, we had. Disraeli intended to wind up the Debate; to advance with

the column of his Imperial Guard; to make a final desperate effort for Victory. He was by this sudden collapse deprived of his opportunity. He delivered the speech, which he had prepared for the House of Commons, a few days later at a meeting at Slough. The leader of the attack on Lord Ellenborough in the House of Lords had been Lord Shaftesbury; a man who had earned universal respect by the sacrifice of his career to charitable and, in the main, wise objects. He had at one time represented Dorsetshire on highly Protectionist opinions. My uncle, Mr Farquharson of Langton, who had the key of the County at that time in his pocket, had removed him from the House of Commons on his change. Under the present circumstances, notwithstanding his high character, no very kindly feeling towards him prevailed on the Tory benches. It was felt that he had taken advantage of his reputation for generosity and high-mindedness to make what was not altogether a worthy attack upon the Government: and that if the Government had erred, it was on the side of Humanity. He had prefaced his speech against the Tory party by saying that no one could impute to him that in acting as he did, he was moved by the Spirit of

Party. Disraeli said at Slough, "In another place" (the House of Lords) "a higher reputation descended on the scene. Gamaliel himself came down: and bearing the broad phylactery of Faction on his brow, he thanked his God, like the Pharisee of old, that he at least was not as other men: and that he was influenced by no party motive." These words would, under the circumstances of intense excitement to which the House of Commons had worked itself, if delivered there, have had an unequalled reception.

Many years afterwards, Disraeli said to me, "I shall never forget that night when I met you in Piccadilly at the time of Cardwell's motion. I believed that we were smashed. At the moment you met us, I was arranging with Jolliffe the details of our going out. I had no more doubt that the Government would be defeated the next day than I had of my own existence. You, in a light and airy manner, said, 'Don't be anxious: it is all right: the resolution will never be put from the Chair!' I shall never forget that moment, so long as I live".

I HAVE SAID that the speech which Lord Ellen-

borough made in saying farewell for ever to Public Office was the finest which I have ever heard. I still think so. I stood at the Bar of the House of Lords; and heard every word. Of fine presence; calm, stately, and dignified; delivering admirably chosen words; a glorious voice; and the expression of the views of a real Statesman: it was sublime. Lord Ellenborough's style reminded me much of the ideal which I had formed of Lord Chatham's. Lord Chatham cannot have been finer. To listen to that speech was an event in one's life. I can hear the words now, while the right arm was slowly extended, "My Lords! I am for discriminative amnesty!" Lord Ellenborough spoke rarely: his style was perfect.

When Lord Ellenborough's speech ended, my valued friend, Hodgson, for many years M.P. for Carlisle, and Cumberland, walked with me from "the Lords" into the House of Commons. We stood at the Bar: Sir Hugh Cairns was at the peroration of the speech which made him ultimately Lord Chancellor. As we stood side by side Hodgson touched my hand, and said, "It doesn't do after the Lords! does it?" I replied, "No indeed!" Lord Cairns was coldness itself:

quite incapable of rousing the slightest emotion: speaking as a lawyer, he gave you no impression of feeling whatever: nor was his style simple and luminous enough to compensate for his want of passion.

Some amusement was caused, during the debate, by Colonel Sykes, an old Indian, who endeavoured, ingeniously, to make out that the whole thing turned upon the meaning of a word. He said, so far as could be found out amidst the laughing which his style excited, that "Confiscation" translated into Hindostanee was represented by the word ——: he could not recollect what the word was. Eventually he brought out some word, which I believe that he invented at the time, which sounded like "Rummy Jummy": the uproar that ensued was tremendous. Having got so far, he could not recollect what the English of this was. Some good-natured Member on our side shouted out "Sequestration". He thanked him: and said that was what he meant to imply.

It was believed that Lord Canning had been led to issue this somewhat vindictive proclamation by those about him: it certainly seems now, as a matter of good sense, that a clearer line

should have been drawn between the mutineers who were our soldiers, and the inhabitants of Oude; who if they had taken arms at all, were only fighting for what had been lately their Country: and for, until a short time before, their Sovereign.

ONE OF THE CURIOSITIES of the House, very rarely seen, was Erle Drax, for many years Member for a Dorsetshire Borough. He appeared about one evening in the Session: in some Sessions not at all. His appearance was that of a villainous Don Quixote; or Lismahago. At a General Election, on the day previous to the nomination, he put out the following address to his Constituents: "Electors of Wareham! I understand that some evil-disposed person has been circulating a report that I wish my tenants, and other persons dependent upon me, to vote according to their conscience. This is a dastardly lie; calculated to injure me. I have no wish of the sort. I wish, and I intend, that these persons shall vote for me".

AN INTERESTING episode, illustrating the

quickness of the House, and of one brilliant member, is worthy of record: Two distinguished Members of the Government, one Member for a County, the other for a very snug Borough, the property of Lord Egmont, seceded from the Tory Government; they gave their reasons, which were honest, for their secession. The latter addressed the House at great length on the subject of Reform in the abstract: and explained the cause of his leaving the high position which he had lately occupied. The House listened with an attention worthy of the gravity of the character of him who addressed it. A most elaborate, and carefully prepared essay was given to us. No smile lighted the face of any Member: in fact the situation was serious in the extreme. Sitting opposite to the orator, not on a seat, but on the floor of the gangway, the path which divides the House of Commons in half laterally, sat Bernal Osborne, watching Mr W., and listening to his words with real, or affected, interest. His attitude was that of a jackdaw, or any bird with a long beak, who is compelled to hold his head sideways to obtain a clear view of his object. After an hour's description of the good

and evil of Reform in the abstract, Mr W. uttered these words:

"Now, Mr Speaker, I approach another, and most important branch of this great subject. I shall have to use a term; frequent in the vernacular; familiar to the ears of all whom I am now addressing; but, when I do so, it will be in no mocking spirit; but with all the solemnity that such a great subject requires. Before I enter upon it, I will ask the House seriously to answer this question 'How will you define the terms 'rotten' and 'pocket borough'?"

Quick as lightning Bernal Osborne said distinctly "Midhurst". Mr W.'s own seat! The effect was an instant and deafening roar through the whole House.

ONE REASON of Lord Palmerston's success was that he never fired over the heads of his audience: rarely, if ever, emerging from commonplace and conventionality, he caused no trouble to the minds of his hearers, and in a man willing to sacrifice himself, or incapable of better things, this is, of course, an easy road to popularity.

I was reminded by Sir R. Gorst, a clear-headed

Member of the Tory party, of a remark which I made to him soon after re-entering the House in 1875. "I see what this House is: they hate a man who makes them think!" This Palmerston never did.

OF ALL the anecdotes which I have known spoiled, I can conceive nothing more cruel than the following. What really occurred was this: Soon after Disraeli had obtained a seat in the House of Commons, he was standing at the bar of the House of Lords. The Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, was passing out: a friend good-naturedly said, "Lord Melbourne, I must ask you to permit me to present to you one of our last recruits, Mr Disraeli".

Lord Melbourne shook hands with him: and laying his hand upon his shoulder, said, "Well, young gentleman, and what do you intend to be?" Disraeli, appreciating the situation, the man, and his half-sneer, looked at Lord Melbourne, and said quietly, "Prime Minister".

This most interesting story has been, in several books, written by those who ought to know better, disgracefully mangled. It has been related that

Lord Melbourne asked Disraeli, in the presence of Mrs Norton, the silly question, "What would you like to be?" as if he were a child brought down to dessert, and that Disraeli replied, "I should like to be Prime Minister". As I remember a child answering, "A Gardener": and another, more observant, "A Ram".

What really occurred was as I have narrated: and, considering that he carried out his intention, I think it one of the most remarkable incidents in a very remarkable career.

THE FEELINGS OF Disraeli, when he became all-powerful, may have been those of a Commander-in-Chief after a campaign: and those of a successful candidate after a Parliamentary Election: the latter is by that time so weary of the whole question, has been so worried during the contest, and so full of anxiety, that when it is over, whether he be successful or not, the conduct of individuals, and the enthusiasm which he has inspired, form a subject which his mind intuitively avoids. No one can imagine, who has not tried it, the strain upon the mind during a contested election for those who are really in earnest; they feel that their destiny

for five years, possibly for their whole life, will be decided by the precarious result of a few hours. Philosophical as may be the Candidate, if he be really in earnest he feels the struggle terribly. To be told, day after day, by one of his principal supporters, that another principal supporter is betraying him; to hear the story of the first repeated by the second; to know that a single unfortunate word may deprive him of his chance; that his own army may be only half in earnest; while the enemy is thirsting for his blood; the endless petty complications, and varying chances of the fight, make a sum total that no one can imagine unless they have gone through it as a principal.

Your supporters wish to win: and are exultant, and depressed, as the battle rages; but no one but the Candidate himself can feel as he feels: and, what adds greatly to his anxieties, he is forbidden to express them. Napoleon said, "Men grow old quickly on battlefields": the same may be said of contested Elections. Once the victory won, or the battle lost, the ex-Candidate tries to banish from his mind all relating to it; unless some special circumstance brings to his knowledge the conduct of individuals.

SHORTLY BEFORE his leaving England for Berlin, I expressed to one who was in his confidence how glad I was that Disraeli was himself to represent the British Empire at the Congress, adding that I never had heard of anyone deeper than he, with one exception. "Who is that?" "Mephisto! and I would only back him at five to four". "I will tell him: that is just the sort of compliment that he appreciates".

DISRAELI has written that the British race are the most enthusiastic in the world. Agricola, our earliest critic, remarked that they were the most cynical; the latter spoke, no doubt, of the English: the Highlanders gave him no opportunity of testing them.

Both opinions I should say were true.

I have, at various elections, canvassed a vast number of what are called "the humbler classes". I should say that cynicism was a most distinct characteristic of their nature; doubts, more or less veiled, as to your real object in getting into Parliament: a suspicion that by doing so you expect to gain money, etc.: I have seen the same race roused to a condition of enthusiasm not to be surpassed in the world.

I have seen a town of considerable size, inhabited almost entirely by the "working class," appear to have entirely lost its senses, from the madness of excitement: not one half quarrelling with the other, and thus rousing their mutual passions; but where the multitude was all on one side. I have seen 50,000 individuals accompany a successful candidate to the Railway Station, and assemble on the neighbouring hills, in honour of a man whom not one of them had seen a week before.

Napoleon I. asked these two questions, before he gave a man an important command; "Has he the gift of inspiring enthusiasm? Is he lucky (heureux)?" Such should be among the gifts of a man who goes to contest a British Constituency.

THE ONLY communication which I made to Disraeli at the time of his last Premiership was one which I was told he felt deeply; I asked a common friend to tell him that I was sure that the feeling in his heart which dominated all others was, that one who had believed in him from the first; whose whole life and soul had been devoted to him; who had longed and prayed for his

ultimate success; was, now that his success had come, no more: his wife.

A PECULIAR symptom of emotion was observed in Disraeli by myself; and some years afterwards, by a person of greater importance. I had, as a Magistrate of Middlesex, worked very hard and with ultimate success, to obtain better treatment for the unfortunate persons not only technically, but often actually guiltless, who are committed for trial: for a more pitiable class, those who are sent to prison, because they are unable to find bail; and for a still more cruelly treated class, who are sent to prison because, being bound to be present as witnesses at a trial, they are unable to find money-security for their presence. Up to the time of which I speak, it will hardly be believed that these persons were not only treated as convicted criminals, but were condemned to perform the most menial offices in the prison; and were compelled to do this, notwithstanding that a very small remuneration, even a glass of beer, would have obtained ample labour from those in the same prison, who had been convicted of crime: and sentenced to imprisonment.

These innocent persons were treated as convicted prisoners, and in the winter, compelled to remain in darkness in their respective cells, alone, with nothing to relieve their anxious and miserable thoughts from 4 P.M. until 8 A.M.: the only light admitted was a faint glimmer through a hole above the door of the cell. I carried a remedial Resolution by a majority of one.

It was necessary that this change of rules should be ratified by the Secretary of State for the Home Department: those whose duty it was to forward the Resolution to the Secretary of State did not do so. Two years after this I re-entered the House of Commons: and discovered what had occurred. I at once took steps to enforce the change in the regulations. I communicated to the Secretary of State; the Tory party was in office at the time; and the Right Hon. gentleman assured me that he not only approved; but hoped to have certain papers ready for me on the Thursday. I put the question. I was much surprised when the Right Hon. X. rose, and turning to the party behind him, of which I was one, said, "I must appeal to the House whether this question should have been put." Down on me immedi-

ately fell a deluge of deafening ironical cheers. Had I committed a crime, I could not have been treated with more sudden, and complete vituperation.

The facts were these; fifty-two questions were on the paper of the House on that day: at that time an unusual, and inordinate number. The large majority of questions were from the Opposition: but, instead of singling out one of these for obloquy, the Minister X. turned upon me, at the instigation, I have no doubt, of Disraeli: I heard Disraeli, being very near him, cheer most distinctly. I might, of course, have instantly turned the tables upon X. and upon Disraeli by simply saying that I had previously negotiated the matter with the Home Secretary. It is equally a matter of course that I never thought of such a thing: the laws of honour in the House of Commons are perfectly understood. I need not say that no very deep effect was produced upon myself: but I felt that I could not, and would not, submit to such treatment from those from whom I had not in the slightest degree deserved it. I spoke in the evening to my friend Hodgson, the Member for Cumberland: I told him that I intended having

an apology the next day. Hodgson said, "From X.?" "No; from the Prime Minister." Hodgson said, "Do you think you will get one?" "Come down to-morrow, and you will see." I may here explain that, on Friday evenings, on a particular formal motion, it is in the power of any Member to bring forward any topic he may choose. I accordingly raised the question again. Within two minutes of my rising, Disraeli, who was eating his dinner in the little room at the back of the Speaker's Chair, reserved for the Prime Minister, entered the House, with his mouth full. He took his seat on the front bench; two rows below me; and listened to my harangue. Having the useful gift of "les larmes dans la voix," I used it: and drew a pathetic picture of the sufferings of the prisoners; then having enlisted the sympathies of the House, I said a few words on my own wrongs. Disraeli rose on my sitting down, expressed his deep regret, etc. etc. One passage diverted me. Disraeli did not deny what had taken place, but said, "If the House were fuller I should appeal to Members as to whether my Hon. friend has not taken too strong a view," etc. This hypothetical denial was quite characteristic.

During my performance I watched Disraeli narrowly. I could not see his face: but I noticed that whenever I became in any way disagreeable, in short, whenever my words really bit, they were invariably followed by one movement. Sitting, as he always did, with his right knee over his left, whenever the words touched him, he moved the pendent leg twice or three times; then curved his foot upwards. I could observe no other sign of emotion: but this was distinct. Some years afterwards, on a somewhat more important occasion, at the Conference at Berlin, a great German Philosopher, Herr ——, went to Berlin on purpose to study Disraeli's character. He said afterwards that he was most struck by the more than Indian stoicism which Disraeli showed. To this there was one exception: "Like all men of his race, he has one sign of emotion which never fails to show itself: the movement of the leg that is crossed over the other: and of the foot." The person who told me this had never heard me hint, nor had anyone, that I had observed this peculiar symptom on the earlier occasion to which I have referred.

I HAVE READ in a Life of Lord Derby that he

was instructed in elocution by his stepmother. His father's second wife was an actress of celebrity, named Farren. The author of the Life expresses surprise that "there was nothing melodramatic in Lord Derby's style". It seems strange that anyone should think that a clever and experienced actress should instruct her stepson, the future Statesman, to use a melodramatic style: she certainly would never have drilled him to perform in the windmill school of Rossi and Salvini; "To tear a passion to tatters". Lord Derby's style was in the best school of elocution. Though artistic to a skilled observer, it appeared to be Nature and Simplicity.

He would begin his speech standing close to the table of the House of Lords: occasionally placing both hands upon it: he would then, after a time, step back, close to the bench from which he had risen; and continue his explanation with some slight gesture. As he became more impressive, he would advance his right foot near the table; the left foot being kept behind, and resting on the point. His action, with his right hand only, was studied. His manner of holding his head very dignified; but without stiffness, or formality.

I did not know at the time of hearing his speeches that he had had a dramatic education: but I well remember how much impressed I was with his Grace, Dignity, and Artistic Skill.

I more than once noticed that the speech delivered in the morning to his Party, was repeated word for word in the House of Lords in the evening: at least one-third of it. Lord Derby said that he never closed his eyes the night before an important speech.

I CAN JUST RECOLLECT the end of the period of Coaches. When at school at Dr Everard's, at Brighton, called by an envious world "The House of Lords", but where the cane was freely administered to Lords and Commoners alike, I came to London with three schoolfellows in "The Age" Coach.

The Brighton half of the fifty-two miles was "tooled," to use the vernacular of the day, by Captain Brakenbury. This gentleman, of ancient historical race, was got up in a thorough coachman's style: a bright green cut-away coat, gilt "basket" buttons, a bouquet in his breast, and a very horsey hat. Half way to London, he exchanged

places with the driver of the "down" coach no less a person than Sir St. Vincent Cotton, a man of good family, and of exceptionally aristocratic appearance. I remember, as if it were yesterday, "The Age" turning with ease into that impossible "cul de sac" the yard of the "Golden Cross, Charing Cross", which still exists. The Duchess of Beaufort came in a yellow britzska to meet her son, then Lord Glamorgan; the others were Sir Henry de Bathe and Colonel Ellison: the latter is now dead. The Duchess of Beaufort died lately. Sir St. Vincent, who wore a white great-coat, with several capes on the shoulders, said to me, "Sir William, your carpet-bag is all right".

I tendered to Sir St. Vincent half-a-crown, the honorarium of that day; there was no want of dignity in the recipient; and I trust none in the donor.

AN EQUALLY fashionable coach was "The Taglioni"; which plied between London, Hounslow, and Windsor. It bore a portrait on the hind boot (boite) of the celebrated dancer. This coach was patronised by the Officers of the Household Brigade

quartered at Windsor; and of the Light Dragoons at Hounslow.

DISRAELI was most exact in his pronunciation, not only as to important words such as "Parliament": but always. I showed to him a letter of some length, which the Committee of a Club had written to me. He read it through; placed it on the table in front of him; and said, "Insolence itself!" giving the sound of the o; not "insulence," as it is frequently pronounced. Another word, "Business", he pronounced correctly; as a trisyllable.

IN ONE of the first speeches that I heard of Bernal Osborne, George Hudson, the "Railway King", of whom might be said, as of Cato, sometimes "mero caluisse virtus", attracted his attention by some inarticulate sounds, expressive of doubts of the fact uttered by the orator: it was about six P.M.: turning upon Hudson, he said, "I must beg the Member for Sunderland not to interrupt me: at this *early* period of the evening, he has no excuse for making a noise". This of course did not diminish the wrath of Hudson;

who sprang to his feet; and endeavoured to address the House. Bernal Osborne, however, continued: "Sit down, pray! I accept your apology: say no more!"

On another occasion he was very neat: It was on the vote for the Royal Academy of Music; the House being in Committee. Bernal Osborne said, "We heard in former years of the merits of the English Opera: Now, Sir, one of the most popular of English Operas has always been 'Artaxerxes': In that Opera is a well-known song; it begins, 'In Infancy our hopes and fears.' Sir, this vote is in its infancy; and I propose that we put an end to its hopes and fears; and strangle it at once".

THE CONSUMMATE WISDOM of the Rules of the House of Commons, such as they were, cannot be surpassed: this result of the good sense and experience of ages, excited the marvel of all who studied them: and they were worthy of a life-long study. I happened to meet at Nice a Hungarian of very great distinction; General Klapka. I spoke to him of the rules of our British House of Commons. He seemed to be very much

struck with what I told him. On returning to London, I forwarded him a copy of Sir Erskine May's work upon the Rules, which lies upon the table of the House: I heard sometime later from Sir Erskine May himself, that the book had been sent for; had been translated into the Czech language: and that the rules had been adopted in the Hungarian Parliament. Some alterations, for the worse, have been adopted of late years: *e.g.*, the nonsensical "40 to stand up" Rule. There is only one rule, and that has not been altered, which would have been better out of our House of Commons Statutes. Up to 1818, no two motions for Adjournment could be made consecutively: it was necessary that a substantive motion should intervene.

Some subtle individual, at or about that date, put an end to this sensible rule, by moving, after the adjournment of "the House," the adjournment of "the Debate": declaring that that was a substantive motion: and by alternating these motions rendering technical obstruction unlimited. The original practice should never have been changed. It is absolutely impossible, that a free assembly can proceed, provided there be per-

sons determined to interrupt proceedings within its rules. It is not necessary to break the Rules of the House. By moving endless amendments, or endless "Instructions to the Committee", terms well known and understood, it is easy to create hopeless obstruction. Every clause in a Bill may be amended; every word. Supposing that each of fifty Members shall address the House on each clause, they can, without infraction of the regulations, render all proceeding out of the question. What is to happen in the future? No one can tell. Should it be determined by a party in the House of Commons that legislation shall not take place, this result can be brought about: and to put a stop to this, our Rules of Liberty will be abrogated: an Assembly that has been the wonder and the admiration of the civilised world, will be degraded: and become the subject of contempt.

I was present when Disraeli, with an emphasis not to be exceeded, placed his hand upon the Book of Rules which lies upon the table of the House, and uttered these words; never to be forgotten by those who heard them, "Let us remember! these Rules were made for *Gentlemen!*" That is the whole question.

M^RS DISRAELI had the reputation of uttering gauche sayings; and of being remarkable for the want of good sense in her remarks: I failed to observe this. It is but fair, however, to give one specimen, which I know to be perfectly authentic. It occurred while staying with her husband at one of the ancestral homes of England, one of the most splendid of our Provincial Palaces. The wife of the lordly proprietor was a person of exceptional refinement; and a deep and sincere sense of propriety: she had carefully swept from the walls all pictures of a character that our less squeamish forefathers would not have objected to. As it happened, in the bed-room allotted to M^r and Mrs Disraeli one picture remained; not in any way exceeding those works of great artists displayed in the National Gallery; but of a decidedly classic character as regards drapery. Such as might have attracted the attention of the gentleman who signs himself "A British Matron".

At breakfast, the first morning after their arrival, Mrs Disraeli addressed the lady of the house in these words: "Lady ——, I find that your house is full of indecent pictures!" Knowing well the character

of their hostess, dismay might have been observed on the faces of the guests: undaunted, Mrs Disraeli continued, "There is a most horrible picture in our bedroom: Disraeli says it is Venus and Adonis: I have been awake half the night trying to prevent him looking at it." I know this to be true: the elder son of the house told it to me, who was present at breakfast.

ONE REASON THAT made Disraeli's style so effective in the House was that he never assumed to be in earnest. So far from there being any assumption of superiority, or of surpassing virtue, he appeared to wish to make the House believe that he was not in any way, morally, nor intellectually better than any one of them; that the comments which he was making were those of an astute advocate: and that he neither more nor less pretended to be right, than a lawyer who is pleading upon the facts which he brings before you. So far from trying to persuade his hearers that he was the only honest man in the place, and the only man of intelligence, he professed to simply state the facts so plainly as possible: and that the result of his argument must be, to the intelligent

persons who were listening to him, a matter of course. He was the "poor player" in velveteen and spangles endeavouring to divert them outside his booth. Should he bring out, which he rarely did, a quotation, it was after carefully leading up to it: those gems of thought, and of expression, which are scattered, not too thickly, in his harangues, were never introduced except at the climax of a carefully considered argument.

SUBSEQUENT to his early training in the Law in a Solicitor's office, Disraeli read in the chambers of his uncle, a barrister of prominence, Mr Basevi. It has been related to me by one who was later a pupil that Disraeli always declared that he did not intend the Law to be his profession: that he intended to make a name as a Statesman; he constantly harped upon this string; but I have no doubt that he benefited by the instruction which he received in the office of the eminent Conveyancer, who was related to him.

Another uncle of Disraeli's was Basevi the Architect, well known by his work in London, who died by an unfortunate accident in Ely Cathedral. He had a habit of walking with his hands in his

pockets: had it not been for this he might have saved himself, when falling between the boards of the scaffolding, from whence he was inspecting his work.

DRIVING TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS with her husband, who was about to make a speech of great importance, by the clumsiness of the servant in closing the door, Mrs Disraeli's hand was severely injured: the pain must have been extreme; but not a groan escaped her: she bore all the suffering without a word, fearing lest it might disturb her husband's equanimity at the time when it was required to address the House of Commons.

SPEAKING OF A TIME which I fondly hope has not quite passed away, the House of Commons has always shown the greatest jealousy as regards its Members; to succeed there you must devote yourself to the House, its ways, its laws, and its traditions. Not only was a man entering the House with a reputation out of doors looked at with the keenest severity; but he soon learnt, if he were capable of learning, that when he entered that assembly he must begin again as a

child: no Fame, however great elsewhere, did him any good there; it might elicit curiosity, and possibly interest; but the House of Commons told you plainly that your reputation must be made within its walls: there you must be born again: and that it was by your own fault or your own incapacity if you failed to make a just reputation. I have seen striking instances of men, with deserved renown, who never were able to comprehend the "Genius Loci"; and whose failure was undeniable. Perhaps the most conspicuous of these was John Stuart Mill. I heard most of the speeches which he made. He entirely failed to affect the House; it was not in him: powerful as he was as a writer, he had not those peculiar gifts which the House of Commons requires: as regards that place, "His name is writ in water". I heard Macaulay once: his speech fell dead.

I ASKED DISRAELI whether he had paid any attention to Mesmerism, etc., which was at the time the fashion. He replied, "No, I have not: Lytton tells me he has seen a man walk on the ceiling; I told him, if he could show me that, I would certainly go and see it".

ONE OF THE SECRETS of Disraeli's success was his strong sense of the Dramatic. John Bull, whatever he may pretend, admires an Actor: he likes something different to himself; that is to say, one who is more skilful than he is in the art which he loves. To say that the British race are not actors is to talk nonsense: any man who has gone through contested elections has a very different impression. Take for instance a corrupt borough: of course such places do not exist now. You might canvass a town, one-third of whose electors were corrupt; you might visit them in their houses over and over again; you would not see or hear a single hint that would induce you to suppose the electors were not the most virtuous of mankind. The acting was perfect: the solemn and intense repudiation of corrupt motives: the deep and earnest pathos, with which their political convictions were pleaded; the scorn of gold; the immaculate history of their ancestors, all freemen of the borough; none of whom had ever looked for money; the well-earned reputation which each of these honest men had among his kinsmen and neighbours; the earnest wish for your success; or the equally honest hope that you might

be defeated; all came from blameless breasts. You felt as you left each cottage, or each shop, that a spotless being was standing behind the counter, or sitting at the fireside: and you reached home each day more and more convinced that Virtue having been lost sight of in many parts of the World, still lingered in the Borough, which you hoped and intended to represent in the House of Commons.

ONE OF THOSE whom Disraeli particularly disliked was A. H. His dislike was probably owing to some early criticism of his works: I suspect that few hatreds are deeper, or more lasting. Whatever be the cause he certainly detested this individual; who belonged, I believe, to the same ancient race as himself. In an early letter to his sister, Disraeli speaks of "the delectable A. H." The term which Disraeli applied to him has often been misquoted. It has been said that he called A. H. "A literary louse". This was not the case: what he called him was, "The louse of Literature", crawling over and defiling the works of other men: while his means of sustenance were derived from their heads.

ON BEING ASKED as to some individual what was the best method of influencing him, Disraeli replied, "Get at his friends; that is always the best way". I suspect that confidential communication with an M.P.'s local Agent was another, not too honest, method used by him.

SOME TIME AFTER Lord George Bentinck appeared above the political horizon, considerable sensation was made by what seemed to be hardly worthy of notice. Lord Lyndhurst expressed his opinion that a Statesman should be "a man of stable mind." This was wrongly interpreted to be a cut at Lord George Bentinck, who took his amusement, in the most noble manner, "on the Turf". Disraeli describes with pathos how Lord George received the news that a horse, "Surplice", which he had sold only a short time before, on giving up racing, had won the Derby. "The Blue Ribbon of the Turf", a term now become well-known, was used for the first time. Lord George Bentinck was one of those men who did honour to the Turf, as well as to his political profession. Such men are of priceless value in any pursuit: they give a tone, and a character, and establish canons of

Honour, which dignify their occupation: it is by such men, and by their exhibition of spotless conduct, that England has remained great and free.

I NEVER OBSERVED in Disraeli the slightest appearance of false pride. There is no precise English term for what I mean; it is best described in the French "Orgueil", as distinguished from "Fierté". That he was conscious of his intellectual superiority no one could doubt; he had an honest contempt for ignorance, and stupidity; but as regards his position in the State; and the success which would have turned an ordinary head, he showed no sign of deterioration. Any approach to a liberty would have been met with extreme severity. I heard of one case, that I believe to be true, although almost incredible, of an individual who addressed him in the Division lobby, and actually asked him for a Peerage. Disraeli gave him a look; and moved away without a word.

An admirable expression, applicable to those whom we occasionally meet, borrowed from the stable, sums up all these questions, "Can he or she stand corn?" An under-bred horse, and an under-bred man or woman, whatever may be their

position, and their descent, cannot "stand corn." This phrase cannot be mended. His brilliant ultimate success never turned Disraeli's head.

VERY FEW PERSONS have had an opportunity of hearing Disraeli speak. The Members of the House, as we know, number about 650: a space is allotted to the public in the Speaker's and Upper Gallery: a very small space is allowed to ladies. Besides these, and the three clerks, the Serjeant-at-Arms, and the door-keepers, no one, under any circumstances has an opportunity of hearing the speaking in the House of Commons. When any matter of great importance is discussed, when the fate of a Government is to be decided, or a measure of vast influence accepted or rejected, every place is filled long before the Debate. I have known many who have taken the keenest interest in politics, and who were well able to appreciate eloquence, not one of whom has ever had an opportunity of hearing Disraeli speak.

No one, who has not done so, can form any idea of his powers. His speeches when read give no adequate idea of their effect. The impression made on an emotional Assembly like

the House of Commons can never be put in print. The varying sensations, fluctuating like the breast of the ocean; the minute rhetorical effects, which moved his audience so powerfully; the alterations of voice; the pauses; the grand gestures, which he occasionally, but not frequently, used: all these are utterly lost upon the reader of a debate. Disraeli had a perfectly melodious voice; and what is rare, a voice increasing in beauty of tone the more loudly that he spoke: he had the proud consciousness of having a master-mind; and a masterly power of influencing men. He wrote to his sister early in life, "I have listened to the great speakers in the House of Commons: I can surpass them all!" His judgment was right: and he lived to give his prophecy a splendid fulfilment. To the reader who has read and admired his speeches I say, "Quid si tonantem ipsum audivisses!"

AS REGARDS PARTY discipline, a question which has been so frequently discussed, I agree after much reflection with the dictum of Charles Fox: "If it were not for party feeling, and party discipline, Corruption would step into their places". As in

everything British, "give and take," forbearance, and the recognised laws of Honour have moderated the feelings of party. The oil of good sense has lubricated the marvellous machine of Parliamentary government. I recall the opinion of a statesman of cynical character, Sir James Graham. After the defeat of Disraeli's Reform Bill in 1859, I heard Sir James say, "The Division of last night should be recorded in letters of gold: there is not one of you (the Tories) who does not deserve to have his name made immortal: you all hated the Bill; there was not a man absent: it gives me hopes that Parliamentary Government may continue". A nobler scene followed. The Parliament was barely two years old. At every dissolution, at the least two hundred members lose their seats; and, as we well knew, one hundred of us on the Tory Side would fall: many not to rise again: yet when Disraeli announced that the Queen had been advised at once to dissolve Parliament, we raised a loud and heartfelt cheer. This was the noblest act on the part of the Tory Party that I have ever witnessed: nor do I believe that in their grand history it could be surpassed. We had been defeated on a measure which, as Sir James Graham said, we

loathed. We had loyally supported the Minister who had introduced it. The result of the Dissolution was that many were banished to waste weary years in exile: and many never re-entered the House of Commons. The fabled tale of the "Vengeur" has remained in the memory of man: the afternoon in which what I related occurred should not be left out by the historian of those days.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM died as he had lived; a Philosopher. His watch was before him: he carefully noted the hours, and minutes, that passed away between the fatal announcement of his Physician and his death. Nearly the last words he uttered were these, "I have served my country for forty years: I can recognise no act of mine that was not done with a view to the real interests of my country. I shall live in history for one thing only; my name will be pointed at as that of the man who opened the letters". This reference was to a case of some letters being opened by the legal power of the Secretary of State. Sir James Graham opened, re-sealed, and delivered the letters: the contents of these letters, copied out, were

of a highly compromising character: and resulted in the execution of some Italian conspirators.

DISRAELI USED this expression to a man who had attacked him, and whom he despised, "The mercy of my silence".

THE TERM "Ogleby-Chatham", applied to Lord Palmerston by a Frenchman, was not correct: Lord Palmerston had neither the Senility nor the Refinement of the hero of "The Clandestine Marriage". He was a very coarse feeder: and would not have been horrified at "buttered toast in the dog days!" he would have eaten it. I have seen him drinking the decocted, not infused, filth, House of Commons tea!! He had neither the Statesmanship nor the Dignity of the Great Commoner.

WALKING with a friend along Pall Mall, the friend turned at the corner of the Athenæum Club, making for the Duke of York's steps, as the shortest route to the House of Commons: "No, no!" said Disraeli, "not that way: it's so damned dull!"

THE RESULT of Lord Aberdeen's Government

going to war, when they were totally unprepared, might have been anticipated. The weapon, by which the fatal blow was given, came, not from the Tories; it came from a strong supporter of the Whigs, the well-known Arthur Roebuck; a man of exceptional eloquence, and great ability, to whom, during his career, justice was not done. Roebuck gave notice that he would move for a Select Committee "to inquire into the condition of our Army before Sebastopol; and into the conduct of those departments of the Government whose duty it has been to administer to the wants of that Army". On the day on which this motion came on, and previous to its being moved, Lord John Russell announced that he had left the Government. Up to that time neither the Members of Parliament, nor the public, still less the Government itself, had any idea that Lord John intended to abandon them.

On this evening, Lord John made a deliberate, and elaborate attack upon his colleagues. He described the accounts from the Crimea as "not only painful; but horrible, and heartrending"; words that rang through England: and he heaped obloquy upon the Cabinet, which he had just left. The principal object of his attack was the Duke of Newcastle;

who held the position of Minister for War; a newly created office, with Cabinet rank, and entirely different from Secretary at War, a subordinate, not in the Cabinet. Up to the time of the appointment of the Duke of Newcastle, the Minister for the Colonies was also Minister for War. A new Department was created: at the head of which the Duke of Newcastle was placed. It appeared from Lord John's statement that from the first he had disapproved of the Duke of Newcastle as an administrator: and had endeavoured to dislodge him. The Duke of Newcastle, who had thought it his duty to resign his Office, replied in a speech, which I heard, of considerable ability: it was delivered with great dignity, and extreme forbearance. He showed, beyond all doubt, that during the whole time that Lord John Russell had been expressing to others his distrust of the powers of the Duke, he had been constantly at his elbow: and, mark this! that no act of the Duke's had been done, in relation to the War, except at the suggestion of Lord John Russell, or with his thorough approval. This the Duke pronounced in the most emphatic way: his words naturally produced a considerable sensation. Disraeli described Lord John's conduct as "what

would have been called in the language of the last century, a profligate intrigue." Lord Derby, in a speech of refined sarcasm, asked, whereas they had just been told that a Member of the Cabinet, who had led the attack against his late colleagues in general, had particularly singled out the colleague who had trusted him most implicitly, and to whom he had given constant advice, what must be the condition of the remainder of the Cabinet? If what had taken place was the fruit of intimacy, and cordial feeling between the Duke of Newcastle and Lord John Russell, on what terms could the remainder of the Ministers be? He said that "He was not disposed to diminish the effect of that picture of an interior, which has been, with such graphic power, described by the Noble Duke: the Cabinet 'peint par soi-même' forms one of the most effective pictures ever presented to Parliament".

Lord Aberdeen's Government being out, the vastly important question arose as to who should succeed him. The coalition of men of opposite principles formed in the year 1852, for the purpose of ousting the Tories, had failed contemptibly: they had allowed the country to drift into a war,

for which they were utterly unprepared: An Army of fine, stalwart, soldiers had perished, not by the sword, nor by the bullets of the enemy, not even by Pestilence, nor Famine, nor Idleness, the great devourers of armies; but in consequence of a project being undertaken, for which no due preparation had been made. The bitter feeling created in 1852, had by no means subsided: it was felt that owing to there having been a Coalition Government, War had ensued. It was suspected in the country that, if we were not the cat's-paw of France, we were at best playing the game of the French Emperor. The whole Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen had shared the national reprobation: and the Country called decidedly upon a new and fresh Government to carry on the war, and to bring it to an honourable conclusion. It was universally believed by those who paid attention to politics, and indeed it was the instinct of the earnest portion of the people of this Country, that an opportunity had at length arrived for Lord Derby to take the helm: it was also felt that, by so doing, he would rally every honest heart around him. By a combination of circumstances the Whig party and the Peelites were both thoroughly discredited. This was the great oppor-

tunity of Lord Derby's life. It is difficult to make it understood how vehement was the feeling in his favour at the time. It was believed, and justly believed, that things in the Crimea were about to mend; and that all that was required was a vigorous Administration. Errors had been detected, and might be remedied: the whole heart of England was set upon supporting a new Government: nor would any section of intriguers have dared to endeavour to undermine a Ministry, that should set to work honestly and vigorously, to replace Britain in the position which she ought never to have lost. No one doubted in Parliament for a moment that Lord Derby, whom the Queen sent for at once, would have taken up the reins of Office, which had fallen from discredited hands; and would have declared himself, in a great oration which would have thrilled through the Empire, to be a Minister prepared to carry on "a just and necessary war" to its triumphant termination. Had he done so, he would have been so strong as any Minister that ever filled his great place: he would have roused an enthusiasm such as we have read that the first Pitt, the great Chatham, roused. All sections of Britain,

and all classes, from the members of the House of Lords to the crowd in the streets, had but one cry, "A new and vigorous Government." It is true that the Tory Party were not in a majority in the House of Commons: under ordinary circumstances this might have been an excuse for their not taking Office: as it was, it was no excuse. None of the men who had just lost power in such a pitiable manner, dared have united against a new Cabinet. If Lord Derby had said openly, "I know that I am in a minority in the House of Commons; I know that I may be out-voted to-morrow; but all other Parties in the State having tried, and failed, to form an Administration, I have consented to do so. The Country must clearly understand what I mean. I shall only leave Office on one condition; that a distinct vote of Want of Confidence in me and my colleagues be passed by the House of Commons: to that I shall yield; but to nothing else: but while I say this, I add in the same breath, so convinced am I of the generous feeling and the honest love of their Country which fills the breast of every man in this Empire, that until I have had a fair, but not too much prolonged trial, that vote will not be

passed". Had Lord Derby said this, had he made a Cabinet, which he might well have done of his own party, with the addition of those who had previously served; had he admitted Lord Ellenborough, a most able administrator, and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, a man of great capacity, the very men who now refused would have joined him.

Even without these aids, so peculiar were the circumstances of the day, that the first thirteen men that he should meet in the House of Commons and Lords, with himself at their head, must have succeeded. What happened? Lord Derby gave the history of what took place most clearly in a speech, which he made in the House of Lords: every word of which I listened to with eagerness: and with bitter disappointment. I have, as others have, frequently since read the history of this crisis: never for a moment have I changed my opinion that on the evening on which Lord Derby made his statement, the 8th of February 1855, he ceased for ever to deserve the reputation of a Statesman.

The House of Lords was crowded: the Peeresses' Gallery full: the extra lights near the Throne burn-

ing: everything showed a great occasion. No one guessed what was coming. The rank and file of the party had no doubt that Lord Derby would announce that he had accepted office. I happened to be standing next to a lady, whose husband ultimately filled the high office of Lord Chancellor: I said, "Who is it to be?" She replied, with the dignity of anticipated grandeur, "Lord Derby, of course!"

Lord Derby spoke well, and with considerable emphasis: Before long it became clear, from the tone and character of his words, that it was not his intention to do what his party unanimously thought was his duty. He began to speak of his unwillingness to be "a Minister on sufferance:" he said that he was unwilling to be dependent for support from day to day upon precarious and uncertain majorities; "to find it necessary to conciliate some half dozen men here, or obviate the objection of some half dozen there; and to scramble through the Session of Parliament:" all of which arguments would, under ordinary circumstances, have been plausible: they were not so in these. He spoke of Lord Ellenborough and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton as being ready to join

him: he admitted that he had the support of three hundred Members in the House of Commons: but he recalled what had happened to him in 1852. He spoke of the attacks made on him in the newspapers: and he ended his speech by saying, that he had felt, and he had advised the Queen, that he would not, for he could not, form a Government, without the assistance of Lord Palmerston: that he had, accordingly, immediately upon leaving Buckingham Palace, called upon Lord Palmerston: that Lord Palmerston had given him clearly to understand that he would be glad to join Lord Derby's new Government; but that he, Lord Palmerston, would require that two Members of the late Administration, namely, Mr Gladstone and Mr Sidney Herbert, be invited to take part in the new Cabinet: Lord Derby added that he had completely agreed with Lord Palmerston; and, more than that, he had suggested that, as these two had been formerly Members of the Tory Party, he thought that they would be well qualified to support him on this occasion. He also pointed out to Lord Palmerston, and this was of great importance, that he, Lord Palmerston, should lead the House of Commons: and that Lord Ellenborough

should be Minister for War; as the labours of this most important Office would be impossible, if joined to the Leadership of the House of Commons. He stated to Lord Palmerston that Disraeli had already said that "he would waive all claim and pretension to lead the House: and would willingly, and readily, act under the direction of the noble Viscount's ability and experience". Lord Derby added that, not only would Mr Disraeli make this sacrifice, but that he, Mr Disraeli, "hoped that such a surrender might render more easy the accession of two of the friends of the noble Viscount, who might be willing to act under him, but less willing to act under himself". Lord Derby quitted Lord Palmerston, after half-an-hour's interview: it was arranged with Her Majesty that a messenger should wait to carry to Windsor the result of the confidential message which Lord Derby had sent to Mr Gladstone and Mr Sidney Herbert by Lord Palmerston. Lord Derby waited in vain: Lord Palmerston did not return. The interview had ended at two o'clock: and at half-past nine, the latest moment that the messenger for Windsor could be detained, Lord Derby wrote to Lord Palmerston for his decision. Great was his surprise, when

Lord Palmerston, instead of returning to say that the offer of Lord Derby had been accepted or refused by Mr Gladstone and Mr Sidney Herbert, merely sent a note to say that, "on full and complete reflection, he had come to the conclusion that if he were to join Lord Derby's Government, he could not give it full support." Lord Palmerston added, that he had communicated with Mr Gladstone and Mr Sidney Herbert; and that they would write their own answers to Lord Derby. At half-past twelve, the same night, Lord Derby received a note from Mr Gladstone: and, between seven and eight the following morning, one from Mr Sidney Herbert. Lord Derby said that he was very much struck with an expression in Mr Gladstone's note; Mr Gladstone, after stating that Lord Palmerston had communicated to him "the wish which I had expressed, that he, Mr Gladstone, should form part of my Administration, added, 'I also learned from Lord Palmerston that he is not of opinion that he can himself render you useful service in your Administration'". Lord Derby expressed his extreme astonishment at this. He had, *after* receiving from Lord Palmerston the earnestly expressed wish to join him in his Govern-

ment, confided to him the fact that he should have difficulty in forming a Government without his aid. Lord Palmerston was solely commissioned to ask Mr Gladstone and Mr Sidney Herbert whether they would join Lord Derby. He appears, from Lord Derby's statement, to have done nothing of the sort; but to have stated to both that Lord Derby could not form a Government without the aid of those two, and himself. Mr Gladstone and Mr Sidney Herbert declined to join Lord Derby's Government. It is painful to suspect that Lord Palmerston, during his interview with these two gentlemen, whose hands were perfectly free, may have suggested that he himself might become the Minister. The statement made by Lord Derby created a very great sensation at the time: as well, indeed, it might.

Lord Palmerston, as we know, became Minister: his explanation of the above transaction may be found in the debate of the 16th of February 1855. A very careful reading of his speech entirely fails to clear up his very ambiguous conduct. That Lord Derby should have been so imprudent as to confide to Lord Palmerston the fact that he could not form a Government without him surprises me.

Had Lord Derby boldly taken up the reins, had he declared that he would do as I have suggested above, I had no doubt at the time, and I have no doubt now, that his Government would have been a strong one. Had the contingency arisen, which he anticipated, of another combination against him on the part of the Whig and Peelite parties, he would have had an opportunity, such as few Ministers have ever had, of placing the great Tory Party once more in an unequivocal majority: not by "dishing the Whigs," not by taking "a leap in the dark," but by an honest appeal to the patriotism of the British People. So strong was the feeling at the time against the late Government, so eager was the anticipation of good from a new one, that a Dissolution on the cry of "Intrigue and Faction!" must have resulted in a very large majority in the House of Commons. This was so thoroughly felt at the time, that Lord Derby would not have been molested: he would have kept office. More than this; had he boldly seated himself in the chair of Premier, those who joined Lord Palmerston immediately afterwards would have joined him: Lord Palmerston himself would have joined him,

when he found that success had followed boldness; as it usually does. I well remember, when Lord Derby sat down after his fatal speech, turning to George Smythe, and saying to him "Is not that enough to damn the Party?" He replied, "Enough to damn a hundred parties!"

Lord Derby had not only ruined his party; he had insulted them: he spoke of "raw and worthless recruits!" and used other quite undeserved terms of contempt.

I believe that from that time the Tory Party had but little confidence in Lord Derby. From every part of the Country remonstrances came. There was hardly a County, hardly a Borough, in the United Kingdom, that did not express disgust. I well remember Colonel Edward Taylor, the best manager which the Party has had, standing in the entrance-hall of Buckingham House, Pall Mall, which the Carlton Club temporarily occupied, the next morning: his hands were full of letters, which he was tearing open. I said to him, "Here's a blunder! was there ever anything like it?" He replied, "Every one says the same thing." No wonder that Disraeli's reproaches were of the bitterest, and well-deserved. No wonder

that he spoke his mind to Lord Derby: all his toil wasted: all his just hopes destroyed.

The forces which Lord Derby commanded had behaved with a Loyalty and a Chivalry that were not to be surpassed. Nothing could be finer than their discipline: nothing nobler than their behaviour: and now, after long and wearisome waiting, after enduring all the miseries of disappointment, an opportunity had at last occurred. The Enemy was flying. Where is the Tory Leader? Where is "Rupert", so named by Disraeli and Lytton? Is he proudly planting the Standard of the King on the inmost walls of the deserted citadel? Is he congratulating his followers upon the fortune which had at last attended their gallant efforts, and their splendid Loyalty? He is doing nothing of the sort. "Rupert" is galloping to the rear so fast as his horse can carry him. To drop metaphor, Lord Derby was shooting snipes with Lord Malmesbury, in Hampshire: and joking about the troubles which he had avoided.

Right well did he deserve the terms in which Disraeli spoke of him: the sentiments expressed by him were the sentiments of the Tory Party. I heard

what was said at the time by his deserted followers; and I know that their contempt was deserved.

DISRAELI'S COMMENTS in the House on Lord Palmerston's accession to Office were amusing. Lord Palmerston had declared that the People of England were without a leader: and that he, like King Richard, had exclaimed, "I will be your leader!" Disraeli turned this by saying that Lord Palmerston had compared the Members of the House of Commons to "the rabble of Smithfield; lately headed by Wat Tyler". He, naturally, expressed doubts whether the new Government, which was made up of the old materials, would succeed any better. He said, "Sir, let us hope that, although we have the same individuals regulating our affairs, these men, who a fortnight ago were voted to be unparalleled blunderers, may now be transformed into expert Statesmen": and he wisely added, "So long as they attempt to do their duty in the conduct of this war, they may reckon on the same support as their identical predecessors received: should they fall, they will not be able to impute that fall to the factious hostility of those who sit opposite to them".

He called them "a re-burnished Ministry".

I suspect that one arch-intriguer may have been mixed up in the affair: I mean Napoleon III. That he would be a strong advocate for Lord Palmerston's Premiership is most probable: I think that it is not unlikely that what occurred some years afterwards, in relation to the throwing out of the "Conspiracy-to-Murder Bill" by Disraeli, which caused the Emperor very great annoyance, may have been caused, in some measure, by Disraeli's recollections of his conduct at this crisis.

I suspect that that subtle mind had much to do with the interior of successive British Cabinets, during the time its owner sat on the throne of France.

DISRAELI described the character of an individual as "not redeemed by a single vice."

THE ONLY PERSON whom I have met who reminds me in any way of the manner of Disraeli in private life, is Mr Henry Irving. When I first had the honour of knowing him, I could not persuade myself that he was not imitating Disraeli's

manner: the peculiar slowness and deliberation of utterance; a voice very much of the same timbre; and the resemblance in other minute particulars surprised me. Mr Irving told me that he had, to his regret, never heard Disraeli speak in Parliament: and, I think, added that he had no personal acquaintance with him.

I REMARKED to Mrs Disraeli that there was one situation in which my imagination could not picture Disraeli, namely, in a country-house: that polite prison tempered by pheasants. She said, "You are right. Whenever we go to a country-house the same thing happens: Disraeli is not only bored, and has constant ennui, but he takes to eating as a resource: he eats at breakfast; luncheon; and dinner: the result is, by the end of the third day he becomes dreadfully bilious; and we have to come away".

DISRAELI IS SUPPOSED to have represented Thackeray, in his last novel of "Endymion," as Mr St Barbe. I do not see any great resemblance. There was no love lost between them. I met Thackeray in Knightsbridge: He said to me,

being fond of throwing in bits of French, of which he was a master, "Comment trouvez-vous cet homme? il est capable de tout!"

I HAVE HEARD the eleventh Duke of Somerset discourse on the great orators of the past: I remember his saying that he had listened to Fox in the House of Commons for four hours, and been sorry when he left off. I took part in an interesting conversation when dining with Lord Jersey in Berkeley Square: Lord Lyndhurst, and the present Lord Derby, were the only others present. Lord Jersey said that Fox had a trick of saying in the House "But, Sir", repeatedly. I assume that very few speakers but what have some trick of the sort; and are unconscious of it until it be pointed out to them. It is a resting of the mind: if it were not for these involuntary, and unperceived, resting-places, the current of words could hardly flow with correctness.

AN EXCELLENT country Squire, Mr Plowden, living on the borders of Wiltshire, who has not long been dead, when considerably past ninety told me many stories of the past. He had frequently seen

Lord Nelson: he gave me a graphic description of Mr Pitt returning thanks, for his Ministry, at the Guildhall dinner, after the battle of Trafalgar. He was seated near to him: he told me that nothing could exceed Pitt's dignity of manner: that his style was more or less formal, but very impressive: and that he gave you the idea of being a master of Rhetoric. I visited, not long ago, the house in which Mr Pitt lived, on Wimbledon Common. It is still called "Bowling-Green House": and is on the right of the road going from London. The house has been enlarged: but his bedroom and the room, downstairs, in which he and Lord Melville drank their "potations pottle-deep" still exist. It was here that his duel with Tierney took place.

GEORGE SMYTHE told me some interesting facts on a matter which may cause surprise: the absolute separation of political from personal feeling. I had expressed to him my wonder at seeing Disraeli and Lord John Russell, very shortly after an embittered controversy in the House, chatting together with good-humoured familiarity. George Smythe replied, "The fact is, Disraeli is glad to find some one with brains in his skull: there are

not a great many"; and he added that at the time when he himself was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, when Lord Derby's attacks upon his chief, Lord Aberdeen, were most venomous, and of daily occurrence, they dined together every night; sometimes at the house of one, sometimes of the other; sometimes at a Club: but their evening meal was always taken together.

DISRAELI pointed out to me that there is much more excitement when the Party to which a Member of the House of Commons belongs is in Opposition than when his own Party is in power. Nothing can be less exciting than to serve a Government which has an easy majority. There is no one to attack. When in Opposition, you are a free lance: the more mischief that you can do to the Government the better: you have no responsibility: and bring none to the Leaders of the Party whom you support.

IT SURPRISES me that at no time has any Member of the House of Commons quoted from Disraeli's novels the numberless opinions with which he might have been pelted. There is an armoury

of these weapons in his works: had they been judiciously selected and impelled, they would have caused him great annoyance. Occasionally when, in conversation, I quoted some passages, not of course of a hostile kind, I could see in his face the opinion, "How very disagreeable this man might be, if he were on the other side". Here is one good specimen: Disraeli makes a Minister say to one of his myrmidons, previous to a critical Division, "Let every man of the Party believe that he is to be an Under-Secretary".

CONSIDERING the manner in which Disraeli was looked upon during nearly the whole of his life, I was astonished at the marvellous effect produced on the Public by his death: certainly up to the last time when he became Prime Minister, few people seemed to care about him, or his future: indeed, had he died before his last Premiership, I can hardly think that his death would have caused any excitement. At seventy he obtained a brilliant success. His theory was that ultimately Success attends Effort and Patience: I know that when congratulated upon his final triumph he said, "Yes! but it has come too late!"

Voltaire and La Bruyère together sum up the realities of Fortune:

> All comes to him who learns to wait:
> All comes; but ever comes too late.

AS REGARDS THE Cynicism displayed throughout Disraeli's novels, who can be surprised? He had been sneered at, mocked, neglected: every opprobrious name had, at one time or another, been applied to him: mankind had laughed at him: Impostor, Lunatic, Profligate, Sceptic, every term of contempt had been lavished upon him: four-fifths of this, as he knew right well, were merely the result of his success: one is surprised that he had any feeling for others left.

"FORTI NIHIL DIFFICILE," his motto, was his own adoption: a man may adopt and change his motto and crest as he may prefer: the device was criticised at Disraeli's election for Shrewsbury: it was said to have been adopted at that time.

HE SPEAKS of Melancholy being "the doom of energetic celibacy".

DISRAELI WAS fond of inserting little metaphors in his conversation. During the last time he was Prime Minister, while a Conference of importance was sitting on the Continent, I met him in Pall Mall close to the War Office. It was a bitter cold day: he had a white silk pocket-handkerchief tied, not round his throat, but over his chin: he appeared to be in the last stage of exhaustion. He stopped me; and after a few good-natured words said, "Has the dove left the ark?" I thought for a moment that it was some allusion to the olive-branch of Peace. I replied, "If you do not know, nobody else can". He then said, "It's a dreadful thing for the country". "Oh! you mean the floods: I beg your pardon". I felt that it was very kind of him to stop even for a minute on such a day; and said, "We must not lose our Prime Minister". He said, "Thank you for your kindness", and walked on. I looked after him, and really expected from his apparent condition that he would not reach Marlborough House. His appearance was generally of a settled, hopeless, calm: as if his last hour were immediately approaching; and he knew it.

LORD PALMERSTON was as a young man known as "Cupid": the part he played in Society was that of a transitory Lothario to a not very high class of Calistas.

ONE SECRET of Lord Palmerston's success was that he always affected to take the House into his confidence: his "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" were all for the Members: he wished them to believe that he was laughing at the outside Public.

THE CHARACTER which Disraeli gives Lord Melbourne in the "Runnymede Letters" is "A mild, middle-aged, lounging, man: gifted with no ordinary abilities, cultivated with no ordinary care: but the victim of sauntering". I well remember seeing Lord Melbourne walking with the Queen, when I was a boy at Eton. The Sovereign, followed by the Court, used to walk on the Eastern Terrace of Windsor Castle: Lord Melbourne wore his hat slightly on one side: his features were good: his general air that of a listless poco-curante: his conduct towards his Sovereign was high-minded and conscientious.

The Windsor Uniform, which is not, as errone-

ously fancied, a coat covered with gold lace, but a simple blue coat with scarlet collar and cuffs and handsome pin-buttons bearing the Royal Crown and Cypher, seemed to contrast unfavourably with the varied colour of waistcoats and trousers worn with it. Lord Melbourne's clothes were not gaudy, but nondescript: a neckcloth of the fashion of the day, a sort of tartan pattern: the apparent carelessness of his dress and general appearance hardly seemed to me to suit the dignity of the Prime Minister. In addition to this, the Court not wearing gloves always gave him, although according to the severest rules of etiquette, an untidy appearance.

The Prince Consort never looked better than in the Windsor Uniform: the double-breasted coat buttoned across his chest, with the Garter Star; trousers usually of what was called Oxford Mixture, that is a dark gray; his coat exceptionally well made. I remember his opening the new buildings at Eton, in Weston's Yard: he certainly reached the ideal, as regards appearance. I was at Eton when a happy event took place: a Triumphal Arch was erected on the occasion of Her Majesty's Marriage: instead of crossing the Slough Road, an

arch of enormous dimensions, and covered with illuminated lamps, was placed between what was called "Spiers's Corner" and the elm tree in the garden on the opposite side of the road leading towards Okes's and "Angelo's Lane." The boys, of course, accompanied the carriage to the Castle, with vociferous acclamations.

I SHOULD SAY that the Country which Disraeli loved best was Spain: Her ancient associations; the mixed descent from the Goth and the Moor; the poetical ideal of the Spaniard; and the romantic character of the Spanish people, and their history, affected him.

AN UNPLEASANT incident occurred to Disraeli the year before he entered the House of Lords: in the unseemly rush which takes place when the Commons are summoned to the presence of their Sovereign the Prime Minister was thrown down, and narrowly escaped injury. On being raised, he quietly said, "This shall not occur again!" At the same ceremony the next year he carried the Sword of State immediately before the Queen.

THE FAMILY LETTERS which he wrote during his early travels in Spain allude obscurely to some great grief. It is difficult to say whether the ill was of the heart: or whether, as in the immortal diagnosis of Sawyer (late Nockemorf), "the stomach was the primary cause."

Physical Love is short-lived; Affection, however tender, is survived or replaced. I should say that Disraeli's case was neither of these forms: one would expect in such a temperament to find a far deeper passion, the Love of the Imagination. In a nature such as his, the fatal power of conceiving the Ideal, joined to a quick and accurate perception of blemishes, must have been a source of torment. No one can read "Henrietta Temple" and not feel that it surpasses in sentiment Rousseau and Byron.

DISRAELI said, "When I meet a man whose name I cannot remember, I give myself two minutes: then, if it be a hopeless case, I always say, "And how is the old complaint?"

IT IS REMARKABLE as regards his supposed reply, when asked upon what principle he stood,

Radical or Tory, "I stand upon my head," that in a letter to his sister dated the 8th April 1833, Disraeli quotes it from a newspaper. He says, "In 'The Town' yesterday, I am told that some one asked Disraeli, in offering himself for Marylebone, on what he intended to stand, 'On my head,' was the reply".

DISRAELI'S DIET was, I should say, scanty; I have no doubt that he wisely economised his interior space. We have heard the story of the Epicure who, at a tavern, burst into tears: on being asked the reason of his grief he said, "You ask me why I weep; Look at that man wasting a glorious appetite on a leg of mutton!" Disraeli did not do this. He says in one place "I live solely on snipes".

HIS FIRST ACQUAINTANCE with O'Connell was evidently of a friendly kind. He dined with him in May 1834, at O'Connell's house: I am confirmed in my belief that the affair at Taunton arose entirely from a misapprehension of what Disraeli said.

As regards Disraeli's advocacy of Triennial Parliaments and Vote by Ballot, at Wycombe, as not being inconsistent with the principles of Toryism, he writes in 1834, that he hears that "Triennial Parliaments are to be a Cabinet Measure; also an extension of the Constituency: the Ballot to stand on its merits: *in short a Revolution*". He adds, "This must lead to a fatal collision with the House of Lords". These were precisely the measures which he had shortly before advocated. As to the letter to O'Connell, he says to his sister, "I do not regret the letter: the expressions were well weighed: and without it the affair was but clever pamphleteering". I have no doubt that every word was considered with the greatest possible self-criticism: and that it was intended to attract attention: and to show what the writer's powers of expression were, when he took pains.

I HAVE MENTIONED "Rose Bank," Lady Londonderry's Cottage on the Thames near Fulham, as the scene of breakfast-parties. Of "Rose Bank," long anterior to the breakfasts to which I have alluded, Disraeli says, "It is the prettiest baby-house in the world: a Pavilion, rather than

a Villa; all green paint, white chintz, and looking-glass."

I mention in this relation the name of one whom I saw there. He was the first "Swell" that I had ever seen: the term "Dandy" had long before disappeared. I was then an Eton boy. I am glad to say he still flourishes. Nothing could be more perfect than his dress; "Duck", *i.e.*, stout linen, trousers were then the fashion: his had very fine vertical lines of red and blue; the climate must have been warmer than now. Everything was neat; unostentatious; in short perfect. I have never seen any one so well dressed. I hope he will forgive me, as a very old friend, for mentioning his name, The Hon. St George Foley; he is, I believe, now a General; and his services have been requited by the high military honour of K.C.B., but so perfect has been always his social position, that I dare to say that most of his friends are ignorant of the fact.

One of the legends that linger within the gloomy chambers of Dublin Castle is that Captain Foley, who had been for many years on the Staff of successive Lords Lieutenant, was asked at dinner by His Excellency, "What Regiment are you in,

Foley?" "Upon my word, Sir, I don't know: my servant is in the room; I have no doubt that he knows".

Captain Foley showed himself later on to be a true soldier. Thackeray admits that "the dandy regiments fought best in Spain". Placed on the Staff of the French Commander-in-Chief, Colonel Foley fought at the Alma, Balaclava, Inkermann, and the Tchernaya. Subsequently he distinguished himself by a French command in China when acting as British Commissioner. A general officer of great critical power told me that the finest thing he ever saw was General Foley leading a handful of Frenchmen against the flank of a heavy column of Chinese. May the last of the "Swells" long flourish!

BYRON AND HORACE, both appreciators of the beautiful, and great Poets, said in their last days that they had failed to find an ideal. Horace speaks of the "Spes mutui cordis" being over: Byron echoes Horace's words,

"The hope of mutual hearts is o'er".

I doubt whether Disraeli found his ideal of woman. He never hinted to me that he had.

DISRAELI said that successive Governments held nearly the same Policy: That Ministerial Measures were usually taken from the pigeon-holes of their predecessors.

AS REGARDS the much-vexed question of the early professions of politics by Disraeli, as announced in his addresses to the Electors of Wycombe, Marylebone, Taunton, etc., an examination of his various documents and speeches leads one to the conclusion, that first and foremost, Benjamin Disraeli wished to enter the House of Commons: that Benjamin Disraeli persuaded himself that his object in life ought to be to destroy the Whig party: that in asking for the support of Daniel O'Connell and Joseph Hume, one a dangerous Irish demagogue, the other a Scotch Radical, he intended to use their support solely for the purpose of defeating the Whig Candidate: that he wished it to be thought later that he had never professed Radicalism, although in a letter to his sister he calls himself "a Radical": that he disagreed with O'Connell: that he intended to oppose the son of the Whig Minister, Colonel Grey, by the united aid of the Tories, and the Radicals: it

is but justice to say that at his first Election he was proposed and seconded by a Tory and Radical respectively. Mr Treacher, ominous name, was the Radical proposer: Mr Rose was the Tory seconder.

It is very difficult to understand how Triennial Parliaments and Vote by Ballot, both of which in early days he decidedly promised to support, were consistent with any form of Toryism. The Politics of Lord Bolingbroke, and of Sir William Wyndham, could not convey any distinct ideas to the electors of High Wycombe, unless they were of a more highly educated type than those within my recollection.

As regards the correspondence with Hume and O'Connell on the subject, Bulwer, afterwards Lord Lytton, was the intermediary: Disraeli's letters to him, and the indirect communications received by Hume and O'Connell are written in the mystic style dear to the Oriental mind.

AS REGARDS THE internecine quarrel between Disraeli and O'Connell, whom he politely described later as an "over-rated rebel," the following is probably the solution of the beginning of the difficulty. Disraeli, standing for Taunton,

and hoping to be in Parliament, could not have had any direct object in picking a quarrel with O'Connell, whom there seems to be no doubt he personally liked. What I believe happened was this. His object was, when opposing the Whig, Labouchere, to show that the Whigs, whom O'Connell designated as "base, bloody, and brutal," were now licking his hands for their own purposes. It was by no means an unfair taunt to tell Mr Labouchere that his party were now bending to, and kissing the hand of one whom they had not long before denounced as an incendiary and a traitor. To any one who has experience of the hustings, and particularly to those who are familiar with Disraeli's style, it is not difficult to fancy his addressing the Electors in this manner: "And now I have to tell my opponent the brief history of his party, with which he may or may not be familiar. There was a time when between them and Daniel O'Connell the most frantic and frenzied hatred existed: no abuse was too lavish, no name was bad enough, for O'Connell: and the lowest depths of vituperation were exhausted by him upon the Whigs. The mildest terms with which he was

then assailed were Incendiary and Traitor: what do we find now? We find, if not my Honourable Opponent himself, yet the great Whig party, actually bowing down to, idolising, and worshipping this Traitor! this Incendiary! I ask him, will he, or will he not, support this Traitor, this Incendiary? Is the Traitor his friend? or is he not?" etc., etc. Now, however honest and well-intentioned may be the report of a speech delivered on the hustings, every one knows, who has been there, that the incessant noise, the questions, the interruptions, are so deafening, that even the most powerful speaker finds it very difficult to make himself understood, or even to be heard. The immortal description of Eatanswill, in "Pickwick", is hardly a caricature: and Disraeli, with his ringlets, possibly his velvet coat, and his violent declamations, must have been very difficult to follow. A report of this speech, including the terms "Incendiary" and "Traitor," was sent to O'Connell, with disagreeable comments upon it in the London newspapers: immediately upon this, wrong-headed as he was, O'Connell threw out his fulmination. It was not so much, I suspect, the terms "Incendiary" and "Traitor" that stung

O'Connell, as the consciousness that he had entered upon an alliance with the Whig Party.

What followed was a fine illustration of the fact that Disraeli "admired Invective". As regards the letter, which O'Connell said had been "posted in the streets of Taunton", it is remarkable that no copy was produced. In "The Sun" newspaper of the 6th of May 1835, O'Connell's speech on Disraeli, copied from the "Dublin Morning Register," is given. It is too long to quote: most of the passage in it are well known: I mean those relating to "the Impenitent Thief". O'Connell applies to Disraeli in this speech the terms "Miscreant," and "Liar;" and he adds, "He is the most degraded of his species: England is degraded in tolerating, or having upon the face of her Society, a miscreant of his abominable, foul, and atrocious nature. (Cheers.) My language is harsh; and I owe an apology for it: but I will tell you why I owe that apology: it is for this reason; that if there be harsher terms in the British language, I would use them: because the harshest of all terms would be descriptive of the most degraded of his species". (Cheers and laughter.) Let the reader mark the next sentences, "He is just the fellow for the

Conservative Club: he has Falsehood enough, Depravity enough, and Selfishness enough, to become the fitting leader of the Conservatives: he is Conservatism Personified".

Then followed a challenge from Disraeli to Morgan O'Connell, the agitator's son. The father, after shooting a man in a duel, at which he most reluctantly appeared, declined to fight any more; and refused to defend the insults, which he continued to offer, in the manner customary at that time. Morgan O'Connell replied that he had called on Lord Alvanley for satisfaction because he had insulted his father by wishing to expel him from Brooks's Club: the fact being that O'Connell père had called Lord Alvanley a "bloated buffoon". He declined to give Disraeli satisfaction, because he had that day heard for the first time of the language used by his father. This was followed by the remarkable letter addressed to Daniel O'Connell: it is good in composition.

Disraeli distinctly says in it that the quotation in a newspaper which had angered O'Connell was from a "hasty and garbled" report: and that the speech as reported "Scarcely contains a sentence, or an expression, as they emanated from

my mouth". This I believe. He says that O'Connell had seized the opportunity, because it was in the interests of his party to represent him, Disraeli, as "a Political Apostate". He reminds O'Connell, who had taunted him with ill-success at Elections, that he, Disraeli, "had no threatening skeletons to canvass for him: has no death's-head and cross-bones blazoned on his banners". He tells O'Connell that he expects to be a Representative of the People before the Repeal of the Union: and he ends the letter with these words, "We shall meet at Philippi! and rest assured that, confident in a good cause, and in energies which have not been altogether unimproved, I will seize the first opportunity of inflicting upon you a castigation, which will make you, at the same time, remember, and repent, the insults that you have lavished upon

BENJAMIN DISRAELI".

HE NEXT CAME to blows with a newspaper, at that time a strong supporter of the Whig party of the day: and connected with which, as Disraeli assumed, was a Member of Parliament. Towards this newspaper he uses the following delicate meta-

phor. "When Jupiter hurls the thunder-bolt", this was a compliment to "The Times", "it may be mercy in the God to veil his glory with a cloud: but we can only view with feelings of contemptuous lenity the mischievous varlet who pelts us with mud as we ride by; and then hides behind a dust-cart".

In "The Times" of the 31st of December 1835, a letter appears from Disraeli, giving a fair and lucid statement of his past conduct from his own point of view. It is carefully written; well-expressed; and conspicuous for moderation. In this letter there are a few sportive terms; "rheumy rhetoric"; "the frisky brilliancy of an expiring squib"; he states that he found the Tories after the Reform Bill of 1832, in a state of "ignorant stupefaction". "The Whigs assured them that they were annihilated: and they believed them". He declares that, when they gave him their support, such as it was, both Hume and O'Connell were standing aloof from the Whigs: that they were not anxious to see the Whigs too strong: and that they had given him a support which he did not require. He adds towards the end, that the Editor of the newspaper that had attacked

him had made "quavering remarks" on his "Vindication of the English Constitution": and that he, the Editor, had a "smile of idiot wonder" when he heard that there had been "Tories in the reign of Queen Anne!" He finishes by declaring, "I feel that I have darted at least one harpoon in the floundering sides of the Whig Leviathan! his roaring and his bellowing, his foaming mouth, and his lashing tail, will not daunt me! It is the roar of Agony, of anticipated Annihilation! the foam of Phrenzy; and the contortion of Despair". The letter on the whole, however, is sensible. Another letter addressed to the same newspaper, on December the 26th, 1835, by Disraeli is worth quoting, for a curious reason. The last words are these, "My letter to Lord Lyndhurst, just published, to which you allude, contains the Opinions with which I entered political life four years ago; Opinions which I adopted when the *Tory party I opposed* appeared likely to enjoy power for half a century: *Opinions which I hope half a century hence I may still profess!*" The Editor says, good-humouredly, "We echo very cordially the hope of Mr Disraeli, that fifty years hence he may still profess Opinions of any sort! we would

add the humble ejaculation, 'May we be there to see!' The Compliments of the Season, and many happy returns to us both will then be pretty fully realised! Mr Disraeli's confidence in his longevity is, we trust, better founded than his reliance on his future constituents, if we may judge from the past". The article ends with these words, "Fifty years hence Mr Disraeli and we shall, we trust, be better friends: though his sanguine prospect of attaining that period convinces us that he is, as we supposed, not only 'the Younger,' but the Youngest of the Disraelis!" The prophecy was very nearly fulfilled, for Disraeli died in 1881, just within the fifty years expected: what is worthy of remark is that at the time of his decease he had no stronger nor more intelligent supporter than the newspaper in question.

IN THE SPRING of 1853, I lost my seat in the House of Commons on petition. I dined that evening with Lord Wilton at his house in Grosvenor Square. Except the present Lord Lichfield and myself, the guests were Lord Derby's late Cabinet. I was sitting next to Disraeli, and, notwithstanding my misfortune, we had a cheery

evening. After dinner Lord Derby rose, and said, "This is not an occasion for giving toasts, nor for speaking; but there is one toast that I must give; and, under the circumstances, I shall couple with it the name of Sir William Fraser. I give you 'Pure Conservatism'". Disraeli turned to me, and said, "He goes joking on: ignorant of the catastrophe". I replied, "He is not at all ignorant: I told him before dinner". Soon afterwards Disraeli said, "I ought to feel for you; but I don't. I can't! I feel nothing!" He was then forty-nine. I assume that his sensibility did not increase afterwards. He added, "Think of the 'kick-out' I have had! let that console you!" his tone and manner were good-natured: I think that he was slightly sorry that I had lost my seat. Disraeli had always a great idea of Youth and Enthusiasm. I remember George Smythe telling me, after some civil words which he had heard of me from Disraeli, that he had said, "A young man with such enthusiasm as his, is a fortune in himself".

DISRAELI'S MAIN OBJECT in early life was to make himself conspicuous, at all costs, and all

hazards. A better-bred man would not have done this. The craze for notoriety does not exist in the mind of a high-bred Gentleman. However beneficial it may be intentionally to play the fool in Youth, and I by no means deny that in Disraeli's case it succeeded, a man with self-respect will not, and cannot, do it.

Disraeli had not been at a public School. Disraeli had no one, little or great, whose criticism he dreaded. He looked upon himself, in the absurdities which he performed, with his velvet coat, his rings, his ringlets, his ruffles, etc., as an actor who goes on the stage to play a part. He was too sagacious not to feel the absurdity of his own conduct; keen as he was to discern absurdity in others: his repeated efforts to get himself talked about, were all part of an ignoble but profitable comedy.

I HAVE WRITTEN of Disraeli as "Disraeli". By that name he will be known in History. Horace Walpole rarely signed himself "Orford": none speak of Bacon as Lord St Albans: Macaulay, and others who ought to know better, clumsily call him "Lord Bacon"; a title which never existed.

DISRAELI CONFIRMS a theory which I hold, that Races of men are most influenced by those who do not belong to them. We have a strong illustration in Napoleon I. and in Disraeli. Careless people allude to Napoleon as a Frenchman; he was no more a Frenchman than he was an Englishman, or an American: his family were Italians of Italians. Emigrating from the mainland, they settled in Corsica: the Corsicans having an exaggeration of the Italian character. At school Napoleon shook his fist at the boys; and said, "Some day you Frenchmen shall smart for this!" He had nothing of the Frenchman in him: and for that reason he dominated them. Disraeli had not a drop of British blood in his veins. He could watch; study; observe; calculate; do everything but sympathise: he, like Napoleon, used a people to obtain supreme power.

I OBSERVED no touch of pathos in his speaking: he could be dismal; not pathetic.

ONE TRAIT in Lord John Russell's character surprised me. It is true that the inner, and outer, life of a man usually differ. The steady, uncom-

promising, Virtue of public life has, not unfrequently, been accompanied by conjugal infidelity: whereas the political roué is frequently a model of domestic virtue. When the death of Lord John's first wife, Lady Ribblesdale, was announced to him, he fell senseless on the floor. I had this from the person who told him the sad news.

ON TWO OCCASIONS Lord Derby erred conspicuously in Taste and Judgment. In one he spoke of the Roman Catholics as being "unmuzzled": on the other, he alluded to the generic term "Italian" as being nondescript: and with surprising folly quoted the passage where Macbeth, addressing the murderers who have just declared "We are men, my Liege!" says,

"Aye in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are classed
All by the name of dogs!"

AT THE TIME of the Chinese War I met Disraeli and Mrs Disraeli by the Serpentine;

where skating was going on. Mr —— had recently been appointed to an Office in the Government. He was not a man qualified to give them strength: I remarked to Disraeli, "I suppose they act on the principle of the Chinese troops of putting their women in the weakest place". He stopped: and with great solemnity said, "Don't throw that away! never throw things away! keep that for a great speech in the House of Commons!" I replied: "Oh, it is not good enough!" "Trust me, it is quite good enough!" I felt depressed: and said, "Well! it is not good enough for me!" After the lapse of years I do not think that it was so bad. I said to him, "It is too late: I met B. K."; naming a middle-aged M.P., an ardent supporter, "in Kensington Gardens; and I told him". In his deepest voice Disraeli said, "No harm done! he would not understand what you meant!" An exquisite summing up of the individual in question.

THE READER MUST forgive if "Sorrows of mine own intrude". After being dislodged from my position in the West in 1853, I at once opened a campaign in the East. George Smythe brought me

the message: I have no doubt that I was sent to Harwich in good faith; it was on the all-powerful "Attwood Interest". One or two of the humours of the Election I venture to record. I was opposed by a strong local man, Mr B., an elderly person. After many dreary weeks of solitude at the "Three Cups" Hotel, the only *passe-temps* being to watch the corpses, removed from the sunk-fort, of soldiers who died daily of small-pox, the Election took place. A few days previously I was introduced to an elderly, red-faced man, dressed as a sailor; whose profession, I had no doubt, was that of a smuggler. I said "Well! Mr —— I am told that you know everything. What is it to be?" He said, "Sir William, I am called the 'Political Barometer'". "Well! shall I be returned?" "No, Sir William, you will not. I will tell you why: You are a gentleman; now we want a blackguard".

The day of nomination was brilliant; a large multitude assembled: an abundance of yellow flowers were shown: yellow being the colour of my opponent. Mr B. was named first: in his speech he said, "Gentlemen! I wish to ask you one question only: I have the greatest possible respect

for Sir William Fraser: none of you respect him more: but I ask you farmers, if you were about to purchase a horse, would you choose a seasoned animal? or would you prefer a colt?" "One word! Mr B.," interrupted I. "As many as you like, Sir William!" said the old man, pausing for breath. "I may be a Colt! I am not a Revolver!" a four-barrelled pun. This, which I confess I thought above the comprehension of the Essex populace, was received with a shout of delight. When Mr B. had concluded I followed: I do not give my speech; for two reasons: one is, that it would not interest the reader: the other, that I cannot remember it. I recollect saying, "You may shake your laburnums! but you cannot return a man like that!" received with merriment. I followed up this: "As Mr B. has alluded to my age, I allude to his. Seventy-two, or twenty-seven; which will you have? In the words of the injured Queen of France, I appeal to every mother who listens to me!" I was surprised that this subtle historical allusion was appreciated. They roared: and I heard a very dirty, and slightly drunken woman in the crowd say, "Well! he's a Member for to-day, at any rate!" The next day the polling

took place. We knew it would be a near thing. The Constituency is small: the voters dropped in one by one. I waited, and watched for the contingent from Dovercourt; as Napoleon watched for Grouchy. They came at last: but it was of no use: the great Attwood firm had blown up two days before the Election, which the Whig Government had postponed, knowing what was coming: and I went up with them.

MY DREARY CAMPAIGN at Harwich was interrupted by a very exciting scene. Lord Derby had been elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in place of the Duke of Wellington. I went to Oxford, of which University I am a Master, to see the ceremony. On the platform at Swindon I met Disraeli. He, in a more peremptory manner than I liked, asked me why I was not at Harwich. I told him that I had canvassed every Elector in the place over and over again. I thought his manner nervous, and rather querulous. I felt quite certain that he had doubts as to what his reception by the University would be.

On the day of Installation Lord Derby was placed in due form on his Throne in the Theatre. To

those who have not been in the Sheldonian building I may explain that it is in the shape of an ordinary theatre; of a large size: the stage is replaced by an organ-loft: and the door of entrance to the Pit, or floor of the Theatre, is where the leader of the orchestra usually sits; in the chord of the arc; immediately opposite to the Throne of the Chancellor in the centre of the semi-circle on the first tier.

Lord Derby's appearance was magnificent. Dressed in his rich robes of black satin, with masses of gold; tall; of exceptionally dignified presence; no one could look the Chancellor better than he. On either side of him sat the Bishops in their picturesque Convocation robes, and the Doctors in scarlet gowns. After the ceremony of Installation, those about to receive the Honorary Degree of "Doctrinæ Civilis Lector," were admitted in single file: passing from the door of entrance across the area, to the Chancellor's throne. As each approached, Lord Derby put the question in a sonorous voice, "Placet ne vobis, Domini Doctores? Placet ne vobis, Magistri?" The University conferred the Degree on all the important Members of Lord Derby's Government. Lord Shrewsbury, with whom I re-

turned to town, alone refused it: and regretted his refusal.

In addressing the recipients of this great honour, Lord Derby began in the case of Privy Councillors, "Vir Honoratissime!" in others, "Vir Doctissime!" They then took their seats on either side of his Throne. A great effect was produced when Lord Stanley, now Lord Derby, approached to be admitted to a Doctor's degree by his father. The Chancellor said, slowly, and distinctly, in a voice that rang through the Theatre, "Fili mi dilectissime!"

Lord Derby's reception had been, as may be supposed, most enthusiastic, particularly by the Undergraduates, who on these occasions fill to repletion the upper gallery: but it was not equal to that which Disraeli received. So soon as his face appeared at the door, looking very pale, there was a burst of cheering: but his great triumph was reserved for the moment when Lord Derby touched his hand: I never heard a louder cheer: it was prolonged; and continued for several minutes. Disraeli, still looking pale, but with considerable lighting up of his face, calmly moved to his seat. About two minutes afterwards, I, who was watch-

ing him, noticed that he looked with his eye-glass along the gallery of ladies on the second tier of the Theatre, searching for some one: so soon as he saw his wife, his eye-glass dropped: and in a significant manner he kissed his hand to her. This was not done for effect: it was from good-nature; and a wish to do exactly what was right.

An ode was recited by the Poet, who, the year before, had delighted us with the "Feast of Belshazzar".

Tact was required in eulogising the new Chancellor; while an allusion was necessary to the great man who, a year before, had filled that high position. Tact was shown: I recall a line anent the Duke,

"And wiped the bloody honour from his sword".

The Poet adroitly told how, when we were looking round to find one to replace our greatest man, we chose Lord Derby.

The Banquet at Christ Church in the evening I shall relate farther on. I do not wish the two pictures to interfere with each other.

SOON AFTER I first knew Disraeli he discoursed on Life and a Career; he exaggerated the advan-

tages of physical beauty: this induces me to suppose that he could not have been exceptionally handsome. Had this been his fate he would have known how heavily handicapped are those who possess this supposed advantage: he would have utilised this knowledge in his writings: for he treated emotions as marketable commodities. He took the conventional view of such gifts. I remember his saying in a lugubrious tone, "Wait till the time comes when you are no longer irresistible!" "Wait till the time comes when you have broken hearts; and had your own broken!" This he repeated, inquisitively.

IF DISRAELI COMPLAINED, and I do not know that he did, of being misinterpreted, he may thank his early writings for it: no human being can read "Vivian Grey" and "Contarini Fleming" without wonder that any man can have been imprudent enough to write down such sentiments: in the former he paints the ne plus ultra of Political Profligacy: we can only suppose, and hope, that Disraeli meant to draw, not himself, but an ideally adventurous scoundrel. Indeed "Vivian Grey" seems to be a caricature: or like another

story in which the Marquess of Carabas figures, a nursery tale. Still there were a good many people in the world who wished to take this seriously: and when it was followed, some time afterwards, by the "Runnymede Letters," I do not think that Disraeli could complain that, as to his sentiments, he had been wronged.

DISRAELI constantly harps upon the delights of Youth, the golden season, etc. The experience of most persons I believe to be, that Youth has quite as many sorrows as any period of life: childhood has more. The only real consolation of Youth is that Youth aspires: and this enables it to endure its sufferings. In this country political success in Youth is impossible: now and then a rocket may go up; but the stick falls: the light is gone. Men are too envious, and too jealous, to allow political success to a young man. The French are a much vainer and more envious people than we are. They say, "On couronne la perruque". This is, to a great extent, the case in all countries. Disraeli said to Baron H., "In these days no man earns distinction before forty: few after fifty".

Disraeli says, "To be glorious when young is the Gift of the Gods": but a man must be distinguished in one way only. The cruel and careless nurse who affects to guide us through life whispers, "You must not eat all your cake now: I shall keep some for bye-and-bye."

DISRAELI'S GENEROSITY in some things was conspicuous; probably, to some extent, from his admiration of Magnanimity, as being artistic. Carlyle asked, "How long will John Bull permit this absurd monkey to dance upon his stomach?" The despised Jew, the object of Carlyle's coarse vituperation, repaid this by taking the first opportunity after he became all-powerful to offer his maligner the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath: the first time that this honour has been offered to any literary man, as a literary man: and, in language unsurpassed for delicacy, a pension.

I REMEMBER George Smythe, who was unquestionably a disciple of Disraeli's, saying to me, "I am all for a Radical party with Great Names," meaning, no doubt, that the great names should be Benjamin Disraeli and George Smythe.

Disraeli always sneered at a "Venetian oligarchy". A "Council of Ten" which may be changed whenever we choose gives us a much better chance of real, practical, liberty, than any other method. Where a million of men are armed, and under the orders of a good-humoured, intelligent, and well-intentioned Monarch, a State may exist: but without this, the position of a "Great Name," with no Aristocracy, would not be enviable; and would not last long. Napoleon I. said, "A Nation with an Aristocracy is a ship on the sea; without it, a balloon in the air". He found that, although he tried hard, he could not invent an Aristocracy; nor create one.

ON THE EVENING on which Lord Derby was made Chancellor of Oxford, and Disraeli a Doctor of Civil Law, the Dean and Canons of Christ Church gave a dinner in Cardinal Wolsey's magnificent Hall. All members of the "House", if you call it a College you will be drowned in Mercury, that is, Christ Church, may dine there every night of term-time, by a permission which is continuous: The Dean, Canons, and Students alone have a right: it is a compliment for Members

of Christ Church not on the foundation to be invited, on the day reserved, by the Dean and Canons. Lord Derby, the new Chancellor, sat on the right of the Dean, at the High Table; the Hall was full of distinguished persons. After dinner a few toasts were given: Mr Gladstone, who was then Member for the great Tory University, but who had ceased to be connected with Lord Derby's Party, spoke. A story was circulated that Mr Gladstone's reception was bad: nothing could be more untrue: Members of Christ Church are gentlemen: they would not invite a man to dinner; and then insult him. Mr Gladstone spoke with tact, and good taste; he very happily quoted lines from Lord Derby's translation of Manzoni's Ode, "Il Cinque Maggio". The subject is Napoleon gazing from a lofty rock in Saint Helena upon the troubled ocean below him: it pictures him fancying a vast army obeying his command. The lines quoted by Mr Gladstone were,

"He saw the quick-struck tents again:
The hot assault: the battle-plain:
The troops in martial pomp arrayed:
The pealing of the Artillery:

The torrent charge of Cavalry:
The hasty word,
In thunder heard:
Heard; and obeyed".

The last line is "Heard, and at once obeyed". Mr Gladstone judiciously shortened it.

Disraeli did not speak. After dinner, we adjourned to the lecture-room, at the top of the exquisite staircase, for coffee. I observed that the room soon emptied: and found that the Undergraduates had followed Disraeli across the grand quadrangle.

The crowd had reached the centre near "Mercury": it was raining slightly: some one called out, "Speak!" Disraeli stopped: and very distinctly said, "Gentlemen! within these classic walls I dare not presume to attempt to thank you! but, believe this, never will I forget your generous kindness". The "will" for the commonplace "shall" is noticeable.

"1867.

IN THE YEAR of the great crime,
When the false English Nobles, and their Jew,

By God demented, slew
The trust they stood twice pledged to keep
from wrong,
One said, take up thy Song,
That breathes the mild and almost mythic time
Of England's prime.
But I. Ah me!
The freedom of the few,
That, in our Free land, were indeed the free,
Can song renew?
Ill singing 'tis, with blotting prison-bars,
How high soe'er, betwixt us and the stars:
Ill singing 'tis when there are none to hear:
And days are near
When England shall forget
The fading glow which for a little while
Illumes her yet;
The lovely smile
That grows so faint and wan:
Her people shouting in her dying ear
'Are not two daws worth two of any swan?'

In this year the middle and upper classes were disfranchised by Mr Disraeli's Government; and the

final destruction of the liberties of England by the Act of 1884 rendered inevitable.

COVENTRY PATMORE".

So sings a Poet of the day. It is but justice to consider what relation his vigorous words bear to "the Jew" and the "English Nobles."

The Jew could have done nothing without the English Nobles: the Reform Bill of 1867, was passed by the Tory County Members; who had, during their political existence, been loudest in their shouts against Reform. Had it not been for their support, the Bill could never have become law. In the case of Sir Robert Peel and the Corn Laws, even he, with his immeasurably greater influence, failed: the mass of his supporters absolutely refused to follow him in his change.

Disraeli's position was far inferior to Sir Robert Peel's. True, he had never abandoned his party. As he points out, in an allusion to Bolingbroke, from the moment when he cast in his lot with the Tories he never deserted them. He "educated" them.

Disraeli introduced his measure of Reform in 1867 in a series of Resolutions. These con-

tained points, which he declared to be absolutely fixed; and which nothing should induce him to abandon: they were abandoned by him immediately afterwards, without scruple, and without hesitation.

I was not a Member of Parliament at the time: I read of the "fixed points"; and at once expressed my appreciation by the word "gooseberry-bushes": the defence of a camp by a chevaux-de-frise of this prickly, and succulent fruit, would have been equally valuable, as regards protection: but even these contemptible gooseberry-bushes were cut down.

A meeting was held at the Carlton Club, known in history as the "County Caucus". The Act of 1867, ensured the County Members their seats for at least fifteen years: it swept out the Borough Members on the Tory side with the besom of destruction: a typical County Member was placed in the Chair: and an ultra-typical County Member conveyed "the sense of the meeting" to Lord Derby.

It was certainly startling to find those so acting who had for years past avowed their strongest and deepest convictions in favour of a system which was absolutely demolished by this Act. That this

was done without apology or regret, caused, and no wonder, the bitterest feelings among those who felt that all had been sacrificed in vain: it was felt bitterly by those who saw by the abolition of many Borough seats an end to their own personal careers: that all the hopes which had buoyed them up in the weary struggles, and amid all the disappointments of their past life, were at an end: many felt that had they consented to measures of a far less democratic character at the beginning of their political lives, their paths would have been smooth; and that the goal of an honest ambition might have been reached. They had refused to support Democracy: and now, after the struggles of a lifetime, their own party had initiated Democracy. It was not as if they had fallen in battle: not as if the cause, for which they fought, had been defeated: not as if "a banded nation" had "pressed them to the ground": then they might have left a memory behind them of unsuccessful courage and loyalty. No consolation of this kind visited their breasts: they had been abandoned, not by treacherous allies, but by half their own army; and that half consisting of those who instead of a life of struggle, expense, and labour,

had, for the most part, luxuriated in easy seats and uncontested Elections.

Without wishing to acquit Disraeli of the part which he played, it is fair to point out that he was by no means in a position to controul the Tory party, to the extent of making them do what they did not wish.

They had for years reviled him: they had despised him; or affected to despise him. They had spoken of him as "the Jew:" had actually attributed their failure to him! he being their mainstay. Their contempt he felt deeply: and I suspect that when he held them up to "covert scorn" in the Edinburgh Speech, as having been "educated" by himself, Mephistophelian vindictiveness may have had possession of him. This Prophet of Khorassan lifted his veil. When Policy and Revenge unite, they are irresistible, at least in a nature such as Disraeli's. The result of the Bill of 1867, was, as he well knew, and as every one knew who had brains in his head, utterly Democratic. Lord Winchilsea had said of the Reform Bill of 1832, that it "must have been conceived by one with the heart of a traitor, and the head of a fool!" Democracy may always have been the soundest of creeds; but

if it be so, the fervid eloquence, the powerful denunciations, the merciless sarcasms, the philosophic aphorisms, all of which Disraeli had "hurled at the foe", were absolutely worthless, and completely insincere. He had said, as to a milder Reform Bill, "We shall still be England, but not Old England".

Lord Salisbury, General Peel, and Lord Carnarvon left the Government: an article in the "Quarterly Review," published soon after, headed "The Conservative Surrender", expressed the views of those who had thought it their duty to refuse support to the Reform Bill of 1867.

I was present when General Peel spoke. His speech teemed with good sense, and with manly honour. No member of the House of Commons more completely commanded respect than General Peel. Perfectly staunch; thoroughly loyal; of great intellectual capacity, he was one of those men one rejoices to have known, and to have been able to call a friend. His father, the first Baronet, often declared that he had by far the best brains in the family; that his intellect, and above all his judgment, were superior to his elder brother's, the Prime Minister. He several

times faltered, affected by his strong and honest feelings; finally he broke down.

> "Woe betides a Country when
> She sees the tears of bearded men!"

His speech produced a great effect upon the House.

There was no strategic need of the Bill. No doubt Disraeli saw that, as regards his own personal prospects, he could not be successful so long as the weapon of "Reform" remained in the hands of the Whigs: that if this means of attack were allowed to remain in their hands, his position could always be assailed.

I heard Bernal Osborne, shortly after the passing of the Bill, say to a Member of the Tory Party, with brutal frankness, "Every one knew that *we* were blackguards: but we thought that *you* were Gentlemen."

James Clay, M.P. for Hull, a first-rate whist-player, a very intimate friend of Disraeli's from boyhood, related that when he had suggested to Disraeli to rid the Reform Bill of 1867 of some more safeguards, Disraeli replied, "I dare not! I have pared them to the quick!" Had a word

been said by the late Lord Derby against the measure, it never could have seen the light: the Country did not care for it: the Tory Party hated it: the question had been from time to time forced on by the Whigs only as a means of attacking the Tory Government.

Upon the late Lord Derby's shoulders must rest most of the responsibility. Without him Disraeli was utterly powerless: we are indebted for the Reform Bill of 1867, to Lord Derby, as we are indebted to him mainly for the Reform Bill of 1832; when he sprang on the table at Brooks's Club, and in impassioned language urged on the Revolution which took place.

I HAVE GIVEN the view on the Reform Bill of 1867, of those members of the Conservative Party who did not find themselves capable of changing the opinions of a lifetime in a month. I think it only right to add a circumstance that occurred subsequently. Ralph Earle, M.P., who had been for many years confidential private secretary to Disraeli, quarrelled with him for some reason that has not been explained; and which may never be known. He considered himself to have been

harshly treated in being dismissed from Disraeli's confidence on receiving an official appointment; and, though possessing much cleverness, and a considerable amount of good sense, made the great error of attacking Disraeli in the House of Commons. A more painful exhibition never was witnessed. Earle had no power of speaking; he addressed the House of Commons just before a Division, when it is always impatient; pouring out his invectives against his late master in a feeble manner, and producing, as might be supposed, the effect of rendering himself absurd. The House knew nothing of the circumstances of the quarrel; and cared as little. Earle had, of course, plenty of enemies, who turned upon him, and upbraided him for what appeared to be an act of unprovoked ingratitude. He never gave me the slightest hint as to the cause of his quarrel with a man whom I know that he admired enthusiastically. He was a most useful servant to Disraeli; for he was capable, not only of repeating to him what the public feeling of the day was, but he had quite enough of the Statesman in him to be able to offer advice, which Disraeli would be sure to listen to, and appreciate: a subtle mind; and

great natural ability. I had not seen Earle since his *esclandre.* I was at an afternoon party, given by Sir Charles Buxton at the Castle Hotel, Richmond. In the crowd assembled on the lawn I observed him: he seemed to feel shy as to speaking to me: I said, "Good morning". He came up to me: I give his precise words: "Disraeli and I have quarrelled, as you know: the quarrel is absolutely hopeless: it can never be made up under any circumstances: I know what your feelings have always been about Disraeli; and I know, of course, what they must be about this Reform Bill. I think it right to tell you that I was behind the scenes the whole time; I know everything that occurred. It was not Disraeli's Bill: it was Lord Derby's." I never saw him again. He has long been dead.

DISRAELI, after summing up the Duke of Wellington's qualities; and doing full justice to his great sagacity, ends by saying, "The history of the Duke's failure as a Statesman might be contained in the words, 'He did not know England.'" The history of Lord Palmerston's success was that he did know England. He was not equal to Lord

John Russell in knowledge of the House of Commons; of which knowledge, since Sir Robert Peel, Lord John was the first master: but Lord Palmerston thoroughly understood common-place minds; and was very careful to trim his sails according to the gale of temporary and shallow popularity. Disraeli speaks of Sir Robert Peel as the greatest Member of Parliament that ever lived; and no doubt he had studied this all-important matter long and deeply. A knowledge of the House of Commons is an absolute specialty: few acquire it. Those who have acquired it recognise each other at once: to many minds the study is perfectly hopeless: it requires a peculiar combination of mental qualities; and success only attends those who are deeply and exclusively interested in the study.

I NEVER SAW Lord John Russell unnerved but once: it was when in 1853 he rose after the denunciations of the Duke of Newcastle, and Mr Gladstone, on his deserting them in their dire extremity: when Roebuck moved for his Committee to inquire into the Administration of Army matters, in relation to the Crimean War.

His face was ghastly. I am confident that he stood up under the belief that the House would receive him with shouts of execration: he paused for a minute to look round the House: he was received in silence: he at once regained confidence; and proceeded to defend his conduct.

DISRAELI described Whiteside's style as "Donnybrook Fair."

LORD PALMERSTON was not only incapable of a fine style: he never attempted it. He never sacrificed his speech to himself. He said what he had to say in seemingly careless, and absolutely inartistic, language: it gave no pleasure to his hearers; but at the end of a speech you always knew what he meant.

AS REGARDS POETRY, Eloquence, Composition, and Expression, Disraeli had a strong appreciation of the refined; he loathed twaddle, and was an excellent critic of style. I never heard him allude to the Classics. I doubt whether he was familiar with him who excelled all the Classics put together. I do not remember his making a quotation, either in the House of Commons, nor in

private, from Shakspere: one would have thought that his mind must have revelled in those glorious creations. He had very few books in his London house. I have been told that he admired Shelley, and that school of Poetry. I never heard him quote from him.

THE VOLUME of lyrics by Lord Derby consists mainly of translations. They have merit; but he had not the ἡδεῖαν ἀοιδήν; without which, whatever Mankind may pretend, Poetry does not charm.

I KNOW FROM one who occasionally stayed at Hughenden when ladies were Disraeli's guests, that he seemed to find considerable difficulty in talking to them; his conversation was laboured: and what Thackeray calls "clumsy compliments" were not unused. He appears to have been one of those men who shine in the society of women; but only when they are listeners to conversation between himself and other men: he was brilliant in talking before them, not in talking to them. The dialogues which he inserts in his novels are, occasionally, very unnatural. He can make

Philosophers and men of Culture, men in Political Life, and Thinkers, speak with point and effect; but when he comes to school-boys, or labouring-men, he seems to me to write nonsense. The dialogues between Eton boys in "Coningsby" were the subject of ruthless and just criticism at Eton. They were voted absurd. With five years' experience of Eton, I never heard boys talk in a manner at all like that of "Coningsby" and "Lord Henry Sidney": although it was necessary in "Sybil" for the workman to give his views, I doubt whether any workman ever expressed them in the manner of Disraeli's operatives.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL is believed by many to have been the originator of Reform; he is supposed to have been a "Reformer" from his birth. This is a complete error. One of the few good speeches which he delivered was a few years before he became a "Reformer;" he used, in relation to the Question of Reform, this perfect metaphor, "I, Sir, am not prepared, like the boy in the Eastern fable, to exchange old lamps for new: nor will I throw the destiny of my country into the wheel, on the chance of what Fortune may throw out!"

AT THE TIME when Lord John Russell held Office under Lord Aberdeen "without portfolio," Disraeli made a very happy hit. "We understand that the Noble Lord, the Member for the City, has accepted a position, which gives him the right to occupy a small room in the neighbourhood of Somerset House, where there is nothing to do. I can only assume that he has received the situation of toll-taker at Waterloo Bridge!"

IN THE CONVERSATION with Disraeli on the evening of my losing my seat in 1853 he said to me, "You have now but one thing left in life, a course of Balzac!"

Balzac's thoughts are an inexhaustible mine; but a depressing study.

I HAVE SPOKEN of the carriages and horses of the past. Perfection was shown in a carriage, now obsolete, called a "vis-à-vis;" one with the massive character and shape of a coach; but only holding two persons, face to face. There were but two of these carriages within my recollection. Lady Jersey's and Lady Londonderry's; the former was by far in the better taste; the subdued green body; the upper

part, of course, black; the coat-of-arms on the panels; and small metal coronets along the upper edge of the body; brass ornaments on the harness; the finest pair of horses in London; the two footmen, in drab greatcoats, carrying the large brass-headed canes of the period; with nothing gaudy: the general effect was extremely good. Lady Londonderry's was a much more conspicuous equipage; but by no means in such good taste: yellow panels to the carriage: a great quantity of silver on the harness; on the horses; and on the hats and the blue coats of the footmen. This is a carriage not likely to be revived; according to the highest canons of Taste, it showed a superfluity of Power. Lord Pembroke, the middle-aged "Swell" of the day, drove a "Tilbury," a sort of gig, with a peculiar spring, the top of which was parallel with the back of the seat. The universal vehicle of the "*Jeunesse Dorée*" was the "Cabriolet": one horse; a lad behind standing; and a hood with springs to let up or down. With a good horse, the effect was excellent. The owner was a portrait in a frame.

The "Brougham" superseded this, after many years, as a Bachelor's carriage.

IT IS DIFFICULT to conceive what would have been Disraeli's life had he been excluded from the House of Commons. The position of a Statesman is peculiar. In almost any other occupation a man may, if compelled, exchange one pursuit for another: not so in Politics. Let a young man make the House of Commons his career, and he will find that he soon ceases to care for other things: he will feel that every other occupation is utterly and thoroughly insipid: the greatest of all pursuits, it destroys all enjoyment in other things. I do not say that being in the House of Commons prevents other occupations; on the contrary, I have always found that, during the time that I was in Parliament, I was more fit than at other times to pursue what I had to do with zest and ardour. Once out of the House, life seems not worth having: and the spring of existence diminishes marvellously in power. The Science of Politics has been well described as "That noble Science of Politics, which of all sciences is the most important to the welfare of Nations: which, of all Sciences, most tends to expand and invigorate the mind; which draws Nutriment and Ornament from every part of Philosophy and Literature;

and dispenses, in return, Nutriment and Ornament to all."

Nothing is easier than to say to a man who is, as most are, for a time out of Parliament, "Why not find other pursuits?" "Why not occupy yourself in Charity, and doing good?" A man will do so; but he knows right well that no excitement, and no interest, come near to that which the House of Commons affords. One who has tasted the excitement of Political life in the House of Commons will, whatever may be his occupations elsewhere, feel starvation of the brain, and the hell of involuntary idleness.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES of Disraeli's marriage were these. Mr Wyndham Lewis, a man in business, and rich, had left his widow five thousand a year for life: the best situated house in London, in Park Lane, close to Grosvenor Gate; with the curious addition of "coals and candles." Another widow, of considerable means, existed at the same time; Mrs Camac: a gentleman named Lushington, a handsome young man, was a pretender to these ladies. He married Mrs Camac: and died. The lady, who was remarkable for her dia-

monds, again married. I remember her perfectly: she was certainly not a person who would have suited Disraeli. Disraeli by his marriage found himself, at once, in comfortable circumstances: but I should say that he was by no means free from debt. He never, however, at any time caused his wife to regret the marriage: and although he probably then paid some of his debts, I do not feel quite sure even of this: the personal legacy which he received many years afterwards from Mrs Brydges Willyams was most welcome. It is remarkable that neither he, nor Napoleon III., both men of extreme ambition, and each at one time very poor, ever incurred hostile criticism in relation to money matters.

THE DAY WHICH I have no doubt changed Disraeli's destiny was that on which the Prince of Wales returned thanks for his recovery from illness at St Paul's Cathedral.

Those who were in political life at the time had no doubt that Disraeli considered, that as regards the Premiership, his chances were over. He had filled that high position for a short time; he had won the highest prize of Political life: and none

of those who saw most of him doubted that eventually an Earldom, and the Presidency of the Council, would be his chosen portion. Should the Tory Party again come into office, it was believed that the Premiership would be conferred upon another: and that Disraeli, having played the "Jeune Premier," would not appear on the stage as a "Heavy Utility," but as the benevolent parent, who blesses everybody before the curtain falls.

On that day "Demos" was in a capital humour. A humble individual walking up Ludgate Hill, when it had been cleared for the Procession, was asked if he were a Prince? On the other side another voice informed him that he looked like one. Loud cheering followed.

On returning from St Paul's, Disraeli met with an overpowering "Ovation": I should say "Triumph," for he was in his chariot: this not only continued from the City to Waterloo Place; but his carriage, ascending Regent Street, turning to the right along Oxford Street, and thence back to the Carlton Club, the cheers which greeted him from all classes convinced him that, for the day at least, a more popular man did not exist in Eng-

land. Soon after his return I happened to pass into the morning-room of the Carlton Club. Disraeli was leaning against the table immediately opposite to the glass door, wearing the curious white coat, which he had for years occasionally put on over his usual dress. Familiar as I was with his looks and expression, or what he thought the absence of expression, I never saw him with such a countenance as he had at that moment. I have heard it said by one, who spoke to Napoleon I. at Orange in France, that his face was as of one who looks into another world: that is the only description I can give of Disraeli's look at the moment I speak of. He seemed more like a statue than a human being: never before nor since have I seen anything approaching it: he was ostensibly listening to Mr Sclater Booth, now Lord Basing. In the afternoon I said to the latter, "What was Disraeli talking about when I came into the room?" He replied, "About some County business: I wanted his opinion." I said, "I will tell you what he was thinking about: he was thinking that he will be Prime Minister again!" I had no doubt at the time: nor have I ever doubted since.

I WAS THE LAST person with whom Disraeli conversed in the Carlton Club. He seldom came there. I on that day went up to speak to him: a thing I rarely did.

He was standing in the middle of the morning-room, looking vacantly around: I said to him, "I know you wish one to speak to you." He said, "I am very much obliged to you: I am so blind; I come here; I look round; I see no one; I go away." I said to him, "You told me many years ago, when I first lost my seat, that I ought to go through 'a course of Balzac': I have been very ill lately; I have been going through 'a course of Beaconsfield.'" He paused a moment, to consider what he should say that was civil; and then, "I am glad to have had so appreciative a reader." I said, "I hope you have got a good sum for the last edition." "Which is that?" "A very gorgeous one; in brown cloth, gilt: 'The Beaconsfield Edition.'" "I must inquire about that!" "I should have liked very much at some time to have gone through the characters of your early novels with you: but I never liked to trouble you." "They were not portraits: they were photographs." "Pardon me, surely they

were not photographs, which give every trait of the individual; they were idealised portraits." "Yes, you are quite right: that is the correct term; 'Idealised Portraits.'" "There is a man in this room at this moment whom you mention by name in the first chapter of 'Vivian Grey.'" "Is there?" said Disraeli, in a deep voice, looking round: "Where?" "That fat man, with a red face, fast asleep in the arm-chair." Disraeli gazed at the individual: and then said, "Who is he?" "His name is Appleyard." Disraeli uttered one of those oracular and depreciatory grunts which were frequent with him when he wished not to express an articulate opinion. I said to him, "Our poor friend Hodgson is gone at last." "Yes: he was a good man!" "The last good thing that he heard in this world is worthy of being repeated, even to you." "What was it?" I told him the story. "Admirable! admirable! what might have been said a thousand times: and never has been!" The reader must take my word for it, that the "mot" was extremely good; or I should not have repeated it to Disraeli. I omit it, not on account of its length; but its breadth.

Apropos of this story, I told him that there were peculiar symptoms, occasionally developed in old gentlemen, of exceptional gaiety: which were by no means omens of longevity. I said that the term used to me by a Surgeon of eminence, was either "Le Retour de Jeunesse," or "Le Renouveau de Jeunesse." We then spoke on different matters: after about five minutes Disraeli, looking calmly at me, said, "You have not remembered the name of that complaint, have you?" Neither Augur smiled. I said, "No; but I know who told me: and I will find out, and let you know." He would, I think, have liked to catch the complaint in question. The correct term, as I remembered later, is "Le Regain de Jeunesse," "the aftercrop of youth." I never saw him again. His illness, beginning as most illnesses do with a chill, caught upon that evening, ended his career.

HE SPOKE to me of a Political Career generally. He had then been twice Chancellor of the Exchequer. I said, being at the time out of Parliament, how bitter was the disappointment, and how dreary existence was, when deprived of one's only source

of interest. Disraeli said, "Look at it as you will, ours is a beastly profession." These were the precise words that he used: I am quite sure that he was sincere.

AS REGARDS the methodical coolness which he showed towards his supporters after he became all-powerful, Lord X. related to me a case which modified my opinion of him favourably. Lord X. was a favourite of his, and held at the time a high office. He told me that, sitting next to Disraeli in the House of Lords he said to him: "I am going to ask you to do me a great favour." He added, "Disraeli absolutely shrank away from me, as if I had attempted to stab him! I have no doubt that he thought that I meant the Garter: what I asked him to do was to write his name in the first volume of my copy of his collected works."

IT IS DIFFICULT for me, even now, to conceive how the disastrous Election of 1880 was brought about: an Election which changed the Tory Party from being in an enormous majority, a hundred on ordinary occasions, and at least

forty on every other, into a minority. I happened a fortnight before when the rumour had spread, to see one who knew Disraeli intimately. I said to him, "They have a ghastly rumour going about as to a Dissolution." He said nothing. I added, "If Disraeli dissolves this Parliament at all, we will not put him in Bedlam, nor in Hanwell; we will keep for him a very small cell in Colney Hatch!" On the day of the fatal announcement, I was sitting next to Colonel Makins, the excellent Member for Essex; he said, "They have got it hot this afternoon about a Dissolution." I replied, "Oh, nonsense!" This was during "Question-time": five minutes later Sir Stafford Northcote rose to answer a question: I at once said to Colonel Makins, "I will bet you five to one they are going to dissolve." "What makes you think so?" "Look at Northcote's hair! They have had a tremendous row in the Cabinet: depend upon that." We know what followed. The all-powerful, numerous, and loyal Tory Party was scattered to the winds. The enemy was perfectly prepared: Disraeli and his own army had nothing ready. It is to me at this moment an insoluble mystery how a man with his sagacity could possibly have performed such

an act of suicide. The casual winning of two or three bye-elections could have been no real reason: had he any rational motive for his act, that motive has not transpired. As regards the means by which the majority was reversed, I have my own opinion. An enormous sum of money was expended: the expenditure showed that a practically unlimited fund was at the disposal of the Opposition. One great power in Europe had a direct object in dislodging Disraeli. I am unwilling to go further: I leave to the future historian and investigator to trace the cause of the enormous change which came over British Constituencies in 1880.

ONE UNQUESTIONABLY FINE trait in Disraeli's character was his apparent disregard for money.

I know what few know in relation to his conduct in the matter of his latest publications. For "Lothair" he had received a very large sum, and he received also a large sum for "Endymion." "Endymion" was a financial failure. He called upon the publisher, and offered to refund whatever part of the purchase-money he would consider

just. The publisher, in an equally honourable spirit, refused to receive anything in payment. One thousand pounds was offered for an advance copy of "Endymion" the day before publication; and refused.

I THINK that on the whole the most graphic scene which Disraeli has given in his writings is that in the "Young Duke," where the gamblers sit at play for three nights and two days, heaping the used cards on the carpet.

DISRAELI WAS JUDICIOUS in his compliments. He was too wise to praise where the person praised had reason to doubt. The Philosophy of accepting or refusing to believe in good-natured praise, depends upon the good sense of the person to whom it is addressed. Undeserved praise, like false jewels, can give but little satisfaction: I believe self-criticism is usually very cruel. I happened to be presented, many years ago, in Germany, to a Crowned Head. The Crowned Head expressed a hope that I should re-enter Parliament: a hope which I fervently seconded. He added, "I remember what Mr Disraeli told me about you when I was in Eng-

land four years ago." I bowed. He added, "He told me that he knew of only one man alive who thoroughly understood the House of Commons: that was yourself." That Disraeli should have uttered the words at all was pleasant: he could not possibly have calculated that I should become acquainted with the Illustrious Person in question: and for that reason I feel sure that he felt what he said.

ON HIS FIRST becoming Premier the wife of Sir X. Y. stepped from her brougham in St James's Street, and effusively said, "You are at last in your right place! where you ought to be!" Disraeli, who could not have liked this "open-air demonstration," at once replied, "What is the good of it all, so long as Sir X. lives?"

DISRAELI SAID, on some one making a commonplace remark about the bad weather, "Never quarrel with Nature!" At another time he said, "Don't let us have opinions: give us facts!" One of Disraeli's life-long friends was the Right Hon. Beresford Hope. "Coningsby" was written at his father's beautiful place, "The Deepdene," in Surrey.

A scene that diverted the House took place on the night of an important debate. Mr Beresford Hope did not approve of Disraeli's conduct on Reform. His style of speaking was exceptionally jerky and disjointed, and his movements, while addressing the House, of a very angular sort. Devoted to Mediævalism in Architecture, he resembled from his peculiar attitudes, the

> Saints that from pictured windows smile;
> And tint the stones when evenings close.

He had presumed, with good-humoured sarcasm, to taunt Disraeli with indulging the House once more with the "Asian Mystery." Disraeli retorted in the same spirit: and repeating the words "Asian Mystery," said that that term, whatever it might mean, was at least equal to the "Batavian Humour" just displayed; alluding to the Dutch origin of the Hopes. He added, "I am one of those, Sir, who admire Invective: I think it an ornament of Debate." He then paused: and, looking at Mr Hope, added, "But it requires practice": a fitting commentary upon the bear-like oratorical gymnastics which the House had just witnessed.

SPEAKING one day to Disraeli on the question of whether a verbatim report of all speeches would be of use: whether it would be read: in short considering the pros and cons which have been repeatedly brought forward, I said to him, speaking of Hansard and its imperfections, "I suppose you look down with Olympian serenity on these matters." He replied, "On the contrary, I feel them acutely. I don't so much object to what they leave out: I am deeply annoyed by what they put in. For example, every one believes that I have said that my views as to the admission of Jews into Parliament are 'peculiar and mysterious': peculiar they are, for obvious reasons: but at no period of my life was I capable of uttering such arrant nonsense as to say that they were mysterious."

WRITING OF Lord George Bentinck, Disraeli describes "his manner of speaking in the House of Commons" as "not felicitous." He adds that "he was deficient in taste; but had fervour of feeling." Lord George reminded him of Burke's character of Lord Keppel.

THE FIRST TIME of my being present in the House of Lords was when taken there by my stepfather. I was fortunate enough to hear two men of eminence address the House; one very superior to the other. They were Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter; and Thirlwall, Bishop of St David's. The subject was the advisability of appointing an Ambassador or Minister at the Papal Court of Rome. Thirlwall, famous as an historian, was a clear, but common-place, speaker. Boy as I was, I was very much impressed with the grand elocution and the power of argument of the Bishop of Exeter: his manner was full of dignity; and his reasoning logical.

Many years later I witnessed an encounter between Bishop Phillpotts and Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford. I had heard Bishop Wilberforce speak; his was the "floppy and fluffy style:" a great simulation of energy; much gesticulation; much effort; and an inadequate result. This might be forgiven: what passed on this occasion convinced me that the Bishop was not to be placed very high in the hierarchy of honest men. The Bishop of Exeter had used these words, "What has been said by the Noble Earl is not only the contra-

dictory, but the contrary of truth." The Bishop of Oxford in his reply said, "My lords, the Noble Prelate has said that the statement of the Noble Earl is not only the contradictory but the contrary of the truth. My Lords, I entirely fail to recognise the distinction between these terms." To those of my readers who have an acquaintance with that most noble art, Logic, no explanation of these terms is necessary: to others I would say that the difference of these terms "Contrary" and "Contradictory" is this: "Let the major premiss be 'All A is B:' the Contradictory of this is, 'Some A is not B:' the Contrary is, 'No A is B.'" If this had not been uttered in the House of Lords, and if the utterer had not been a Bishop, I should have said that this statement of Bishop Wilberforce was a falsehood: he knew perfectly well the difference between the logical terms "Contrary" and "Contradictory": he knew perfectly what the Bishop of Exeter wanted to imply: and he also knew that there were not many Members of the House of Lords who would understand the carefully chosen terms of that great ecclesiastical power, "Henry of Exeter."

I HAVE BEEN asked more than once what I thought on the subject of holding notes in your hand when addressing the House of Commons. My own practice was to write say four or five heads of topics on the blank side of the printed proceedings of the day, holding them in the right hand. I have been asked whether I have ever found I could read them, however largely written, when addressing the House: I was obliged to answer that I never could. I should say that the advantage of notes is precisely this. They have the same effect on you as would be produced on the mind of a man swimming from Dover to Calais. If he has a boat near him, the probability is that he does not get into the boat: but so long as it is close by him he has more strength and confidence than if he were on the ocean perfectly alone.

The Classic statues of orators hold a scroll in the hand.

I ALWAYS FOUND that the way to enjoy the House of Commons was never to be absent. I never knew two hours pass there without something amusing or interesting: if you were away,

and missed your attendance for a day or two, or even for a few hours, something would be sure to happen at which you particularly wished to be present. I am told that the House of Commons has become very dull: I can only say that my experience of it was exactly the contrary: whether it was that the ludicrous, which mixes in every human affair, was strongly contrasted with the outward solemnity of the proceedings or not, I do not know: but a more diverting and amusing place I never was in.

OF ALL THE natural orators, and Ireland has produced a great many, that I have heard, Whiteside was the best: there was not much depth in his speeches: the points were not numerous: and his style was not condensed; but his fine presence, his noble voice, great animation of manner, and intelligence of look, delighted the House. Over six feet in height, with arms almost longer than their due proportion, he appeared to revel in his oratory: not only was it easy to him, but the facility seemed to grow; and as the brain of the true speaker is stimulated by the flow of blood caused by his own elocution, so, as he warmed to

his subject, his style improved. Speaking to him on the principles of Oratory, Whiteside said to me, "Whenever you are about to make a joke; whenever you are about to quote Poetry, in the House of Commons, or elsewhere, always explain your joke beforehand; always paraphrase your Poetry."

He gave me, as an illustration, an extract from Grattan's speech on the abolition of the Irish Parliament. Grattan compared it to the recently dead body of a beautiful girl: he gave a description of the life-like look which her body still wore: of the difficulty of believing that she was really dead; and then burst upon his audience with the exquisite lines from "Romeo and Juliet":

"Oh! my Love!
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks:
And Death's pale flag is not advanced there!"

Whiteside deplored his appointment as Chief Justice in Ireland. It removed him from the House of Commons. I think that it broke his heart.

Meeting him in Paris on the occasion of a grand review in the Champ de Mars, where he was looking on with Mrs Whiteside, at some distance from the crowd, he informed me that a mysterious individual had been following them all day long. It was in the days of the Empire, when money could be obtained by reporting the conversation of suspicious strangers to the police. I saw an individual standing under a tree not very far off; accordingly I began to address Whiteside in the most fearfully compromising terms; made remarks of a critical kind on the Empire, the Emperor, the system of Government, the Rights of Man, etc., reproducing such sentiments as I could recall of Robert Emmett, Tom Paine, etc. Whiteside's countenance, being then Chief Justice, was fearful to behold. He begged and implored me to stop; in vain! I continued until I had plied him with high treason enough to lead him to the scaffold. I felt, however, as I told him afterwards, that my personal friendship with the Emperor would have saved him from anything beyond a temporary incarceration. It was delightful to watch the spy drinking in my words. The Emperor did not think it necessary to take any steps.

His resemblance to the portrait of the great surgeon, John Hunter, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was remarkable.

MR. GLADSTONE, pausing for a moment as if forgetting his next sentence, Disraeli instantly said across the table, as though to help the orator, "Your last word was 'Revolution.'"

ONE OF DISRAELI'S HITS, which took the House best, was after the first speech of Bernal Osborne on leaving office. Bernal Osborne had been for five years Secretary to the Admiralty: during those five years he had not once been allowed to speak. It seems marvellous that the ambition of office should tempt a man to sacrifice such a gift as he had for the sake of place. Disraeli began, "After the wild yell of liberty, to which we have just listened." He might have said, but did not, probably because it would not have been within the bounds of House of Commons' courtesy, in the words of Grattan addressing Flood, "You have been silent, Sir, for five years; and you have been silent because you have been paid!"

WHATEVER MAY BE thought of Disraeli's career as a Statesman, no one who has watched and examined his work as an Artist, can have any doubt of his supremacy. Whether honesty of purpose and of conduct leads to success in life or not, is, I should say, at least a doubtful point: I have no doubt that absolute honesty and truth, as regards Art, are always successful in the long run: it may be a very long run: but ultimately Truth is an essential to success in all Art. Disraeli seldom wandered from the strictest and severest rules of Art. In his speeches an inartistic word or two may occasionally, but very rarely, have escaped him, from the hurry of the moment; but he went on the principle that the rules of Rhetoric are fixed, and he must never break those canons. He followed the rules of Logic and of Rhetoric as perfectly as the great Michael Angelo followed those of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture: to say nothing of his Poetry, and felt the words of the greatest artist, "Trifles make Perfection." He considered that in Oratory, as in Poetry, the perspective must be carefully preserved: having a collectively critical audience, he avoided all attempts to dupe them by false and meretricious Art. So perfect was his style, that

I found little difficulty in repeating many of his sentences, word for word, immediately after hearing them delivered. Very shortly after entering Parliament for the first time, I spoke to George Smythe, on the steps of the Carlton Club: I quoted passage after passage of a speech, which I had just heard, having walked up from the House of Commons. He said, "You are quoting from Disraeli's speech of yesterday?" "No, the one that he has just delivered this evening." Smythe expressed great surprise at my being able to remember Disraeli's words so accurately. I attribute this in a great measure to the great vigour and absolute precision of his style. The Right Hon. G. W. Hunt, on my expressing these views to him, said, "I do not agree with you: I think Disraeli's speeches are very good when you read them the next day; but I don't at all agree that they affect you at the moment." I might have been uncivil enough to say, "That depends upon the intelligence of the hearer": but, considering that Disraeli made Mr Hunt First Lord of the Admiralty, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, of course I must have been mistaken.

The House of Commons, in those days, appre-

ciated in less than a second the brilliant things that Disraeli uttered. In the case where Disraeli informed Sir C. Wood that "Petulance was not Sarcasm," and that "Insolence was not Invective," so deafening and instantaneous was the shout of the House, that it cut off the last syllables of the last word. One newspaper reported him as having said that "Insolence was not Integrity"! "Petulance is not Wit," is in Landor's "Imaginary Conversation" between Rousseau and Malesherbes.

I have seen Disraeli receive an ovation absolutely unapproached by any other Member: I have at least three times known him, on finishing his speech, obtain in a crowded House from the Members opposite, whom he has been attacking for two hours with every weapon of refined sarcasm and close logic, vociferations of applause that vied with those who sat on his own side: a noble and generous recognition of Genius; worthy of the Senate of the greatest Empire the world has known.

I HEARD AN OLD member relate to Disraeli; at the beginning of a new Parliament; that a feeble individual had said to him, "If you

please, Sir, where do the Members for Boroughs sit?" Disraeli was diverted at this; he said, "Yes! and in three months we shall have him bawling, and bellowing, and making such a row, there will be no holding him!"

IT IS A curious fact that Lord Lytton; in using this term I always intend the first Peer; never addressed the House of Lords. Very poor in delivery, but admirable in matter, I am surprised that an audience which would have suited him, in some respects, better than the House of Commons, had no opportunity of hearing him. He could deliver a fine essay; but was entirely devoid of even the elements of action. So far from impressing his hearers by his manner, it was grotesque: the only thing to which I can compare it, and I am thinking of his greatest speech, was that of the old-fashioned post-boy. Lord Lytton's action was the up and down movement of those monotonous individuals. At Lord Lytton's funeral in Westminster Abbey, a member of the Whig Government asked me which I thought the greatest of Lord Lytton's works: I said, "As you are a Cabinet Minister, I think I must hear your

opinion first." He said, "The 'Last Days of Pompeii.' What do you think?" "His speech in 1859 against Reform." He paused for a minute: and said, "Yes! I think you are right: it was a perfect statement of your case."

THE CONDITION of the Tory Party as regards what is called an "Organ," was in former days most deplorable. "The Times" and other daily papers fired into the Tories in the most merciless manner. There were no means of replying. A defunct machine known as "The Morning Herald" was, ostensibly, the Party organ; I know that Disraeli was provoked beyond endurance by articles that appeared in it, which, as he said, did not represent, but misrepresent, the Party. I give this as an illustration. Lord C. and Mr. Charles Ducane not knowing each other, came to me in the Carlton Club the day after Lord Lytton's speech in 1859 to which I have referred. Both said, "I have brought something that will delight you; something after your own heart." It was this. The last words of this great speech were these, "Democracy will not cease its demands until you have placed Property and Knowledge at the mercy of im-

patient Poverty and uninstructed Numbers": thus rendered by the "Morning Herald": "And he thought on the whole he should vote against the amendment."

IN THE FIRST conversation which I had with Disraeli in his own house in the Spring of 1853, he asked me what I thought on the subject of a newspaper, to be the recognised organ of the Tories. He deplored the condition of things. I ventured to say that I believed that by looking for it, and paying for it, so good newspaper-writing might be obtained as existed. Disraeli said, "It is easy to say that: I have looked everywhere; and I have entirely failed to find it." In confirmation of my theory I may add that within a moderate time "The Saturday Review" and "The Daily Telegraph," neither of which then existed, were established. Later, Ralph Earle, Disraeli's able secretary, inspired, I have no doubt, by him, asked me this question, "I want to know particularly what you think as to this. Do you believe that if an Archangel were sent down specially for the sole purpose of reviving the 'Morning Herald,' he could do it? Think before you answer." "I have already made up my

mind: he could not." Things are very different now, when the Tory Party has able, intelligent, and willing representatives.

I HAVE SAID that Lord Lytton never addressed the House of Lords. On one occasion he was to have done so; and on a very important subject. To the great disappointment of his friends and admirers, and of the House of Lords generally, Lord Grey induced him to give up the subject to him: and the House of Lords never heard his voice.

DISRAELI'S BEHAVIOUR in the House of Commons was always studied; even when not addressing the House. When about to speak on an important topic, he always sat with his hat off: he invariably sat with one knee over the other; his arms folded across his breast; leaning against the back of his seat; his hat slightly over his brows: the more vehement the attack of his adversary became, the more he affected somnolence: when it waxed very hot indeed, he, without removing the pendent leg, brought his body round towards the west; placing his eyeglass, with the forefinger of his right hand curved over it, to his right eye,

he glanced for about three seconds at the clock over the entrance door; replacing the glass in the breast of his coat, he again relapsed into simulated sleep.

IN THE FIRST Parliament in which I sat, Disraeli wore his frock-coat open, displaying his plush waistcoat; he had a nervous trick difficult to describe. It was this. He raised both forearms from the elbow as if struck with a sudden idea of throwing the lappels of his coat wide open; but invariably failed to accomplish his object; he touched each lappel with the points of his finger and thumb; producing no effect upon the coat. He entirely gave up this practice: in later years he rose with his coat buttoned across his breast: he usually moved his open hands downwards above his hips; he then pulled his coat down in front, and threw his shoulders back. He began slowly, and very deliberately. Whenever he was about to produce a good thing, and his good things were very good, any one in the habit of watching him knew precisely when they were coming. Before producing the point, he would always pause, and give a nervous cough: the

House, Disraeli said, "If this man had eyes, how the House would damn them!"

THE DREAM of Fair Women on a "Drawing-room day," when the Queen's Receptions were at St James's Palace, was such as no other Country could display. The silly idea, occasionally cropping up, that Her Majesty should hold her Drawing-rooms in the evening, is answered at once by pointing out that if this were done, old dresses, altered and worn again year after year, would appear: by daylight this is impossible; let London tradespeople consider this.

Heartrending pictures are drawn of the dilatory Duchess and the cruel Countess deferring their orders for their Drawing-room dresses until so late that the poor sempstress is forced to toil all night to complete the order in time. This is a capital cry against "the Classes." The fact being that it is not the Duchess, nor the Countess, but the dressmaker who delays: dreading that her new designs in Court Costume, if completed early, should be copied by envious rivals.

LORD LYNDHURST told me that the finest effect

that he had known was on Queen Caroline's Bill in the House of Lords. An immaterial witness, named Restelli, terrified by the threats of the mob, had been permitted to return to Italy. Brougham, the Queen's Advocate, found this out: he asked quietly for the witness, who had given his evidence, to be recalled: he being across the sea, this was impossible. The next day Brougham insisted: on the third day, when the Crown Lawyers admitted the fact that he was gone, Lord Brougham's denunciation was splendid: he declared that the clandestine removal of this witness was characteristic of the conduct of the prosecution of his illustrious client: that this witness could and would have cleared Her Majesty's character; it was for this reason that he had been forcibly removed, etc., etc. The witness's evidence being, as Brougham well knew, of no importance whatever.

IT IS DEPLORABLE that so many of the most brilliant productions of the Human Intellect are unrecorded: the writer laboriously records his ideas, the orator pours them forth with unpremeditated vigour and fire: they perish! In the House of Commons it is marvellous that the *ipsis-*

sima verba of a Debate are recorded, printed, and circulated through the Empire the next morning! Here, however, much is lost to posterity. There is the file of the daily papers; how few refer to it? Let the speaker receive his speech from Hansard for correction in a fortnight: can he recall his own words? Let him write them immediately after delivery; are they, can they be, exact? As regards corrections, the speaker strikes out, or softens the pungent and stinging words that gave zest to his hearers; he softens; he relents; he erases; the tide of anger has ebbed; the result is often commonplace.

ON THE OCCASION of the King of the Belgians presiding at the dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, Disraeli delivered this speech: "Sire, Forty years ago a portion of Europe, and not the least fair, seemed doomed by an inexorable fate to permanent dependence and periodical devastation: and yet the conditions of that Country were favourable to civilisation and human happiness: a fertile soil skilfully cultivated; a land covered with beautiful cities; occupied by a race prone alike to Liberty and Religion; and always excel-

ling in the fine arts. (Cheers.) In the midst of a European convulsion a great statesman, desirous of terminating that deplorable destiny, conceived the idea of establishing the independence of Belgium on the principle of political neutrality. (Cheers.) The idea was welcomed at first with sceptical contempt. But we, who live in the after generations, can bear witness to its triumphant success; and can recognise the noble policy which consecrated to perpetual peace the battlefield of Europe. (Cheers.)

"Such a fortunate result was, no doubt, owing in a great degree to the qualities of the race which inhabited the land. They have shown on more than one occasion, under severe trials, that they possess those two qualities which can alone enable a nation to maintain neutrality, Energy and Discretion. (Cheers.) But we must not forget that it was their fortunate lot that the first Monarch who ascended their throne was the most eminent Statesman of the nineteenth century. (Cheers.) With consummate Prudence, with unerring Judgment, with vast and varied Experience, he combined those qualities which at the same time win and retain the hearts of communities. We can,

especially at this moment, remember with pride that he was virtually an English Prince: (cheers) not merely because he was doubly allied to our Royal House, but because he had been educated for years in this Country in the practice of Constitutional Freedom. (Cheers.) When he ascended the throne, he resolved at once to be, not the chief of a party, but the Monarch of a Nation. (Hear, hear.) When he died, Europe was disheartened. The times were troublous and menacing; and all felt how much depended upon the character of his successor. In his presence it would not be becoming, it would be in every sense presumptuous, to offer a panegyric: but I may be permitted to speak of a public career in the language of critical appreciation: and I think that all will agree that the King of the Belgians, from the first moment he entered public life, has proved that he was conscious of the spirit of the age in which he lived: (cheers) that he felt that Authority to be revered must be enlightened; and that the seat of no Sovereign was so secure as that of him who had confidence in his subjects. (Cheers.)

"The King of the Belgians, our Sovereign Chairman, derived from his Royal Father another heri-

tage, besides the fair provinces of Flanders: he inherited an affection for the people of England. (Cheers.) He had proved that on many instances; and on many occasions; but never, in my mind, with more happy boldness than when he crossed the Channel, and determined to accept our invitation, and become the Chairman of the Royal Literary Fund. (Cheers.) With what felicity he has fulfilled his duties this evening you are all witnesses. (Cheers.) I have been connected with your Society for many years; as those who preceded me of my name were from its beginning: and I think I can venture to say that in your annals none of those who have sat in that chair have performed its duties in a manner more admirable. (Cheers.) It is something delightful, though at first sight inconsistent, that the Republic of Letters should, as it were, be presided over to-day by a Monarch: but if there be a charming inconsistency in such a circumstance, let us meet it with one as amiably flagrant: and give to our Sovereign Chairman to-night a right Royal welcome. (Cheers.) It is with these feelings, gentlemen, that I now propose to you 'The health of His Majesty, the King.'"

DISRAELI spoke of "allowing full benefit to survivors" as "the Commonplace of Spoliation."

WHETHER DISRAELI'S likings were strong or not, I do not know; I should doubt his feelings of friendship being warm; on the other hand, his dislikes were unmistakeable: not that he frequently felt personal hatred, except with good cause: his animosity was roused by his æstheticism. A person had been of considerable use in founding an Institution in the country. Disraeli had taken a profound dislike, or rather disgust, towards him. Being unable to fulfil an appointment, he wrote a note of excuse beginning "Dear Sir": his private secretary pointed out that the individual in question would feel very much annoyed by this formal address; and asked him if he would not substitute the term "Dear Mr ——." Disraeli replied that he would not: later it was pointed out to him that Mr —— was of great importance in ——shire: he merely said, "Damn ——shire!" Later he was assured that it was in the interests of the Party to conciliate Mr ——. He simply replied, "Damn the Party!" He would not change the term: and did not.

I HAVE HEARD it discussed whether if Disraeli had been at Eton it would not have materially changed his character: I believe that it would not. Disraeli at Eton would have had a character of his own. He would not have mixed very familiarly with other boys. He would at first have been knocked about: because he was original; and a Jew. Although not distinguished in classics, he would towards the end of his Eton life have had a name in the School.

I cannot picture him as a child. His mind must have been mature, or almost mature, from the first. Eton would have given him the advantage, to some extent, of ease in Society; which he never had. He seemed to have an exaggerated feeling that he was not quite up to the mark in social matters; and that he was being criticised by his interlocutor.

HE SAID to me, a few years before his death, "Where do you live now?" I replied, "I am one whom you describe as 'the only real monarch, a man in chambers.'" "A desolate monarchy!" I replied, "I do not feel it so: at any rate I do not mean to abdicate." In another place, "Vivian

Grey" Chapter i., he says, "that true freeman, a man in chambers."

I HAD, some months before Napoleon III.'s death, an interesting interview with the ex-Emperor at Chislehurst. I may give the rest of the conversation in another book. I was interested to hear his opinion of Disraeli. It is bad manners to ask a Monarch questions, but I led the conversation round to this point.

The Emperor looked somewhat black when I alluded to Disraeli. Knowing that he had been a frequenter of Lady Blessington's parties, I said, "Your Majesty met Mr Disraeli in former years at Gore House." He did not even say "Yes"; but, after a pause, "I am told that he is a good speaker." Not another word was forthcoming on the subject. A fortnight afterwards I happened to be sitting next to Disraeli at the Club. I told him that I had lately had an interview with a man who had made a considerable dust in the world: he said, "Who?" I told him: and added, "He is not very fond of us: he does not love the Tories." All he said was, "A good-natured man."

A SIGN OF PALMERSTON'S astuteness was shown by his not qualifying as a Peer of Ireland. As a Member of the House of Commons he could not vote for an Irish Peer: but I believe that he might have been elected a Representative Peer, had he qualified, and been by this means ejected from the House of Commons; the chance of this he prudently avoided.

ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT illustrations of good taste, and the retort courteous, was shown in an early reply of Disraeli to the Duke of Argyll. The latter had made, soon after Disraeli's entry to the Lords, a good but impetuous speech: and had wound up his harangue by saying, "Your Lordships must not suppose that I am influenced in what I have said by feeling." Disraeli, in his reply, said, "If, my Lords, the speech of the noble Duke, admirable as it was, is a specimen of his style when not under the influence of feeling, I look forward with considerable apprehension to what I may have to encounter when he shall be under that influence."

His own first speech in the House of Lords lasted precisely ten minutes.

I WAS PRESENT when Disraeli took his seat as a Peer.

He entered by the door on the right of the bar between two Earls, Derby and Bradford; all three wearing their Parliamentary robes of scarlet cloth and ermine; preceded by Garter, and Black Rod; the Earl Marshal, and the Lord Great Chamberlain in their robes; the latter carrying his wand of office.

The first three steps which Disraeli took were stagy; he appeared to feel that this was a mistake: then walked slowly: and went through the rest of the ceremony with true dignity. After the preliminary of his Patent being read, he was conducted to the lowest Bench near the door where he had entered; that of the Barons: the other Peers sat on either side of him. From thence he was conducted to "the Dukes' Bench:" on which, as Lord Privy Seal, he had a right to sit. The response to the Lord Chancellor's greeting was gone through with grace: and later, divested of his robes, he took his place as leader of the House of Lords. I was particularly struck with the perfect ease with which he leaned forward, glanced at the Chancellor, and moved the adjournment of the House. One would have thought that he had passed his life there: this was always his demeanour in the House of Lords.

In not one of his speeches in the House of

Lords was there the slightest trace either of too much self-consciousness, too much familiarity, illness at ease, nor indeed of any quality that a gentleman would not show under the circumstances.

Having been for many years used to address the Speaker as "Sir," he never made the mistake of substituting that word for "my Lords:" he adapted himself to his new situation "as to the manner born."

HIS SLIGHTLY CYNICAL tact was shown in this little incident. An Election of great uncertainty, and what the London newspapers call "fierce excitement," happened in a country-town not very far from London. So close was the contest that every vote was of great importance: it was expected that one or two votes might decide the result. A gentleman in the suburbs of the town, of small property, but great self-importance, in consequence of some supposed grievance held back. Besides his own vote he could controul one other; his solitary tenant. Desperate things require desperate remedies. An Officer living in the town determined to administer that remedy. He came up to London; and sent his card in to

Disraeli in the early morning, with the name of the Borough written below. He was admitted: and in a few minutes the great man appeared, dressed like Cato (on the Stage) in a "flowered gown." The visitor, apologising for the intrusion, briefly stated his object. Disraeli agreed that it was desirable that he should at once write a private note to the individual; as a means to induce him to vote the next day as was wished. Taking pen and paper, he wrote a few lines. He then turned to his visitor; and said, "How many acres has the man got?" "Thirty." "I see; I think I had better add this, 'Considering, Sir, your stake in the County.'" The visitor acquiesced; the note was finished: the object accomplished: and the Tory returned.

DISRAELI SAYS in his latest novel that there are only two things which an Englishman cannot command, "to be a Knight of the Garter, or a member of 'White's.'"

When Napoleon III. was made a Knight of the Garter, he said on leaving the Sovereign's presence, "I am a gentleman at last." Had you asked him on that day, knowing Society and England as he

did, if there was one thing he still wished, he would have said, "Yes! Elect me to 'White's.'"

I have told elsewhere how Count Buol, the Austrian Ambassador to this Country, when he quitted it, with no intention of returning, wished ardently to be a Member of that most select Institution: I do not exaggerate the fact in the least when I say that the Emperor would have thought that the crowning honour of English Society. He had been in earlier years a member of the "Army and Navy" Club: and continued his membership while sitting on the throne of France; and after his fall; He made a present to the Club of some very beautiful tapestry.

I might add more of Napoleon III., but must defer it to a future volume.

IT HAS BEEN SAID that in the worst period of the horrors of the French Revolution, there were still fifty men in French society whose good opinion no one could sacrifice with impunity. This was very much the state of things as regards "White's" Club: no one who knew the Club in its great days but must deplore the fact that such an Institution has perished. The Duke of Wellington always

spoke of "White's bow-window" as a tribunal whose decrees were final. No one presumed to sit there until past forty.

I CANNOT LET PASS without remark one who shone in his generation. The great Poole. Disraeli introduces him in "Endymion" as "Mr Vigo"; from the neighbouring street. I honoured Poole as a man, although I despised him as a tailor. He tried on a uniform which he made for me, I really believe, nine times. My impression is that this simple method gave him opportunities of visiting the 1st Life Guards' Barracks. He always came in state; driving a handsome skewbald horse: but, with consummate tact, always drew up in the rear of the Officers' house. Poole's manners were those of a respectful gentleman. Though I did not again employ him, I made a point of invariably bowing to him; an attention which he appeared to appreciate. He used to take post in the midst of his family on the road to Hammersmith, and surveyed with pleased philosophy the guests returning from the Prince and Princess of Wales's afternoon parties at Chiswick. As year by year rolled by, I always on

these occasions took off my hat to Poole; and I could see in his face real gratification. He felt that there was one individual who looked upon him as something better than a tailor; great as he believed himself to be. On two occasions I observed his good-breeding. Being in the crowd immediately after the Derby had been run, I saw advancing a well-dressed figure, and as at that time of year old school-fellows, and Spring-Captains abound, I thought for a moment that the face belonged to one of these classes. I instinctively held out my hand. It was Poole. At once perceiving my mistake, he raised his hat most respectfully, bowed, and passed by. The second occasion was at the marriage of a brother-officer, Lord Mount Charles, afterwards Marquess of Conyngham. Poole, of whom Lord Mount Charles was an early patron, was standing at the back of the group, in the central aisle of the Church. To him approached an old lady, the aunt of the Bride; the Duchess of Bedford. Having been for some years very little in London Society, seeing a gentleman-like man leaning against a pew door, she good-naturedly and naturally said, "I hope that I may have the pleasure of seeing

you at my house in Belgrave Square, after the ceremony." Poole bowed respectfully. Had he been a snob, he would have gone to the breakfast. Had he not known what to do, he would have said, "I am a tailor." He did neither: he quietly replied, "I shall have the honour of waiting upon your Grace:" and did not go.

DISRAELI occasionally smoked; but I suspect did not latterly care much for Tobacco. Sitting next to him at Lord Shrewsbury's, in Belgrave Square, cigars were handed round after dinner. He shook his head; and turning to me said, "The Grave of Love!" I replied, "'Tobacco is the tomb of Love, said Egremont holding up a cigar.'" He looked very much pleased; and said, "I apologise: I thought the remark was original."

On one occasion he was induced to visit the room of Captain Gossett, for many years Serjeant-at-Arms, lent by the Queen to the House of Commons. He had got about half way through the cigar that was given him; his friend said, "You don't care about that cigar." Disraeli answered, "You should treat a cigar like a mistress; put it away before

you are sick of it." Following the same idea as Byron, who says,

"Wean, and not wear out, your joys!"

ONE OF THE most curious characters of late years in Parliament was Whalley, Member for Peterborough. He had been a Solicitor: I had a theory about him, that, as in a Greek Play, a dreadful Nemesis followed him. Those who studied the statistics of the House declared that Whalley had never resumed his seat without having committed a breach of the Orders of the House. He was always wrong in whatever he did: it seemed like a retribution for the tricks which he may have played his clients. In addition to this, his addresses were of that never-ending character that in those days the House would not tolerate. On one occasion, when the Speaker, Denison, was rising to leave the Chair, for the House to go into Committee, Whalley sprang to his feet. The Speaker, the embodiment of reserve, taken off his guard, ejaculated in a voice that could be heard through the whole building, "Oh, Lord!" Whalley gave an opportunity for a most respectable, I might almost say typical, country gentleman to earn the one distinction of his Parlia-

mentary life. The House had met on a most important occasion, to determine the fate of the Government. Every bench was crammed. The side-galleries full of Members. The Peers' seats full; and the seats for distinguished strangers had not a vacant place. The newly arrived Chinese Embassy was present. Previous to the decisive motion being brought forward Whalley was on the paper to move a Resolution in relation to Maynooth College, Ireland. This was always, in the days of Spooner, a most disagreeable question to the House. It was taken up after his death by Whalley; to the boundless disgust of every Member of the House of Commons, except himself. Notwithstanding the crowded state and impatience of the House, all anxious for the crisis, Whalley went pounding on, uttering a quantity of platitudes against Maynooth, against Roman Catholics in general, the Vatican, the Cardinals, and the Pope. Everybody had heard everything he said over and over again; he became intolerable; but there was no stopping him; shouting and ironical cheering, laughter, groaning, buzzing, *i.e.*, soft conversation, the most effective weapon of the House, were all used without avail. A sudden brilliant inspiration visited

the brain of a Sussex Baronet of ancient race, of dignified and somewhat sleepy presence. He sat on the third bench, on the Opposition side of the House. I was near him. At least five hundred impatient Senators had tried to put down Whalley without effect. Sir Percy Burrell succeeded. To the uninitiated I must explain, that should the Speaker's attention be called, but not otherwise, to the alleged fact that forty Members are not present in the House, he is obliged by law to ring a bell, which is on the table, to turn the sand-glass, which runs out in two minutes; and then to commence counting. The actual number present, when uncounted, is of no importance; the Speaker has no choice. Sir Percy Burrell said quietly, but distinctly, without rising, "Mr Speaker, there are not forty Members present." The Speaker, Denison, whose sense of humour was not great, heard his words; and seeing that there were at least five hundred Members in the House, gave him a scowl, and said in a low tone, "Order, order!" Sir Percy Burrell again said very distinctly indeed, but without rising, "There are not forty Members present, Sir!" The Speaker gave him a fiendish look, but said nothing: he evidently felt that it was no time for

joking. Sir Percy Burrell then rose, folded his arms, and in a voice that rang far above the clamour said, "Mr Speaker! there are not forty Members in the House." The five hundred Members, with that brilliant alacrity which characterised them, instantly seized the situation, and endeavoured to reduce their number to forty. They sprang to their feet, and simultaneously dashed to the entrance door. Those in the Gallery followed their example, falling over each other down the narrow staircase. The bell was rung; the sand-glass was turned: it was obviously impossible that five hundred Members could get out of the House in two minutes. Some had escaped, but many rushed back from the door, and gave up the attempt to go out. A scene of the wildest confusion ensued. To all strangers it must have been one of absolute bewilderment. First of all, hearing such a monstrous falsehood come from a respectable member of the House; then the extraordinary effect produced by those simple words. However, the unfortunate Speaker was obliged to count forty. Then, with great dignity and calmness, looking at Whalley, the cause of all this confusion, he said, "It is obvious that there are more than forty members

present; the hon. member for Peterborough may possibly accept what has taken place as an indication that the House is somewhat impatient." Accordingly, Whalley wound up his remarks rapidly. Another scene followed, to which the House instantly put a stop. Mr ——, who had not previously addressed the House of Commons, had made up his mind that a display of Protestantism would be for his benefit; at the time or hereafter. He rose with an appearance of intense conviction, folded his arms, and uttered these words, which will never perish: "Mr Speaker! From the storm-bound coast of Labrador"—— What had come, or was likely to come, mankind will never know. Such a demoniacal yell greeted his earnest utterance that the unfortunate novice collapsed, and subsided. What could have been the impression on the mind of the Chinese Embassy as regards the "outer Barbarians," and their method of conducting legislation, cannot be imagined.

I NEVER SAW Disraeli unnerved but once. It was by a curious character who sat in the Parliament of 1874–80, Major O'Gorman. Major O'Gor-

man had been not only a distinguished officer, but a handsome man. He was, however, at this time remarkable for a most extensive "bow-window," which was conspicuous in the pale blue trousers which he usually wore in the House.

He had a peculiar physical ailment, the exact character of which I do not know; the effect was, about every third or fourth minute, a visible spasm of the abdomen, for which Members opposite used to watch with something of the same anxiety as one watches the discharge of a big cannon. You heard Members say, particularly when the Debate was dull, "There it is again:" and many took a morbid interest in counting the number of spasms in an hour: the less educated M.P.s held that "the Major" had a weasel in his inside. However, once on his legs, Major O'Gorman was a very good speaker. He knew well how to get and keep the ear of the House: and frequently told amusing Irish stories, briefly and with great judgment. In an early part of the Parliament we had great disturbances about the admission of fugitive slaves on board the Queen's ships. Major O'Gorman ended a speech with these words, "Mr. Speaker, I have lived among the negroes: I know something of their habits: I

have listened to-night to a good deal from those who never saw a negro in their lives; every negro I have seen might say in the words of the Poet,

> 'I never was given to work:
> It wasn't the way with the Bradies:
> But I'd make a most illigant Turk:
> For I'm fond of tobacco . . . and ladies.'"

He was a man of exceptional capacity: and we were sincerely sorry to hear of his death.

On one night Major O'Gorman seemed to have taken an extra glass of Usquebaugh. He left his usual place, the third bench below the gangway on the Opposition side, and walking up the centre of the House, took post on the second bench opposite Disraeli, who was speaking on some very serious subject. Major O'Gorman uttered, at intervals, inarticulate sounds of a baffling description. These seemed to upset Disraeli completely: after a while he said, "This House admits every peculiarity of human nature, from Pitt to Rory O'More." He intended to fix on the Major a nickname. It fell perfectly flat: it was not accepted by the House.

DISRAELI ON THE afternoon of a Tuesday had heard on good authority that an arrangement had been come to between the Whig Party and the Home Rulers as regards some measure for the morning sitting of the next day. The Home Rulers had agreed to support the Whigs on that evening, on condition of receiving their support on the next day; this compact was known only to a few. Disraeli in the course of his speech said emphatically, "I have become aware of the dastardly conspiracy which is afoot." There was great uproar at this; the allusion not being known. It lasted some time: we divided: passing Disraeli in the lobby, I made a remark that the House had found out what he meant. He replied, "No! I went too far! always stick to Irony: there you are safe": a practice which he almost invariably followed. I ventured to say that half the human race did not understand Irony; in which he acquiesced. He meant no doubt that Irony in the House of Commons was the best weapon.

THE SUGGESTION to shorten the Easter holiday and lengthen the Whitsuntide holiday being rejected, Disraeli said, "My dear fellow, what

can you expect from a Government that is not in Society?"

THE IDLE THEORY that it is a man's own fault if he do not succeed in political life is most absurd. Let a man possess a safe seat in the House of Commons, and his abilities, whatever they may be, are sure to be ultimately appreciated: but he must have the safe seat. If you are not in the House of Commons, you have no chance: and the certainty of a seat is, and has been for many years, an unknown quality. In a letter to his sister, Disraeli clearly points out this: he says, "Unless you can strike your root deeply into a Constituency," as he did after his marriage, "you have no chance."

To be in one Parliament; out of the next; to return when your own Party is no longer in Office; makes success extremely doubtful, however great may be the individual's ability.

ASKED WHETHER Shakspere's line,

"Sweet are the uses of Adversity"

were true, Disraeli replied, "Yes: if it does not last too long."

IT HAS BEEN SAID that man has three characters; one that is his own; one that he wishes to be thought; a third, what the world thinks of him. As regards the second, there is considerable resemblance between Disraeli and the ideal characters painted by Lord Byron.

In Disraeli's early youth Byron's Poetry was in the mind of every one with a heart, or a head. There are few in each generation who love or appreciate Poetry. Byron set the fashion. It became the mode to read Poetry: he produced a great influence upon several generations. "The Corsair" was published in 1814. It has always struck me that Disraeli was imbued with a strong sense of the picturesque though theatrical character of the "Conrad" of Byron's freshest and least stagy Poem:

"That man of loneliness and mystery:
Scarce seen to smile: and seldom heard to sigh:
Who sways their souls with that commanding art
That dazzles, leads, yet chills, the vulgar heart.
What is that spell that this his lawless train
Confess, and envy, yet oppose in vain?
What should it be, that thus their faith combined?
The power of Thought: the magic of the Mind.

Linked with success: assumed; and kept with skill;
That moulded others' weakness to his will:
Wields with their hands; but still to these unknown,
Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his own.
Such hath it been: shall be; beneath the sun:
The many still must labour for the one."

The physical resemblance to Conrad was studied:

"Sunburnt his cheek: his forehead high and pale
The sable curls in wild profusion veil."

It was only late in life that Disraeli abolished the peculiar curl on the centre of his forehead.

"As if within that murkiness of mind
Worked feelings fearful and yet undefined."

Disraeli had not a "searching eye." His mental vision was however most astute:

"He had the skill when cunning's gaze would seek
To probe his heart, and watch his changing cheek,
At once the observer's purpose to espy."

One felt, Woe betide any one who endeavoured to play tricks; or to deceive him.

"Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alike exempt
From all Affection, and from all Contempt;
His name could sadden; and his acts surprise:
And they that feared him dared not to despise."

The one redeeming characteristic of "the Corsair" may or may not have existed at some time in Disraeli's breast. Whether he at any time felt a deep, life-long, interminable passion I have not ascertained. If this misfortune visited him, he kept it a profound secret. The women whom he admired in his youth he still, in a wayward manner, appreciated in his age.

It was believed by the multitude at the time of the writing of "Henrietta Temple" that the lovely idealism of the heroine was the portrait of Lady X., with whom his association had become notorious. This is absolute nonsense. Lady X. was a handsome, voluptuous, woman. She resembled in no respect the exquisite form and character of Disraeli's heroine, "Henrietta Temple." I do not for a moment believe that Disraeli would have succumbed to a hopeless passion. He had too much manliness not to

"Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine
Of hopeless love, to murmur and repine."

My impression is that, had he at any time had a

"*grande passion*," he would have thought it necessary and profitable to inform the world, indirectly of the fact in his novels.

No one can form a just opinion of Disraeli's literary powers until they have studied the "Runnymede Letters." They are by far the most powerful productions of his pen: and are most admirable in style. To one person only Disraeli admitted the authorship of these letters; Lord Lyndhurst. He never, I believe, publicly acknowledged himself their author. Published under somewhat the same circumstances as the letters of "Junius," they far surpass them. They are dedicated collectively to Sir Robert Peel; and the letter addessed to Sir Robert by no means indicates personal hostility. On the contrary, Disraeli seems to have had, and often expressed, a high opinion of that Statesman's Parliamentary powers. In the dedicatory letter to Sir Robert, dated July 27, 1836, signed "Runnymede," he speaks of O'Connell, who had succeeded in evoking his deepest resentment, as "The vagabond delegate of a foreign priesthood," and "a hired disturber." In his letter to Lord Melbourne he speaks of him as "the slave of Desidia:" and advises the Premier "To cease to saunter over the Destinies of a Nation; and lounge

away the Glory of an Empire." He alludes to the Whig coalition with O'Connell in these genial terms, "While I watch your ludicrous counsels, an awful shadow rises from behind the Chair of the Lord President. Slaves! it is your master: it is Eblis! with Captain Rock's bloody cap shrouding his atrocious countenance: in one hand he waves a torch, in the other a skull." In his letter to Thomas Attwood, then a would-be demagogue, he says, "I have invariably observed that 'the People' of the politician means the circle of his interests. 'The People' of the Whigs are the ten-pounders who vote in their favour." He appears to have had an intuitive and comprehensible dislike and contempt for Lord Brougham: of whom it was said, that if he knew a little law, he would know a little of everything. At the end of his letter to the ex-Chancellor he says, "I can see the unaccustomed robes on the dignified form of Lord Cottenham: and his spick and span coronet fall from the obstetric brow of the Baronial Bickersteth." In the letter to Sir Robert Peel he says of O'Connell, "Already we hear his bellow! Already our atmosphere is tainted with the venomous expirations of his malignant lungs! Yet a little while and his incendiary crest

will appear on our horizon." Disraeli contrasts the serene retirement of Drayton, Sir Robert Peel's country-house, with the repentant solitude of Howick, Lord Grey's. He compares Sir Robert Peel, as "Cheered after his vexatious defeat by the sympathies of a Nation, with the worn-out Machiavelli wringing his helpless hands over his hearth, in remorseful despair; and looking up with a sigh at his scowling ancestors!" He says, "The Whigs only wish to destroy the Tories; the Radicals, the Constitution; and the Repealers of the Union, the Empire." He compares Goulburn, at one time Chancellor of the Exchequer, to an industrious flea. In his letter to Lord John Russell, the greatest contempt is evidently felt, or, at least, expressed. He says, "You were born with a strong Ambition; and a feeble Intellect. This intellect produced the feeblest Tragedy in our language, 'Don Carlos;' the feeblest Romance in our literature, 'The Nun of Arouca;' and the feeblest Political Essay on record, 'The Causes of the French Revolution.'" "You talked at one time to your intimates of retiring from that public life in which you had not succeeded in making yourself popular, when you paced, like a feeble Catiline, the avenues of Holland

House." He calls Lord John Russell "a miniature Mokhana;" and he taunts him with having revenged himself on the House of Lords "by denouncing, with a conceit worthy of Don Carlos, its solemn suffrage as 'the whisper of a faction':" and winds up this very uncomplimentary epistle with the words, "How thunderstruck, my Lord, must be our visitor when he is told to recognise a Secretary of State in an infinitely small Scarabæus. Yes! my Lord, when he learns that you are the leader of the English House of Commons, our traveller may begin to comprehend how the Egyptians worshipped AN INSECT." In his letter to "The People," he says of O'Connell, "The hired writers would persuade you that he is a great man. He has not a single quality of a great orator; except a good voice. I defy his courtiers to produce a passage from any speech which he has delivered illumined by a single flash of genius, or tinged with the slightest evidence of Thought, or Taste, or Study. Learning he has none; little reading: his style in speaking is ragged, bald, half-disjointed. His pathos is the stage sentiment of a barn. His invective is slang. He is a systematic liar: a beggarly cheat: a swindler: and a poltroon.

He has committed every crime that does not require courage. He has described your House of Commons, even when reformed, as an assembly of six hundred swindlers." His letter to Lord Stanley, the late Lord Derby, the Prime Minister, is complimentary. He says that the "Runnymede Letters" are written "by one whose name, in spite of the audacious license of frantic conjecture, has never yet been even intimated: can never be discovered: and will never be revealed." He opens his letter to Lord Palmerston with the words, "My Lord! the Minister who maintains himself in power in spite of the contempt of the whole Nation must be gifted with no ordinary capacity." He speaks of "the finished character of your Lordship's airy pen." He adds that Lord Palmerston "has attained the acme of second-rate statesmanship: and remains fixed on his pedestal; the great Apollo of aspiring understrappers."

He then alludes to the Whigs. "The intellectual poverty of that ancient faction, who headed a Revolution with which they did not sympathise, in order to possess themselves of a power which they cannot wield." He speaks of Lord Palmerston's "Saturnalia of undetected scrapes, and unpunished

blunders": and ends with words that have been more quoted than any passage in the letters, "Methinks I can see your Lordship, the Sporus of politics, cajoling France with an airy compliment; and menacing Russia with a perfumed cane."

Lord Glenelg, whom, when an old man, I knew well, and liked much, was Colonial Secretary in Lord Melbourne's second Government. As a speaker, admirable in style; and with more than a Highlander's clearness of head. Disraeli speaks of him as "the guardian of our Colonial Empire, stretched on an easy couch in listlessness; with all the prim voluptuousness of a Puritanic Sardanapalus." In the sixteenth letter, addressed to the House of Lords, Disraeli asks, "My Lords! are you prepared to dismiss circumstances from your consideration, and legislate solely upon principles? Is a great Empire to be dissolved by an idle logomachy? If Dublin have an equal right with Westminster to the presence of a Parliament, is the right of York less valid? Repeal the Union, my Lords! and revive the Heptarchy." He adds, "Because the Irish Papists have shown themselves unworthy of a political franchise, we are told that it necessarily follows that they should be intrusted with a municipal one."

Alluding again to O'Connell, he says, "Let it not be said that the British Constitution sank before a rebel without dignity, and a demagogue without courage. Will the Peers of England cringe to this prowling mercenary? this man who has even degraded crime? who has deprived treason of its grandeur, and sedition of its sentiment; who is paid for his Patriotism; and whose Philanthropy is hired by the job?"

AS REGARDS the non-production of any work giving interesting details of the colloquial brilliancy of Disraeli, injustice has been done. It has been assumed without reason that Disraeli bequeathed to his secretary, Lord Rowton, directions to publish a record of his life and sayings. Nothing of the kind took place. I have examined Disraeli's will with care. He does not suggest that Lord Rowton should be his biographer. Disraeli bequeaths his papers as his other property to trustees, Lord Rothschild and Sir Philip Rose; and directs that no one shall have access to his private papers except by the sanction of Lord Rowton. Before writing this volume, I ascertained that no work is, nor has been, contemplated giving, to use an old term, the colloquial *ana* of Disraeli.

MRS. BRYDGES WILLYAMS says in her will that she bequeaths her fortune to Disraeli "in testimony of her affection for him; and in approval and admiration of his efforts to vindicate the race of Israel: her views respecting which he is well acquainted with; and which no doubt he will endeavour to accomplish."

In the will of Disraeli's father, Isaac Disraeli, dated May the 31st, 1847, he leaves to his "much loved daughter-in-law, Mrs Mary Ann Disraeli," his collection of prints; his portrait to his daughter Sarah; and twenty-five guineas each to his sons Ralph and James, to purchase rings. All his real estate, and the residue of the personalty, to his "son Benjamin." James Disraeli, of Cromwell Place, who died December the 23rd, 1868, makes Disraeli his residuary legatee.

DISRAELI was for some time at a school kept by Mr Potticary, a retired Unitarian Minister, who lived from 1813 to 1817 in Elliot Place, Blackheath. A schoolfellow says, "I cannot say that Benjamin Disraeli at this period of his life exhibited any unusual zeal for classical studies; and I doubt whether his attainments in this direction, when he

left the school for Mr Cogan's at Walthamstow, reached higher than the usual grind in Livy and Cæsar: but I well remember that he was the compiler and editor of a School newspaper, which made its appearance on Saturdays, when the gingerbread-seller was also to be seen; and that the right of perusal was estimated at the cost of a sheet of gingerbread, (Parliament?) the money value of which was in those days the third of a penny." Another contemporary relates that the fact that by the rules of grammar "ut" should be followed by the subjunctive mood, was not reached by the apprehension of the future Premier.

WITH a view to enable his talented son to succeed at the Bar, Disraeli's father articled him to the firm of Swain, Stevens, Maples, Pearce, and Hunt, of 6 Frederick's Place, Old Jewry. The articles of clerkship are dated the 10th of November 1821. He is described by one of the partners as being most assiduous in his attention to business; and as showing great ability in its transaction.

A very early work by Disraeli was "Velvet Lawn" it was sold at a Charity Bazaar at

Aylesbury, Buckingham, or Wycombe. It was a duodecimo volume of fifty pages; written in the style of Boccaccio. Copies of this work are very rare.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN no slight triumph for Disraeli, returning from Berlin, with "Peace with Honour," to know that he whom the builders had rejected as Foreign Secretary in 1852 had become the head-stone of the corner.

I HOPE IN SOME future work to describe more fully than I have done in this the characters of a generation preceding mine; and of those who have played a prominent part in my own day. Napoleon III., Thackeray, Dickens, Gustave Doré, Lytton, Emile Augier, Dumas the elder, O'Neill, Regnier, Macready, Charles Kean, Madame Vestris, Count Rossi, deserve collectively a volume.

THE BUST of Disraeli, now placed in the Central Hall of the Carlton Club, is a not altogether unsatisfactory portrait of him. In the dress of the present day, with shirt-collars, waistcoat, and dress-coat, it will hardly be admired by future

generations as a work of art. It has, however, irrespective of the likeness, the merit of representing him in what at Eton we called his "Sunday-best." The only other bust in the hall is that of Lord Derby, the Prime Minister. This is in the classic style, and gives him a most disagreeable expression. The countenance of Disraeli is such as he occasionally had; but, as Lord Byron says, "A wretched picture and worse bust" are the destiny of great men. The full-length portrait in oil in the Junior Carlton Club, gives, on the whole, as good an idea of Disraeli in his later days as any portrait that exists.

HUGHENDEN MANOR, which Disraeli purchased in 1847, is a substantial and more or less picturesque house, of a villa character; placed on the slope of a steep and wooded hill, within two miles of High Wycombe. The principal entrance-gate bears an Earl's coronet. The Vicarage is close to the house and to the Church. The park is of considerable extent, and well laid out. I do not know whether the place was formed by Lancelot Brown, but it resembles in its style the works of that great artist's genius.

The characteristics of Disraeli's abode are, as they should be in this gloomy country, snugness, and cheerfulness. The rooms are well proportioned, well contrived, and exceptionally comfortable. The Drawing-room, in which, conducted by the Vicar and his wife, I was received by the lady of the house, is a lofty room, the walls of which bear pictures of interest. The most conspicuous is a portrait of Her present Majesty, painted with exceptional vigour, and given, I believe, by the Queen to her Prime Minister. Over the entrance door is a portrait in white satin of Lady Blessington, attributed to Sir Thomas Lawrence; painted, I should say, by a French artist. The face is very lovely, of an *espièglé* character. The portrait is also here of Alfred Count D'Orsay. This is in profile; not unlike the Count; but too solemn in expression. There is a portrait of Lord Byron, idealised, by Westall; giving more of his character than the "wretched pictures" which he denounced. Over the door opening to the Library is a "counterfeit presentment" of Disraeli, painted by Sir Francis Grant, which I remember in his studio at the time that I was there undergoing an operation in 1850. I thought at

the time that the portrait was much like what Disraeli must have been in his younger days. At the time that it was painted he was forty-six. The portrait represents him as thirty. I have been told by those who saw his body in its coffin that Disraeli when dead bore a close resemblance to this portrait. This is not unfrequently the case with those to whom death gives a juvenility of aspect: wiping out the lines which anxiety has traced in middle life, and in old age. Entering the Library, the scale of which has been enlarged in graphic representation, I found it a most cheerful apartment. The Sun was shining brightly: this room receives the rays of our seldom seen star. I saw Disraeli's favourite leather chair, covered with his colour, brown: fairly comfortable for lounging, but without elbows. From the angle of his sofa a lovely landscape can be seen: having in the distance, as all landscapes should have, a town; High Wycombe. A man's seat tells his character. The sofa has too much of the form of an "upholsterer's" sofa: such as may be seen in the lodging-houses and hotels of Great Britain. The hangings of the library are of yellow satin damask, such as was used in his London house. In the Hall, adjacent to the Library, is a poor portrait of the late Lord Stanhope, then Lord Mahon, writ-

ing. The Dining-room, which is spacious, struck me as being very gloomy: no pictures nor other ornaments adorn it. The architecture of this and of other rooms on the ground-floor is in the style best described as "George IV. Gothic." The walls of the staircase of the house are covered with portraits, some well, some badly, painted, of Disraeli's associates in his later days. The most interesting room in the house is the large, airy, cheerful bedroom which he occupied. The walls of this room are covered with portraits of his family. That which first struck me is the portrait of his grandfather, Benjamin Disraeli. It is of the head and shoulders; with a crimson or "mulberry" coat, and white neckcloth; the powdered hair combed back from the face. A querulous, irritable, severe face; sharply-pointed nose; thin lips; small eyes; at once reminding one of Sheridan's phrase "a damned disinheriting countenance." There is another portrait of the same individual on the proper left of the bed. This is inferior in art, but gives the same expression.

Near the portrait of his grandfather is one of his father, Isaac Disraeli, dressed in the schoolboy dress of the last century; a "Sandford and Merton" dress: the face thoroughly Spanish, such as

Coello would have painted. On the proper right of the bedstead is a portrait of the schoolboy in advanced middle life; a corpulent person, with slightly powdered dark hair, writing. Over the chimney-piece are two somewhat grotesque portraits of Disraeli and his wife: both of which have been engraved. They are by Chalon; whom Thackeray delighted to call "Shalloon." Curls are redundant in both. They are in water-colour.

By far the most interesting pendant to the walls is between these. It is the portrait of Disraeli's mother by Cosway, with her child. Cosway had an artist's admiration for Disraeli's mother, whom he knew well. Possessing a large number of this refined artist's works, I do not know one more charming than this. The lady, in a classic attitude, leans forward, bearing the future Prime Minister on her left knee. It is the gem of the house. In another room on this floor is a most disgusting portrait in oils of Disraeli, painted towards the end of his life. It is revolting: and if the Trustees permitted, should at once be put behind the fire. Passing to the top-floor of the house, I found a cheerful room devoted to smoking; comfortable; not over furnished; with sofas

and arm-chairs; having on the walls large prints, mostly proofs, presented to the lord of the house. Disraeli was not much given to smoking, but his hospitality, and his liking for friendly society, induced him to frequent this room. Passing through the house to the church, accompanied by the Rev. Mr and Mrs Blagden, who have occupied the Vicarage from a period long anterior to Disraeli's death, I saw his grave. A more cheerful grave, if I may use the term, I have not seen. In close contact with the eastern exterior wall of the Church, the upper surface slopes downwards. It is enclosed by an artistic railing of brown and gold. The central of three small arches built into the wall of the church bears the name of Lady Beaconsfield, with the coronet of a Viscountess upon it: the compartment on the right of this bears the name of Mrs Brydges Willyams: the left, of Disraeli's brother. Disraeli's own name is inserted below that of his wife: and is scarcely legible from outside the railings. I ventured to suggest that this was a serious defect. An addition should be made to the railing of an Earl's coronet in the centre: this could be done unostentatiously: the tomb would then bear an indication of the

Minister interred therein. At present it is the tomb of Lady Beaconsfield. The addition which I have suggested would make it what it ought to be, the memorial of her husband.

The Church itself, the inside of which we next visited, is of the most substantial character; dating from an early part of the twelfth century. Several monuments of men in armour, with their legs crossed, represent the family of the great historical character, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. The Altar-cloth has been worked with exquisite taste by Mrs Blagden; and a lengthy cushion which covers the front seat is the work of Disraeli's sister: spoken of by those who knew her as a most intellectual and charming person. It is in the old-fashioned cross-stitch: I hope that her name may be attached to it. On the north of the Chancel is a marble slab placed there in remembrance of Disraeli by desire of the Queen. Many trees exist, near the house, planted by distinguished persons; they seem to flourish in the congenial soil and climate. There is no appearance of neglect in any part of the property. In the Library, the books, in their wire cages, appear to be those which Disraeli inherited from his father.

I OBSERVED to the Vicar, that Hughenden, being situated on a steep slope, afforded Disraeli no means of taking that most pernicious exercise, a purposeless walk. In the evening of my visit I happened to see one of Disraeli's Cabinet colleagues at the Carlton Club. Without any allusion to the above remark having been made, he said to me, "I remember when at Hughenden saying to Disraeli, 'Let us take a walk.' 'A walk! out of the question: a saunter if you please.'"

A NOBLE MEMBER of the House of Commons, who has risen to great eminence, paused in his first speech to yawn. "He'll do," at once exclaimed Disraeli.

I HEARD MACAULAY speak once in Parliament. His manner and style were very heavy: and his appearance equally so: his features and expression meaningless. My first remark on seeing him was, "He is like Palmerston with a cold in his head."

IN FORMER DAYS it was not necessary for a member to attempt to take the House by storm. The best speakers waited until they had studied

the House. Lord Palmerston sat thirteen years in the House before he addressed it. A Parliamentary life is too short in these days for those wise and gradual approaches.

I DO NOT KNOW whether Disraeli was seriously annoyed by the numberless caricatures and character portraits which appeared of him during the greater part of his life. Dining with a valued friend, Lady M——, afterwards created Lady T——, her little girl coming down to dessert, was presented in due form to the great man. The child, like Boswell's Veronica, seemed pleased with his appearance: she said, "I know you! I've seen you in Punch!" I should say that, on the whole, the incessant placing him in ridiculous situations did cause him annoyance. He pensioned his caricaturist's widow.

DISRAELI inherited a defective eyesight from his father. He more than once complained of it to me. He told me that I was an excellent House of Commons critic: adding that he never could be this. He said, "Unless you can see the faces opposite to you, you cannot judge of the opinion of the House of Commons."

JOHN BULL loves the dramatic. Disraeli said, "In politics there is nothing like a surprise."

LORD ARTHUR RUSSELL, brother of my friend Lord Ampthill, approaching Lord Derby's house in St. James's Square, met Disraeli near Norfolk House: the latter said, "If you are going to the Derbys, they are not at home: come with me to the House of Commons"; taking his arm. They passed in front of "The Travellers". Later in the day some member of that Club, a Whig, said to Lord Arthur in the House of Commons, "I fancied that I saw you in Pall-Mall, arm-in-arm with Disraeli." Lord Arthur related this to Disraeli: he turned upon him, and said, "You did not deny me!? The cock would have crowed!"

DISRAELI seemed to me to be almost ashamed of his ostentatious uxoriousness. I asked him if he were going somewhere alone: meaning without the other Ministers. He replied in a deep tone, "No. Mary Ann is going. I cannot leave her quite in the lurch."

DISRAELI remarked that the policy in details

and even in measures, proposed by successive Administrations, varied but little; and that most Bills proposed by a Government had been found in the pigeon-holes of their predecessors.

NAPOLEON III. and Disraeli inspired the same feeling as that felt by playgoers towards a clever actor: he amuses: and therefore interests.

I HAVE spoken of the great head-waiter of my early days. I am pleased to find an allusion to him in a letter of Disraeli's: telling of a breakfast-party at Gunnersbury, he says, "Our old friend Amy was of great use to us." He, like myself, appreciated greatness: I am proud of his confirmation of my early perception of character. Amy was like the French Ambassador, the Count of Saint Aulaire: but with even more dignity.

THE RULES and practice of the House of Commons, at that time excellent in their good sense, were occasionally appreciated by the higher class of foreigners. I was surprised at one instance of accurate knowledge on the part of a Frenchman. I was sitting as an M.P. on the bench then appropriated

to distinguished strangers, the front bench below the western gallery, on either side of the entrance door. I was in conversation with Montalembert. Disraeli was speaking: I cheered. Montalembert turned to me and said, "That is forbidden: while sitting here you must not cheer." He was perfectly accurate: well as I believed that I knew the practice of the House, I did not know this.

A MEMBER in the House of Commons sneering at an oration given elsewhere as "an after-dinner speech," Disraeli with real anger repeated the term: "An after-dinner speech! An after-dinner speech! The Hon. Member sneers at an after-dinner speech! The greatest speeches ever delivered in this place have been after-dinner speeches!"

WHEN SIR CHARLES DU CANE, who, having been successful in the House of Commons, naturally found himself at the antipodes, had a final interview with Disraeli before his departure for Tasmania, which Colony he ruled admirably, Sir Charles expressed to him his hope that on his return he might find Disraeli in a higher political position. Disraeli moved his vertical right hand laterally in front of

him; and quietly said, "The pendulum swings." The fortunes of the Tory Party at that time were by no means hopeful. When Sir Charles left Tasmania they were still sadly below par. When he landed in England on the 4th of February 1875, he found them in an overwhelming majority: a majority of forty on doubtful questions: a majority of one hundred in ordinary Divisions.

I AM SURPRISED that Disraeli's drama "Alarcos" was not produced on the stage. I have read it from the first line to the last; an impossible feat unless the poetry be good. It is a fine, declamatory, play: with a powerful, and interesting, plot: not complicated. In its situations highly dramatic. With Macready's stilted style it would, I should say, have been most successful. The lines are exquisitely smooth; and, without pretension to great ideas, the sentiments are quite of a character to affect an audience. Of the "Revolutionary Epic" I have never been able to make head nor tail.

IF EVER there were two natures opposed to each other, those of Disraeli and Mr George Bentinck, for many years Member for Norfolk, known as "Big

Ben," were those two. The latter took a hostile position as regards Disraeli, which, if it did not amount to personal dislike, went beyond the ordinary limits of political opposition. Sitting behind the Tory Party, a position he ultimately relinquished for "below the gangway," not wanting in good sense, though without oratorical power, Disraeli was afraid of him: this accounts for his offering him twice a seat in the Cabinet. I have this from Mr Bentinck. He amused me by telling me that while speaking to Disraeli he raised his fist, in gesticulation. Disraeli started back; Mr Bentinck added, "The Jew believed I was going to strike him!"

I discussed the Reform Bill of 1867 with "Big Ben." He did not much like the subject; he never could refute my statement, that that revolutionary measure was carried, not by "the Jew," as he always called him, but by the County members of England; of which class "Big Ben" was an avowed type.

BRILLIANT AS I have always considered Disraeli's Novels of early and middle life, I was deeply disappointed by his later productions. I felt it my duty to buy "Lothair": but found great difficulty in reading it. I found "Endymion" impossible. There are two

things in "Lothair," frequently quoted, against which I must enter my anecdotic protest. One that critics are men who have failed themselves. This I have no doubt, to speak Hibernicè, was said by the first author of the first critic. I remember it many years ago in an article in the "Illustrated London News." The other that, whereas all wise men have one creed, that creed is one which they never express. This is so old as the existence of creeds. Disraeli's father gives it in his earliest work.

PROBABLY the most interesting circumstance in relation to Disraeli to half the human race, is the question of Mr Disraeli's age. I can throw light upon this important question. Staying at Middleton Park, Lord Jersey, who differed with "The Times," would not take it in. Disraeli had a difficulty with Lord Palmerston. Lady Jersey, enthusiastic as usual for Disraeli, drove with her daughter and myself to Bicester to obtain "The Times." I read out the debate in the carriage. After I had finished, Lady C. V. said to me, "Do you know how old Mr Disraeli is?" "No." Lady C. said, "She is eighty." I replied, "Impossible." "She is." Lady Jersey then said "Yes; she is eighty. I know it by the date

of my own marriage." Lady C. V.'s remark might have been that of a young lady of whom I think Mrs Disraeli was not fond; but Lady Jersey, who was a matter-of-fact woman, spoke as if she was absolutely certain.

Mrs Disraeli died nine years later.

ONE OF THE most effective cases of Disraeli's rapid and successful generalship was on the night when the question was discussed whether John Mitchel was qualified to take his seat. The circumstances were briefly these: Mitchel had been convicted of felony: he had been released on parole: some time before his sentence would have been completed he renounced his parole; and escaped from the colony. The question was not very easy of solution. Was a man once a felon always a felon? Had he expiated his felony by the completion of his sentence: the period of his complete sentence having been passed when elected to the House? A debate of much acrimony took place; and it was clearly the opinion of the lawyers in the House on both sides that he might legally be a Member of Parliament. The thing was going badly. Disraeli rose: folding his arms in his most

dignified manner, looking down the House, he exclaimed: "I stand here to defend the privileges of Parliament! and I will not permit a convicted felon to take his seat upon yonder bench." We went to a division, and carried our case triumphantly. I ventured in the lobby to hint the word "Marengo" as I passed Disraeli. He gave me a very significant look of acquiescence. It was Kellerman's charge repeated.

LORD DERBY invariably answered every letter addressed to him with his own hand. It was amusing when he had cut telling jokes against his old friends the Whigs, to hear the Whig ladies expressing their pity that Lord Derby said such things! "It was in such bad taste," you heard them say.

WHEN THE CHINESE Ambassador was presented to him by the Secretary of Embassy, who interpreted his words, Disraeli replied to an expression of regret on the part of the Chinese that he could not speak English, "Pray tell the Ambassador, in most respectful terms, that I hope that His Excellency will remain in this country until I can speak Chinese."

DISRAELI coming away from a marriage said, "This is a dismal business: it always depresses me. After a funeral I am cheerful. I feel that one has got rid of some one."

THE UNDIGNIFIED MANNER of shortening Disraeli's name annoyed his wife. No one would, of course, except by extreme inadvertence, have used an abbreviation in his or her presence. At a party at Lady Palmerston's, returning from the tea-table with Mrs Disraeli, Mr Henry Corry, First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Rowton's father, was leaning against the doorway on my right, Mrs Disraeli being on my left arm. He bowed, and said, "Good evening, Mrs Disraeli." Mr Corry occasionally stammered. Mrs Disraeli stopped and said, "I do not mind *your* calling me Mrs Dizzy. I do not allow every one to do so, I can assure you." I told her that Mr Corry had said "Mrs Disraeli." I felt sure that he did: he was an exceptionally well-bred man: I thought her rebuke dignified: and from her point of view right.

DINING WITH the Duke of S. at S. House immediately after Disraeli's return from Berlin, he related,

with evident pleasure, that when he entered the room for his first interview with Bismarck, the large dog which invariably remained near his master's person ran out and made demonstrations of affection. He added, with great gusto, that the same intelligent animal had endeavoured to devour Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian Ambassador, when he first approached the great Chancellor.

At the same hospitable board he uttered these words; words that will not be forgotten, "When Gentlemen cease to be returned to Parliament, this Empire will perish."

THE SIMPLE TRICKS played by Disraeli, his "Maundy Thursday," his "looming in the Future," etc. etc., and other cajoleries, had the merit of "tickling the ears of the groundlings," without making "the judicious grieve."

THE OPPORTUNITIES of a Minister in the confidential communications which it is his duty to make to the Sovereign, of vilifying his opponents or deteriorating his friends are unlimited. No Minister who has served a Sovereign of this Empire ever acted with greater good faith, and few

with so great, as Disraeli. In every communication made, every character of friend or enemy was given by Disraeli with the ne plus ultra of Honesty: and with perfect Chivalry.

JAMES CLAY, M.P. for Hull, was Disraeli's companion when travelling in the East in early days. A man of exceptional astuteness, he was opposed during his political career to Disraeli. He told a friend who told me, that, with the ample opportunities which he had had of watching Disraeli when he was a young and poor man, he never could detect the slightest aberration from the strictest honour in pecuniary matters.

MEETING the Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons in February 1889, he advised me to put the letters which I had written on the subject of the Waterloo Ball-room into "a less fugitive form." No one reads a pamphlet; the letters would not have extended beyond this. At the end of my walk I concluded that I could remember enough sayings and doings of the Duke of Wellington to fill a moderate sized volume. Instead of on the 1st of May, as I

expected, the book was published on the 22nd of June; perhaps the most unfavourable day in the year. On my return from the Continent in November, the publisher informed me that he had disposed of an edition of one thousand copies as follows. Nine hundred ordinary copies; seventy-five on large paper; twenty-five on large paper, "author's copies": thirty had been distributed for review. I have not at any time kept a note-book. I have taken down from the bookshelves of my brain the volumes "Wellington" and "Disraeli." Possibly I may find others, not unworthy of perusal.

SPEAKER DENISON was not conspicuous for his readiness of resource in dealing with the very complicated rules and practice of the House of Commons. A difficult question on Order arose. Speaker Denison, as was his wont, touched the Senior Clerk, Sir Thomas Erskine May. Sir Thomas rising, was asked by the Speaker what on earth he recommended him to do. The legend tells that Sir Thomas whispered, "I recommend you, Sir, to be very cautious": then vanished through the door at the back of the Chair.

I SHOULD HAVE been glad, had I sufficient space, to have placed in the "Walhalla" of this volume many of those with whom I have served in stormy political campaigns. One deserves allusion; as possessing what in these days is so sorely wanting, Individuality. Stuart Mill in his "Essay on Liberty" may well deplore the gradual but unquestionable disappearance of Original Character. One picture stands out in my imagination, that of the Right Honourable George Cavendish Bentinck; M.P. for the remote but patriotic Borough of Whitehaven: known in the vernacular of the House of Commons as "Little George": a τετραγωνος ἀνηρ, Anglicè "a brick." Of this many-sided character, of this strong individuality, I may give a few traits. Having filled the highly important Office of Judge Advocate General of Her Majesty's Forces, an Office which brings its holder into personal communication with the Sovereign, having sat in Parliament since 1859, the exceptional fluency of his speech, with a sturdy sense of humour, and an unswerving love of his Country, there can be no wonder that Mr. Bentinck is looked up to. An admirable and experienced judge of Art; an authority on Church ornamentation, and Architecture; the discoverer

of the most interesting cryptographic records of the reign of Elizabeth, which had lain dead for centuries amid the limitless Archives of Venice; and the prescriptions for several homely diseases written by the great philosopher, Locke, when an assistant-surgeon in the Navy, Mr Bentinck adds to these distinctions those of possessing vast wealth, a Palace in Grafton Street filled with objects of virtu. It was said of the Regent by Moore that he was a "Cacique in Mexico: and Prince in Wales." Mr Bentinck is the Sovereign of an island in the Southern Sea. He has an exquisite knowledge of the French language; I remember an illustration. A Baronet on the Whig side, who has since seen the error of his ways, used the expression in relation to the Tory party then in Opposition, "A miserable minority." Mr Bentinck with linguistic promptness instantly replied, "The Honourable Baronet talks about our 'miserable minority.' I tell you that it is your 'miserable majority': the Honourable Baronet is sufficiently acquainted with the French language to understand me." On another occasion Mr Crawford, probably the most solemn man that ever represented the City of London, in a most exciting discussion on

the subject of the organ-grinding nuisance, with the gentle dulness that ever loves a joke, appealed imprudently to Mr Bentinck, who was a strong advocate for the Biil, as to what he would do with the monkey, when the organ-grinder was locked up. "Little George," with the rapidity of lightning, replied, "Give it in charge of the Metropolitan Members." So much for his wit. He has, however, a quality which the House loves better: humour. Few pleasanter ways have I known of passing the evening than watching the gyrations of the Member for Whitehaven when, arriving at the House at about 11 P.M. in a costume that shows that he has been the Amphitryon of a banquet, the Sardanapalus of Grafton Street has proceeded to attack Mr Gladstone. Standing immediately opposite the Rt. Hon. Gentleman, and in a tone of exceptional gravity, Mr Bentinck had, when I was last in Parliament, a most admirable manner of trotting out Mr Gladstone's shortcomings. He would ask that Rt. Hon. Gentleman how he could reconcile the opinions which he had stated this evening with those which he had uttered in the year, say 1847. He would ask Mr Gladstone whether he considered such wholesale tergiversations consistent

with the character of a British Statesman. He would state that he thought it necessary to expose these fearfully contradictory opinions. All this would be done with a smile; betraying, however, a real relish in using the sharp knife of an operator. The only classical illustration that I can give is to ask the reader to picture to himself Roscius denouncing Catiline. For Roscius was, pace Henry VI., a broad comic actor.

I am forbidden for want of space from enlarging upon the qualities of this distinguished man. Remembering him as I do from my earliest boyhood, I detect no change in appearance, nor in manner. Whether reclining in his gondola on the canals of his favourite Venice; or attacking Mr Gladstone with genial vituperation, "Little George" is always great.

AT THE WYCOMBE ELECTION, when opposing Lord Grey's son, a bill was posted declaring that Disraeli was "a Tory in disguise." "A Tory in disguise!" he exclaimed. "I am no Tory in disguise! I will tell you how you may define a Tory in disguise: 'A Whig in place!'"

ONE OF THE FINEST speeches ever made by Disraeli was utterly unrecorded. It was a great speech as regards Statesmanship, and as regards Manliness. After the disastrous and ruinous dissolution of 1880, the members of the Tory Party still in the House of Commons, and those who had sat in the Parliament of 1874–80, were asked by Disraeli to meet him in the large gallery of Bridgewater House. I hesitated as to whether I should attend the meeting: however, I am glad that I did so. Disraeli addressed us at considerable length: and, with chivalrous generosity, he not only gave no blame to those who had advised the fatal step of dissolution, which had reduced our majority of 100 to a wretched minority; but he went the extreme length of saying, "I shared their error." These were his exact words. He went particularly into the question of the future of the Empire: I remember his saying with deep emphasis, "I do not dread the political future as regards the electors of England. I wish that I could say the same of Scotland and Ireland." The meeting was confidential: nothing appeared in any newspaper but a meagre outline of the proceedings.

WHEN SIR CHARLES DU CANE was made a Lord of the Admiralty he was re-elected for Essex: he asked me for a good quotation: he said that it must point to the recent defeat of the Whig Government, brought about by the act of their own supporters, and that it must allude to the British Navy. After a few minutes' thinking, I suggested Cowper's lines on "The Royal George"

"It was not in the Battle:
No Tempest gave the shock:
She sprang no fatal leak:
She ran upon no rock.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset."

According to the Essex papers this was brilliantly successful.

DISRAELI'S style of elocution was always restrained: he never "let himself go." His gestures slight, formal, and infrequent. He was not one of those whose action in speaking goes naturally with the words. He was not a "born actor": a

term I have heard applied to a person of less importance; whose limbs moved with the words uttered; with unstudied and unconscious artistic accuracy.

A DISTINGUISHED foreign diplomatist, conversing with Lord Palmerston on the merits of European languages, said, "You have no term in English precisely representing our French word '*Sentiment.*'" Lord Palmerston replied, "We have a word exactly representing it: 'Humbug.'"

I GIVE THE FOLLOWING; but request the reader to help himself to several pinches of salt: Disraeli is stated by Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, to have said, "I have no personal animosity towards Sir Robert Peel: I admire him: but he has chosen to disregard me: and I must destroy him, or he must destroy me." Now I heard Lord Houghton say, "The first rule in debate is, 'misrepresent your opponent: say that he has said what he has not said.'" This being his view, I omit another of his stories anent Disraeli: it would require the full contents of a salt-cellar.

DISRAELI affected to despise "apt alliteration's artful aid." No one used it more. In a poem attributed to B. Osborne he is spoken of as "Alliterative Dizzy." I heard him denounce the Whigs as "an obsolete oligarchy": his speeches and writings teem with clever alliteration.

A REMARKABLE change for the better has occurred of late years in the dress of English-women. Lord Alvanley said that if English meat were dressed by French cooks; and English women by French milliners; life would be worth living. In the former respect great improvements have been made: although four-year-old mutton and beef, with shame be it said, are now not often found. No one would believe the extreme tastelessness with which women in England, except of the "haute volée," were formerly habited. Unless among "real ladies," you never saw a woman whose apparel was not in bad taste. Now in an hour's walk in London you will hardly meet an ill-dressed woman. The change is something incredible. Fashions which extend very far down in the social scale are, as a rule, very ornamental; the defect being their too rapid

changes. Should a gracefully shaped hat or garment of any sort be adopted, in a few weeks it is abolished, in the interest of the dressmakers, in favour frequently of something less admirable. The taking off the duty on French leather at once revolutionised an important item in women's appearance. I can just recollect the abominable coverings which women in my childhood used in bad weather for their feet. The protection was a horrible covering known as "the Gloucester Boot." It was hardly more than a bag with buttons: made of a sort of frieze or felt; placed over the indoor shoe; in appearance most revolting. All that has been changed: and although, as a rule, the "*pie ingles*" is not small: it is not infrequently well shaped. Englishwomen may now look down with modest complacency; and quote Shakspere's line,

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."

DISRAELI'S prayer for "Imperium et Libertas" made a sensation in what is called "the Literary World." "Who said it? Which Roman Emperor?" It was attributed to nearly all in turn: outside the Cæsars, Sejanus was credited with it.

British classics are, I fear, not much studied. In Bolingbroke's "PATRIOT KING" is this passage: "A King, in the temper of whose government, like that of Nerva, things so seldom allied as Empire and Liberty are intimately mixed; co-exist together inseparably; and constitute one real essence."

DISRAELI described one of his intimates as "the first Diplomatist in Europe": at another time as having precisely the manner of an elderly French ἑταῖρα.

PROBABLY the roughest epoch in Disraeli's life was his Election for Shrewsbury. The incessant reproach of his nationality; a sin not to be forgiven by the virtuous electors of that borough; was of course constantly hurled at him. The changes were rung on the word "Jew" without cessation. Disraeli's appearance was exceptionally youthful; the style of his oratory, and the fluency of his speech, only tended to aggravate those whom he addressed. During the whole time of his speech there were incessant shouts of "Jew" and "Judas." Portions of a pig were held up

on sticks; and advanced so closely as possible to his nose. "Bring a bit of pork for the Jew," etc. etc., in the accustomed style of "our Sovereign, the People." In the midst of a most forcible harangue his curiosity was aroused by a man advancing towards the hustings; and stopping a small cart drawn by a "Jerusalem pony" immediately in the front of the orator. Disraeli, pausing to take breath, said, "What is the meaning of your equipage, my friend?" "Well, I be come here to take you back to Jerusalem." This joke, which was not badly conceived, merely evoked a good-humoured smile: Disraeli's perfect calmness and equanimity produced the usual effect; if not of checking the attacks; of forcing the respect of those who made them.

At the Taunton Election, during his canvass, Disraeli addressed the multitude from a window. He was assailed with incessant shouts of "A Jew! A Jew!" He calmly replied, "You accuse me of being a Jew! I am proud of it. I am of the House of Israel: and I glory in my descent! You will find, should you elect me, that I am a typical Israelite; an Israelite without guile."

DISRAELI once mystified his audience by proposing the toast, "Narrow Majorities." The hidden meaning of this was, that the majorities of the Whig Government were becoming so narrow that they would shortly be driven to a dissolution of Parliament.

Disraeli's godfathers, when he was admitted to the Church of Christ, were Sharon Turner, the distinguished Anglo-Saxon scholar, and Samuel Rogers, the author of "The Pleasures of Memory."

Disraeli employed Mr Bailey, Solicitor, to raise a considerable loan for the purposes of an Election: promising to repay the amount on a given day with a good premium. The money was advanced. The loan and the premium were punctually repaid on the day agreed. In this, as in all other pecuniary matters, Disraeli was scrupulously punctilious. Thoroughly appreciating the power of Wealth: and acutely sensible to the impotence of Poverty, he seems at no time to have had a craving for money. His wants were few: and his good sense told him that superfluities could easily be dispensed with.

I HAVE GIVEN my opinion of Disraeli's know-

ledge of the classics. In a work published recently I was amused to find a statement made by Sir Stafford Northcote, after paying a visit to Disraeli at Hughenden. I am not surprised that Disraeli thought "everything that Gladstone wrote about Homer was wrong": this was natural. What follows is highly comic: "He used to be fond of Sophocles, and carried him about: he did not much care for Æschylus," etc. Disraeli may have carried a Sophocles in his pocket: but at no time of his life could he have translated two lines of that great dramatist without a lexicon. Of Æschylus he was equally ignorant, so far as the Greek text: and the same was the case with Euripides. I will go further: he could not have translated the much easier Greek of Homer, nor of Herodotus: and I feel sure that he could not have construed the easiest Greek of all, a chapter in either of the four Gospels. Lord ——, who knew Disraeli more intimately, and longer, than any one now alive, holds the same opinion: Disraeli frequently alludes to him as an admirable classic scholar; who has retained his knowledge of the dead languages. He not only stayed with Disraeli at his house in London, as a

young man; but travelled with him on the Continent. Numberless opportunities occurred for exchanging opinions on the subject of the great classic writers. No allusion to any of them ever passed Disraeli's lips. The knowledge of Mythology shown in "Ixion" and elsewhere could easily be obtained, and was no doubt, from that encyclopædia of filth forced into the hands of every schoolboy of thirteen, "Lemprière's Dictionary." That the son of the Author of "The Curiosities of Literature" could easily get up a knowledge of the subjects of the plays of Æschylus, Sophocles, etc., there can be no doubt: but as for carrying a Sophocles in his pocket, as an every day resource, I can only say that he accurately measured the well-intentioned and guileless being with whom he was conversing. I am surprised that Sir Stafford's journal does not produce an added note: "Disraeli said that in his youth he was fascinated by the prose epic, 'Jack the Giant-Killer.' For pure fiction he thought that nothing equalled 'Jack and the Beanstalk.' To complete the trilogy he named 'The House that Jack Built.' This he considered a sort of poetical sorites. I confess that I was astonished to find

that, notwithstanding the vast and various interests that were occupying his mind, Disraeli could repeat this terse and vigorous narrative without missing a word! One remark, showing his deep erudition, attracted the attention of the worthy Vicar who had looked in during the evening: Disraeli proved conclusively that the events related must have occurred before the separation of the Anglican from the Roman branch of the Catholic Church: pointing out the term 'the Priest all shaven and shorn'; clearly showing an antiquity earlier than the reign of Henry VIII. The blending of the Imaginative and the Real in 'Puss in Boots' had, no doubt, a great influence on his literary future. One character impressed him forcibly; the Marquess of Carabas. He introduces him in his earliest novel."

DISRAELI had peculiar charms for the agricultural mind. From his origin, appearance, and manner one would not have expected this. I have always revered as pure types of the best form of County Members Mr Pell and Mr Clare Read: both high-minded and exceptionally able men: clear in their political views, and in their

views of what is right. Speaking of Disraeli's amusing pranks, his dodges, and his occasional claptraps, I remember Mr Pell saying, "In spite of it all, damn the fellow! one cannot help loving him!"

WHEN LORD DERBY was Minister for the Colonies amusement was caused in the geographical world by his speaking of the "Island of Demerara." This was before my day; but standing at the bar of the House of Lords I heard him say, "My Lords, this reminds me of the celebrated duel between the Earl of Chatham and Sir Richard Strahan!" This allusion to the Commanders of Walcheren was omitted by the newspapers. One paper inserted it: but chivalrously corrected it the next day as having been their own error.

NOTHING COULD BE more artistic than the manner in which Disraeli introduced his good things. He gradually led the House up to them; and invariably produced his best thing at the precisely proper period of his speech.

ON ONE OCCASION, a threat of assassination

was made. Reading the case, I doubted whether the insanity of the culprit was not assumed: meeting Disraeli soon afterwards, I suggested that the man was not mad; and hoped he would not escape. Disraeli replied, "He is quite mad enough to murder me"; and added, "I sincerely hope they will lock him up."

FEW WOULD HAVE thought Joseph Hume to be a Poet: he competed for the Prologue after the burning of Holland's Drury Lane Theatre: immortalised by the "Rejected Addresses" of the brothers Smith. Hume always spoke of the "Tottle of the Whole".

DISRAELI'S APPRECIATION of the speeches of others was exquisite. I always felt that it was worth while to address the House of Commons if he were present. You knew that, whether you did well or ill, there was one present who could appreciate you: and that no amount of pains and effort were wasted if you had so brilliantly an intelligent man to observe your expressed thoughts.

THE PRACTICE OF bowing when leaving the House, or on turning to the right or left when enter-

ing, has nothing to do with the Speaker; it descends from the practice, still used in Cathedrals and Collegiate Churches, of bowing to the East. Parliament sat for many years in St. Stephen's Chapel; hence the practice has descended. I have no doubt that it extends far earlier than the forms of Christianity; and that we should find the source of the practice in the ancient Sun-worship, at one period the universal religion of mankind.

IN THE CASE of one who made numberless speeches, it is remarkable how few words of Sir Robert Peel have lived in the memory of man. I can recall but two sentences: "The Battle of the Constitution must be fought in the Registration Courts." The second is a higher flight: "It is no easy task to reconcile an hereditary Monarchy, a proud Aristocracy, and a reformed House of Commons."

I REGRET that Disraeli did not revive the office of Lord High Treasurer. I suggested this to him: and also in the House of Commons. If this be undesirable, the Premiership should be united to the office of Lord Privy Seal. This would give additional income; and Precedence. It is paradoxical that the

Prime Minister should have no rank over the other Commissioners of the Treasury: and that on State Occasions the members of his Cabinet should walk before him. Latterly Disraeli held the offices of Lord Privy Seal and First Commissioner of the Treasury at the same time.

WHEN DISRAELI was Prime Minister I thought that it was an opportunity to obtain from him a measure which should afford to the respectable and much-sought Order of Baronets the means of finding out whether they are Baronets or not. At present there is nothing to prevent any one assuming the title of his relation, or indeed of any one else, who may or may not be more entitled to it than himself. I took some trouble about this: and found that the same title had been held for several generations, in several cases, by two persons, each believing that they were entitled to it. I did not go into the question of Precedence: though there can be no doubt that by analogy Baronets should rank before the eldest sons of Barons. The non-existence of a tribunal to determine the right to this title is a most absurd anomaly. The question was, I believe, referred to each Minister, as is the practice before a projected measure is drafted. One obstacle

was that a very high judicial functionary had a doubtful right to his Baronetcy. I had no suspicion of this until the great man in question told me that it was better on the whole that such questions should not be raised. I suggested to Disraeli that the good-humoured sarcasm with which he deals with this distinguished order in "Sybil" should induce him to do something for us. The difficulty is to establish a tribunal which would be cheap. A. B. or C. may say, "You may call me a Baronet or not, as you like; I shall call myself one; but I shall not pay £50 or £100 to a lawyer to prove my right". Lord Cairns, the Lord Chancellor, suggested to me that to put Baronets within the Statute which enables a person to prove heirship would be enough. I ventured to suggest that where no property was concerned an expensive lawsuit would not be readily gone into.

The courtesy prefix of "Honourable," still given to Judges, was for one hundred years used to Baronets; and should be restored.

I FIND THE following story mangled by the roadside: the reader may be pleased to see it placed on its legs. Sir John Pakington, First Lord

of the Admiralty, arrived late at a Cabinet Council: he expressed his regret; adding that he had been at Portsmouth and had a difficulty in landing from Spithead: the sailors declaring that they had never seen such a swell in the Solent as when he landed. Lord Derby said, "You mean while you were on board the Fleet; not when you came away."

IN WRITING THE most familiar letters, Disraeli invariably followed the old fashion of repeating the last word at the foot of each page.

His signature was usually "DIZY." So it appears under Count D'Orsay's portrait of him. This signature will be alluded to at the end of this volume.

ONE OF THE happiest of Disraeli's Aphorisms, and they "crowd on my soul," is, "In these days neither Wealth nor a Pedigree avail: for the former, the world is too rich; for the latter, too knowing."

Among those who knew Disraeli, no one appreciated him more than Lord Dufferin, who, after an admirable administration as Viceroy of the Queen's vast Empire in the East, is now Ambassador to the

Court of the King of Italy. The son and nephew of three intimate friends of Disraeli's youth, he was fortunate enough to obtain his acquaintance early in life.

The following letter, which I received during the progress of this work, gratified me; not only as coming from a lifelong friend, but as giving a bright illustration of Disraeli's manner:

"HOTEL VITTORIA, SORRENTO,
8th August 1890.

"MY DEAR FRASER.

I was so glad to get a line from you: and I hope that you may be able to carry out your intention of coming to Rome.

"It would be a great pleasure both to Lady Dufferin and myself to make your stay agreeable.

"I am sure that you will write a very amusing book about Disraeli, and I only wish that I could help you in it.

"My mother was amongst the earliest of his acquaintances to recognise his great abilities: and saw a great deal of him at Mrs Norton's, when he was a young man about town. She did not see very much of him after he had once entered upon his

political career. Here, however, is a little anecdote which is very characteristic and amusing.

"My mother had a great admiration for the 'Curiosities of Literature'; and was anxious to make the acquaintance of Disraeli's father: but there was a difficulty about this, as at the moment he was not on good terms with his father.

"However, one day he appeared in my mother's drawing-room, with his father in tow. As soon as they were both seated, Disraeli turned round, and looking at his father as if he were a piece of ornamental china, said to my mother, 'Madam, I have brought you my father. I have been reconciled to my father on two conditions. The first was that he should come to see *you*; the second that he should pay my debts.'

"I do not know whether you will think this worthy of your volume. Ever yours sincerely,

"DUFFERIN AND AVA."

Of the three "Weird Sisters," as they were called, the Duchess of Somerset, better known in her youth as Lady Seymour, the Queen of Beauty at the Eglinton Tournament, was conspicuously the handsomest woman in London. I remember at a concert at her stepmother-in-law's in Park

Lane, at once recognising her. She had scarcely any colour, but a most statuesque figure; and beautiful features. For many years before her death she became unduly large. Though very strong-minded, and not showing it outwardly, I think that she felt the change very much. Mrs Norton retained her figure and her very handsome features to the last. These two sisters, though courteous in manner, gave you an idea of hardness. Lady Dufferin, on the contrary, was suave and gentle. I should say that in her youth the term "pretty" must have been more applicable to her than handsome. Her manner most pleasing, and better bred than that of her sisters. She was the author of many clever pieces, including "The Charming Woman," a lyric set to the same air as the well-known hymn,

"To thee, oh dear, dear country."

She would, I believe, have published more: but her husband, then Captain Blackwood, was averse to his wife sharing the publicity of her sister, Mrs Norton: whose reputation as an author and a Poet is well known.

THIS QUESTION and answer were characteristic

of Lord Palmerston. "What is Merit?" said he. "The opinion which one man has of another."

During a vacation Lord Palmerston had made a speech on Education in which he had declared, possibly from having no experience of them, that "all children are born good." Disraeli alluded to this remarkable opinion. "The noble Viscount, among other pleasant means of passing his holiday, has abolished Original Sin!"

LABORIOUS as was his life, Disraeli was naturally an indolent man. He never professed to be anything else: and had a contempt for those whose temperament was not habitually languid. It will occur to every reader that this is a paradox in relation to the Aphorism that "Genius is, or has, an infinite capacity for taking pains." I believe that these are perfectly consistent ideas. I believe that no man is so painstaking, and that no man finds it so difficult to arrive at self-satisfaction in his work, as the man of great capacity, and an indolent habit. The very fact that he feels the exacting quality of his own Genius makes him hesitate to undertake work. It has been told of our great lyric poet, Campbell, an exceptionally indolent man, that he would ride

from Sydenham to London to change a comma into a semicolon. So would every man who deserves the name of Genius: I believe that Disraeli's self-criticism was of a most searching and exquisite character.

The drudgery of figures he loathed. His mind was Logical: whether he had ever turned his attention to Mathematics, I do not know: I should say not. I have a very strong impression that he was a very idle boy.

HAVING TAKEN THE portentous step of Marriage, Disraeli was enabled to become a County Member. His colleague Dupré said to me, when speaking of the hopelessness of an uncertain seat, "Do you think that Disraeli would have been Prime Minister if he had been fighting Boroughs all his life?"

HATS PLAY A conspicuous part in the House of Commons. Sitting covered is probably permitted as taking away an easy means of insubordination and disorder, if the rule were to sit uncovered. A good hat is not frequently seen there. No one can secure a place unless its owner be there at prayer-time; Members now do not

scruple to secure their places with a second hat before prayers; even early in the morning. It seems extraordinary that in a country like ours there should not be room in the Senate-House for all the Members. Speaking from the side-galleries ought to be encouraged: not only would the Member addressing the House be better heard, but he would be at a decided advantage in speaking from the gallery. One little incident relating to a hat I must relate. Sitting next to an esteemed friend, a distinguished member of the legal profession, he rose to address the House on a subject of considerable interest. The Tory party were at the time in opposition: I was distressed to observe that his whole line of argument was in favour of a proposal of the actual Government. I noticed that he had in close proximity to his person a perfectly new hat. It was an exquisite hat: and must have cost from twenty-three to twenty-five shillings. I placed this hat immediately behind him; so that when he sat down he would crush it. Not only did he continue his argument, but he positively began to attack his own side. This my sense of justice convinced me would never do. I may mention that a Judgeship was at the time vacant. I felt

that this terrible dereliction from party duty must be punished. I deliberately changed the position of the beautiful hat, exquisite in its glossy freshness, from vertical to horizontal: my worst hopes were realised. After a peroration, in which he denounced the want of good sense of his own leaders, he sat down amid the cheering of our opponents. Crash into hopeless ruin went the hat! Placed vertically, it might have been restored: laterally, it was annihilated. I can see him now, holding up the hat with a look which reminded me of Macbeth glancing at his bloody fingers. "This is a sorry sight." He never knew, and I believe never suspected, who had done this. When he reads this work, as he will, it may remind him that there is an earthly retribution. I ought to add that he obtained a Judgeship.

A MATERIAL ELEMENT in the future of Constitutional Government is the non-existence of safe seats. Formerly, if a Member obtained a seat for a County, it was frequently, I might almost say generally, for life. There were many Boroughs equally secure. This system has been completely swept away: difficult as it is, in the present day, to obtain a seat in Parliament, to retain one is more difficult.

From the moment of his election each Member knows that a rival is working, day by day, week by week, month by month, for his destruction. No matter how liberal he may be in the matter of subscriptions, the new candidate will have the cry of the multitude at the next election: no one can say that his seat is safe. This of course limits the choice of a Minister for offices: and in addition to this it makes Parliament as a profession impossible. The long experience necessary to make a perfect Representative, not a delegate nor mandatory, is out of the question. Government by Experts has been abolished.

I KNOW OF ONLY one passage in which Byron speaks of the House of Commons. He says with great truth, that the House of Commons must be a most formidable body to address: not so much from the pre-eminence of talent, as from the collective good sense. I recall the saying of a man of very different mind and temperament, Sir John Pakington, with whom I made an excursion from Naples to the Temples at Pæstum. While we were returning, he said, "Whatever a man may go through in life, he will tell you that he has never had such

a trial of his nerves as the second time he rises to speak in the House of Commons. The first time he does not know what is coming: the second is awful!"

I KNOW FROM those who for many years were the immediate neighbours of Disraeli, how cheerful and how pleasant he was habitually in the intimacy of daily and friendly intercourse. Those who did not look beneath the surface found him a gay companion; but sadness was habitually seated in his countenance. That pathetic line,

"And Melancholy marked him for her own,"

was as applicable to Disraeli as to its author. A Poet of the present day has in his best lines written of

"Tears from the depths of some divine despair."

The innate and never-ending grief of all those who have adorned Humanity existed in Disraeli. This was written in his face: in his voice: and showed itself through all the brilliant fiction which he produced. What was the heritage of his old age? Was it, as he asks, Despair?

THE THOROUGHLY PRACTICAL view which Disraeli took of that subject of immense importance, our North-Western frontier in India, was treated with ridicule by the foolish. The term "Scientific Frontier" was thoroughly correct. We have at length, I hope, a scientific frontier. If we have not, we shall have the Russians on the Indus: possibly at Calcutta.

SIR B. L. walked for two hours with Carlyle on the day on which Disraeli offered to recommend him for the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath and a Pension: His letter and Carlyle's reply have been published, and, for that reason, I omit them. He described the letter being brought to him by a Treasury messenger: the large black seal: his wonder as to what the official envelope could contain: and his great surprise on reading the offer, conveyed in language of consummate tact and delicacy. Carlyle said "The letter of Disraeli was flattering, generous, and magnanimous; his overlooking all that I have said and done against him was great." He added "The accurate perception of merit in others is one of the highest characteristics of a fine intellect. I should not have given Disraeli credit for possessing

it; had it not been brought home so directly to me."

He repeated the words "generous" and "magnanimous" several times.

THE DREAD of Political "Mrs. Grundys" prevented, I have little doubt, Disraeli from propounding something original in Taxation. His penny stamp on cheques, which was jeered at, answered admirably. I am surprised that no Chancellor of the Exchequer has attempted taxation by stamps on buying and selling. I believe that a halfpenny stamp, payable on every item sold above a certain value, with a heavy and easily-recovered penalty for avoidance, would bring in a very large revenue: and, provided care be taken not to tax articles purchased by those to whom, and they are many, a halfpenny is an object, that it would not be unpopular. An experiment should be made. This system might save us from the blighting effects of the clumsy confiscation in the form of Succession Duty, and Income Tax, under which we now groan.

OPENING an Irish Bill, Disraeli said: "This is

a measure of Necessity, conceived in a spirit of Conciliation".

DISRAELI summed up a Right Hon. Opponent as "an over-educated Mechanic".

He advised a friend on the Government bench "Never explain!" He strongly objected to a Member when addressing the House being interrupted: he never rose to interrupt; nor to explain his own words: treating misrepresentation, intentional or unintentional, with silent, but marked, contempt.

IT WAS universally admitted that the order kept by Disraeli in the House of Commons was unrivalled: following certain rules which he made: never interfering unnecessarily: and, when appearing as a "Deus ex machinâ", always appealing to the good sense, and especially to the Dignity of the House.

DISRAELI at Cabinet meetings when in office, and non-official meetings of his ex-Cabinet, kept great state. His manner most formal. Great dignity; and due deference exacted. On one occasion, in addition to his Cabinet, he requested the attendance of the late Duke of Buccleuch; a

princely contributor to the "Party Fund," whose "Calm Wisdom" he thoroughly appreciated. The matter was the preparation of the Queen's Speech: the Duke arriving late, Disraeli addressed him with extreme solemnity: "We have presumed to commence our labours, in anticipation of your Grace's most valuable opinion," &c.

He usually at a Cabinet Council addressed Ministers by the name of their office.

He said to Lord Chancellor Cairns: "I never trust a gentleman by halves."

On all official or semi-official occasions, even in cases where a few Statesmen only were summoned, Disraeli was always dressed with scrupulous care: his gloves, boots, and hat the perfection of neatness.

Entering the room, he at once placed himself in an arm-chair with solemnity: the rest sitting near to him. He then asked each his opinion: at a Cabinet Meeting the proceedings under his reign were not too formal.

From time immemorial the only refreshment at Cabinet Councils has been two plates of biscuits and a decanter of water on a side-table.

IT FELL to my lot to conduct Gustave Dorè

over the Houses of Parliament, at the time in Session: I hope to produce a memoir of this thoroughly original artist, and most amiable man, in another volume.

I had also the honour to conduct President Grant and Senator Conkling. In "Words on Wellington" I gave an anecdote which to my surprise was misinterpreted. I related how General Grant had at a dinner-party at Apsley House asked the second Duke of Wellington whether his father was "a military man." I did not suppose that any one would imagine that I intended to paint this most distinguished American soldier as ignorant of the great Duke's career. The point of the joke was in the difference of the "first and second intention" of the term used.

General Grant of course meant, had the Duke a military education? As we say "an Eton man," "a Sandhurst man," as Americans "a West-Point man." I thought it right to say in the same work that the second Duke of Wellington did not remember the question: not that it had not been asked. Since the publication I have seen the friend who told me the story: he is certain of the fact, and interprets the question as I do.

DISRAELI said of an M.P. whom he did not like: "He is as dull as when he emerged from his natural filth: there has been no gleam of sunshine on his slime."

I HAVE ALWAYS held that there is nothing that cannot be found in Shakspere. Had Sir Isaac Newton, instead of watching his apples, read his Shakspere, he would have found the principle of gravitation clearly laid down one hundred years before his day by the mighty William in "Antony and Cleopatra". I was, however, I admit, surprised at finding that Disraeli was mentioned by name by Shakspere. Not only this, but the signature commonly used by him, "DIZY", is indicated. In "Measure for Measure", Act iv. sc. 3, this wondrous foreknowledge may be found. The scene is laid in obvious prelusion to an incident in "DIZY'S" early life, related by me.

DISRAELI'S CONVERSATION was exhilaration for the day. It was Epigram from first to last.

The only line that occurs to me as expressing the sensation of converse with him is Byron's

"The heart awakens, and the spirit soars."

What must have been the disappointments, the endurance of such an intellect during a long career of Ambition? What must have been the sufferings of his wondrous mind, with such powers of acute perception, in having to deal with those who were a necessity to him? What marvellous patience with stupidity! and how little companionship! how very little sympathy!

Like all

> Who tread the friendless desert of Success,

his path was desolate.

If I were to endeavour to sum up the ultimate feeling with which he inspired me, it would be represented by the word PITY.

THE END.

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